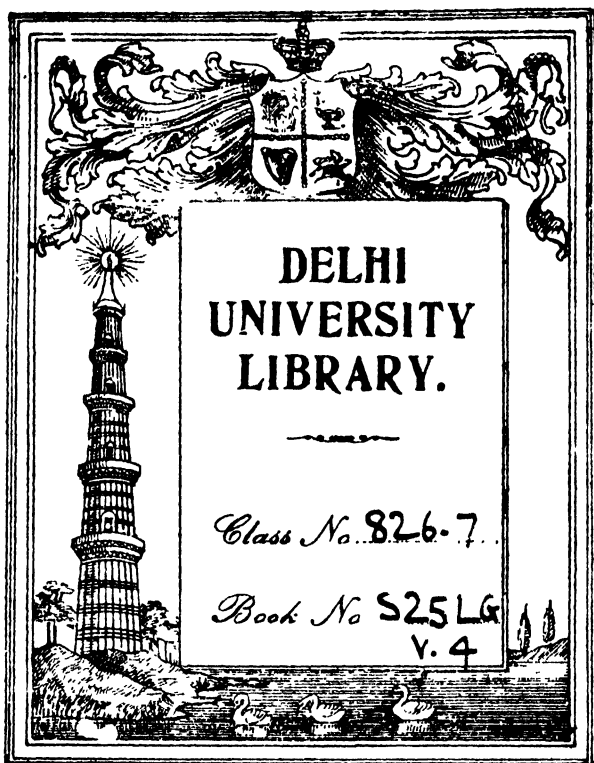




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1815—1817

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THE
LETTERS OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT
1815—1817

EDITED BY

H. J. C. GRIERSON

LL.D., LITT.D., F.B.A.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

ASSISTED BY

DAVIDSON COOK

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and others



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Byron, Mayne's Life of Lady

The Life and Letters of Anne Isabella, Lady Noel Byron.
By Ethel Colburn Mayne. London, 1929

Constable

Archibald Constable and His Literary Correspondents. A Memorial by his son, Thomas Constable. 3 vols. 1873

Familiar Letters

Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott. Edited by David Douglas. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1894

Hawick Arch. Soc.

Transactions of the Hawick Archaeological Society

Lockhart

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. [By J. G. Lockhart.] 7 vols. Edinburgh, 1837-38 ; and second edition. 10 vols. Edinburgh, 1839

Malcolm, Life of Sir John

The Life and Correspondence of Sir John Malcolm. By Sir John William Kaye. 2 vols. London, 1856

Polwhele's Traditions

Traditions and Recollections. By R. Polwhele. 2 vols. London, 1826

Richardson

Literary Chit-chat, with miscellaneous poems and an appendix of prose papers. By David Lester Richardson. 8vo. London, 1848

Scott, Letters of Sir Walter, 1832

Letters of Sir Walter Scott, addressed to the Rev. R. Polwhele and others. London, 1832

Sharpe's Letters

Letters From and To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. Edited by Alexander Allardyce. With a Memoir by the Rev. W. K. Bedford. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1888

Skene's Memories

The Skene Papers. Memories of Sir Walter Scott by James Skene. Edited by Basil Thomson. London, 1909

Smiles

A Publisher and his Friends. Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. 2 vols. London, 1891

Surtees Memoir

Memoir of Robert Surtees. By G. Taylor, with additions by J. Raine. (Publications of the Surtees Society.) Newcastle, 1852

Sutherland Book

The Sutherland Book. By Sir William Fraser. Vol. ii. Edinburgh, 1892

Train, Memoir of Joseph

Memoir of Joseph Train, the Antiquarian Correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. By John Patterson. Glasgow, 1857

Wilkie, Life of Sir David

Life of Sir David Wilkie. By Allan Cunningham. 3 vols. London, 1843.

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I cannot I think make what you want of a good tone or so as to harmonize well with what is already written. I could easily I think please your partiality but I cannot please myself especially as I think the sheet rounded off as it stands. If I alter my mind I will let you know before the sheet can go to press but I have already lost too much time about it.

I send you more Guy.¹ It is time to think of mottoes.
The 1st. Chapter.

“He cannot deny that looking round upon the dreary region & seeing nothing but bleak fields & naked trees hills obscured by fogs & flats covered with inundations he did for some time suffer melancholy to prevail upon him & wishd himself again safe at home.”

Travels of Will Marvel. Idler No 49.

Second Chapt.

— Comes me crankling² in
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half moon a monstrous cantle out—
Henry fourth p. I.

Third Chapter.

There is a good mottoe for this in Byroms poems which are in the Chalmers collection of British poets. Will you see to get me sight of thi[s] volume.³ W. S.

[1814-15]

[*Signet Library*]

¹ *Guy Mannering*.

² Scott has written “crankling,” misremembering “cranking.”

³ The motto actually selected for Chapter III was, of course, from *Hudibras*, beginning :

“Do not the hist’ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages,” etc.

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—It is quite impossible to alter Bruce's speech & more than impossible to take away the letter.¹ The art of writing not universal was however perfectly known among females of high rank. How could Isabel recognize a ring she had never seen & how long conversations & interviews would be necessary to clear the matter up. *It may not be.* You blame me for introducing dialogue but you [are] not aware that the incidents which *must* be *known* would be still flatter in the mouth of the author himself than in those of the actors. I mention this only to show that when I am dull there is a design. I wish to see John very much either tonight or tomorrow morning. But it may be necessary to remind him that I go abroad by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9.

[1814-15]

[Signet Library]

TO LORD BYRON²

[January? 1815]

MY LORD,—I have long owed you my best thanks for the uncommon pleasure I had in perusing your high-spirited Turkish fragment. But I should hardly have ventured to offer them, well knowing how you must be

¹ This letter is referring to *The Lord of the Isles*, of which the last proof sheets were corrected towards the end of December 1814. Lockhart is wrong in ascribing the date of its publication to 18th January 1815 (*Life*, chap. xxxiv), for Scott in his letter to the Rev. E. Berwick on 18th January says the work has been published "about ten days since," that would be 8th January. See letter to Berwick (18th January), p. 11.

² Lockhart gives this letter to 1815, connecting it with the comparative failure of the *Lord of the Isles* and James Bannatyne's story thereabout. I think it must be earlier. It was, Lockhart thinks, the ninth edition of the *Giaour*, which Scott received with the inscription:

To the Monarch of Parnassus from one of his subjects.

The ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth editions appeared in 1814 according to Coleridge. It is probable, therefore, that the gift belongs to the summer or autumn of 1814. I have let it stand here between the two years, as I have done with several floating letters.

overwhelmed by volunteer intrusions of approbation—(which always look as if the writer valued his opinion at fully more than it may be worth)—unless I had to-day learned that I have an apology for entering upon the subject, from your having so kindly sent me a copy of the poem. I did not receive it sooner, owing to my absence from Edinburgh, where it had been lying quietly at my house in Castle Street ; so that I must have seemed ungrateful, when, in truth, I was only modest. The last offence may be forgiven, as not common in a lawyer and poet ; the first is said to be equal to the crime of witchcraft,¹ but many an act of my life hath shown that I am no conjurer. If I were, however, ten times more modest than twenty years' attendance at the Bar renders probable, your flattering inscription would cure me of so unfashionable a malady. I might, indeed, lately have had a legal title to as much supremacy on Parnassus as can be conferred by a sign-manual, for I had a very flattering offer of the laurel ; but as I felt obliged, for a great many reasons, to decline it, I am altogether unconscious of any other title to sit high upon the forked hill.

To return to the *Giaour* ; I had lent my first edition, but the whole being imprinted in my memory, I had no difficulty in tracing the additions, which are great improvements, as I should have conjectured aforehand merely from their being additions. I hope your Lordship intends to proceed with this fascinating style of composi-

¹ It is rebellion, I think, not ingratitude which is "as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness as iniquity and idolatry" (1 Samuel xv. 23). But rebellion against God, of which Samuel is speaking, is equivalent to ingratitude. "When thou wast little in thy own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel ?" Of gratitude as a virtue, and its opposite as a failing, there is more said, according to John Donne, in the heathen philosophers than in the Bible : "For in all Solomon's books, you shall not find half so much of the duty of thankfulness, as you shall in Seneca and in Plutarch. No book of Ethicks, of morall doctrine, is come to us, wherein there is not, almost in every leafe some detestation, some Anathema against ingratitude ; but of repentance, not a word amongst them all."—*Eighty Sermons*, 50, 550. On the other hand, do not both Old and New Testament treat sin as essentially ingratitude to God ?

tion. You have access to a stream of sentiments, imagery, and manners, which are so little known to us as to convey all the interest of novelty, yet so endeared to us by the early perusal of Eastern tales, that we are not embarrassed with utter ignorance upon the subject. *Vathek*, bating some passages, would have made a charming subject for a tale.¹ The conclusion is truly grand. I would give a great deal to know the originals from which it was drawn. Excuse this hasty scrawl, and believe me, my Lord, your Lordship's much obliged, very humble servant,

[*Lockhart*]

WALTER SCOTT

TO MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

January 1815

DEAR SIR,—Respecting the insurance I may thus far meet the gentlemens wishes (if insisted upon) though it puts the bargain in an entire new shape & quite different from their own offer. I intend to insure my own life for about that sum (say £5000.) & if the annuity is to be granted for *my life* I have no great objection to let them have the benefit of that policy for the whole or such part of the price of the annuity as may be unredeemd at my death. But if the annuity is to depend upon another persons life as in the present bond I cannot do this. You will readily observe the difference is great for supposing the annuity redeemd as I trust it will be in a couple of years I have all the benefit of the policy in my own life but of course am a loser by all I may have paid upon that of another person. I think however they should stick to their own precise & distinct offer of £8-per Cent. Yours Very truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. *friday*

Private.

[*Stevenson*]

¹ Beckford's *Vathek* was written in French, 1781 or 1782, of which an anonymous English translation was published in 1784; the first French edition, 1787.

TO LADY ABERCORN

EDINR., *January 10th 1815*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I hope you have long since received the *Lord of the Isles* one of the first Volumes out of the press was sent to you under an office cover. I could not superintend the sending away these copies as usual because we were rather a *complaining* family as the Scotch say. My eldest boy has contrived to have a decided smallpox in defiance not only of Vaccination but of inoculation thereafter. You may be assured we were alarmed enough for the appearance of the Smallpox in this generation is like one of the giants in Ariosto who comes alive after he is killed. Nothing could be more easy than the manner in which he had the disorder and he is now quite well. I propose to exhibit him along with the Indian Jugglers who are just arrived as the youngster that has had the smallpox naturally after both vaccination and inoculation. I trust this matter will be closely looked into by medical men for it will be a very serious business fifty years hence should the smallpox break out suddenly as probably the lower class may neglect the vaccinating operation or go through it superficially.

The world do me too much honour in giving me [*blank in original*].¹ What I know or rather guess about that work I will tell your Ladyship when we meet which will be soon as I expect to be in London in the month of March. I think I shall bring Mrs. Scott and your Ladyship's acquaintance Sophia with me and be about a month in London. If it were not for the equinox gales which may make it uncomfortable for my companions I would come up by sea for if there is a route I am tired

¹ *Waverley* is to be supplied. Mr. Douglas, in *Familiar Letters*, suggests that Scott appears to wish Lady Abercorn to know he is the author, but that her friends, to whom her letters were shown, should not be able to gather this from what he said. This is hardly borne out by later letters, where Scott discusses with her various suggestions as to the probable author. See later, p. 283.

of it is that vile North road which has less to interest one than the same extent in any direction in Great Britain.

My plan for last spring was to have gone to the Continent when I should have seen the great Entree into Paris. I was pretty sure of the light of Lord Aberdeen's countenance if I could have joined the grand army and might have hoped for Lord Castlereagh's also. At any rate if a horse or a mule could be got I should have gone on very well for few people submit with more indifference to want of accommodation of all kinds. I was disappointed in this by very exaggerated reports of the difficulty of passing through Flanders and especially getting past Antwerp and Bergen-op-zoom : I was so angry at not seeing the grand crash that I had little curiosity about the subsequent part of the entertainment that was performed here.

As for my Irish journey it was a mere excursion of twenty-four hours for we were not longer upon the coast than was necessary to visit the causeway excepting a few minutes at Port Rush where I saw your Ladyship's friend Dr. Richardson. I was only one of a large party so that I could hardly have escaped from my friends even to the hospitality of Barons Court though nothing would have delighted me more than to have surprized you on Irish ground.

Charlotte bids me enclose the bill of the linen draper as the best answer to your Ladyships question—the note below refers to a table cloth which Mrs. S. thinks very handsome & which will dine 22 people but it is single not double damask & though it looks as well will not be so durable as the other. Mrs. S. however says it is very beautiful & any commands your Ladyship honours her with she will of course have great pleasure in attending to. She begs her most respectful remembrances to your Ladyship.

As for the *Lord of the Isles* I think it is my last poetical adventure at least upon a large scale—I swear not

because I do not make any positive resolution. But I think I have written enough and it is unlikely that I shall change my opinion.

I beg to be most respectfully remembered to the Marquis. Sophia is much honoured in your remembrance she is now growing a great girl and is very sensible and good-humoured and [is] a great comfort to Charlotte and me. Indeed if one dare judge [from] what appears in early life my young people are all well disposed.

Next to seeing the great men themselves nothing can equal beholding them on the canvas of Lawrence who is one of the first geniuses of his art and merits his extended fame. That is a pleasure I propose to receive soon.—Believe me ever Dear Lady Abercorn your truly grateful and affectionate friend

WALTER SCOTT

[*Pierpont Morgan*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

Januy 15. 1815

MY DEAR TERRY,—I have been guilty too long in saying my Gratulor¹ which has been only owing to the uncertainty of how far it might not have been paid in person. For you must know that the late remarkable change of events has induced me to go for a week or two to the Continent just to hear the Grenadiers March resounded from the Walls of Paris where an English drum has not been struck for such a number of years. But my good wishes are not the less warm for their being late in arriving. I do most sincerely hope & trust that you will find in the well assorted union that you have formed that domestic happiness which after all forms the most delightful as well as the purest portion of human pleasure. The little difficulties which usually occur to a couple on entering upon the married life are easily faced

¹ On Terry's marriage, but who his first wife was I do not know. The *D.N.B.* simply says he was married in Liverpool. One gathers from this letter that she was an actress. In 1822 he married Elizabeth Nasmyth, daughter of the artist.

TO JOHN GULL, 44 WEYMOUTH STREET, PORTLAND
PLACE, LONDON

DEAR SIR,—The distress of my family beginning with my wifes indisposition and continuing with the illness of my eldest boy who has been visited with the small pox or something very like that old-fashiond distemper in a very alarming way has prevented the possibility of my applying myself to any poetical or literary labour & in particular from attempting to comply with the request with which the Highland Society of London have been pleased to honour me. I feel great reluctance at any time to make this sort of exertion for which any poetical talent I may have is peculiarly ill qualified. But I would much rather appear an indifferent poet than seem to be ungrateful to a body of my countrymen assembled for so honorable & useful a purpose and who have honoured me with such a mark of their esteem. I must trust to your goodness to make my excuse acceptable to the gentlemen & to my Lord Breadalbane as their Preses and to assure [them] that nothing but the unfavourable circumstances I have mentiond should have prevented my attempting to obey their commands. I have been late in answering your obliging letter in hopes the causes of my excuse might have been more speedily removed. But though greatly mended our health continues still indifferent and my harp is in the meanwhile hung upon the willows.

The circumstance if it prove authentic of your having it in your power to relieve a grand Child of the adventurous Chevalier is extremely interesting.¹ I am Dear Sir Very much your obliged humble Serv.

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 15 *January* 1815

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

¹ Writing on 31st December 1814, Gull had mentioned : "Should you favour it [the Highland Society dinner] with a song, the poetry shall be

TO THE REV. MR. BERWICK

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your kind remembrance wandered wide and rounded the Selkirkshire hills while I was tossing upon the German and Atlantic ocean. For you must know I have been on a voyage since I had the pleasure to send you a copy of that Swift to which your kindness has given so much value. I had the benefit of a handsome yacht belonging to the Commissioners of the Northern lighthouses and as a committee of these gentlemen all intimate acquaintances made the tour along with me it was despite some rough weather quite delightful. We visited Shetland and Orkney, rounded the Northern extremity of Scotland, traversed the Archipelago of the Hebrides, ran over to your green Erin and saw the Giant's Causeway and would probably have proceeded as far as Dublin but were scared by the American cruisers then scouring the Channel. I regretted much seeing Irish land and none of the warm and most obliging friends to whom I have been so much indebted, but our ship was our house and our party too numerous to travel comfortably by land. I just had my foot upon the land which I love and respect so much and had the pleasure to hear the national dialect which to me will ever sound like the tongue of friendship. We were much struck with the Giant's Causeway which we examined one day with the advantage of the finest weather.

I trust by this you have received a quarto of mine (the last 4to I intend to write) called the Lord of the Isles and arising in part out of this tour. I will be happy to hear that it reaches you safe and gives you pleasure. Constable our publisher here has sent this and one or two other

set by one of the first composers and sung by the best public singer that can be obtained ; but equal justice will be done to any other kind of effusion. It may perhaps afford *you* particular pleasure to hear that we have some hope of *obtaining* a child of a natural daughter of prince Charles Edward to place first on the list. Measures are privately taken to ascertain the authenticity of the pretension."—*Walpole Collection*.

tokens of remembrance of this same kind to Cuming (I think) of Dublin. It has been published here about ten days since.

Wonderful indeed have been the circumstances which have brought about peace to Europe and frantic must be the madness that would again draw the sword for petty and individual interest. And yet to say truth I have more reliance upon the exhausted state of the Continent in point of wealth and military resources than upon wisdom and moderation in my hopes that peace will be maintained. I could have wished that the Americans had felt the force of this country in such a manner as would have deterred them in future from being rash in breaking with us. But the opportunity has somehow been neglected and that negligence is surely an argument for than against peace.

Adieu, my dear Sir, I expect to be in London in March, and would be happy to think I might have the pleasure of meeting you there though I would be still happier if there were a prospect of seeing you in this land of heath and mountain. I will have an opportunity of seeing Gifford and renewing our acquaintance which from laziness in writing upon my part has quite ceased for two years past. I will not forget the Lines and I anticipate the pleasure I shall have in perusing them. I who am a sorry scholar am particularly benefited by your labour for making much curious information accessible to me. Ever my dear sir Your truly obliged

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 18th *January* 1815.

A general direction W. S. Advocate Edinburgh always finds me.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

EDINR. 19 *January* 1815

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I have been very foolishly putting off my writing untill I should have time for a good long epistle and it is astonishing what a number of trifles have interfered to prevent my commencing on a great scale. The last of these has been rather of an extraordinary kind for your little friend Walter has chose to make himself the town-talk by taking what seemd to be the small-pox despite of vaccination in infancy and inoculation with the variolous matter thereafter, which last I resorted to by way of making assurance double sure. The medical gentleman who attended him is of opinion that he has had the real small pox but it shall never be averd by me for the catastrophe of Tom Thumb is enough to deter any thinking person from entering into a feud with the Cows. Walter is quite well again which was the principal matter I was interested in. We had very nearly been in a bad scrape for I had fixd the Monday on which Walter sickend to take him with me for the Christmas vacation to Abbotsford—it is probable that he would not have pleaded his headache when there was such a party in view especially as we were to shoot wild ducks one day together at Cauldshiels loch and what the consequence of such a journey might have been God alone knows.

I am clear of the Lord of the Isles and I trust you have your copy. It closes my poetic labours upon an extended scale [but] that I dare say I shall always be dabbling in rhyme untill the Solvejam senescentem. I directed the copy to be sent to Portland place. I want to shake myself free of Waverley and accordingly have made a considerable exertion to finish an odd little tale¹ within such time as will mistify the public I trust unless they suppose me to

¹ i.e. *Guy Mannering*, published on 24th February 1815. The first edition of 2000 copies was sold out the day after publication.

be Briareus. Two volumes are already printed and the only persons in my confidence W. Erskine and Ballantyne are of opinion it is much more interesting than *Waverley*. It is a tale of private life and only varied by the perilous exploits of smugglers and excisemen. The success of *Waverley* has given me a spare hundred or two which I have resolved to spend in London this spring bringing up Charlotte and Sophia with me. I do not forget my English freinds but I fear they will forget me unless I show face now and then. My correspondence gradually drops as must happen when people do not meet and I long to see Ellis Heber Gifford and one or two more. I dont include Mrs. Morritt and you because we are much nearer neighbours and within a whoop and a hollow in comparaisou—I think we shall come up by sea if I were not a little afraid of Charlotte being startled by the March winds for our Vacation begins 12 March.

You will have heard of poor Caberfaes¹ death—what a pity it is he should have outlived his promising young representative. His state was truly pitiable—all his fine faculties lost in paralytic imbecility and yet not sufficiently so but what he conceived and felt his deprivation as in a glass darkly. Sometimes he was fretful and anxious because he did not see his son sometimes he expostu-

¹ Francis Humberston Mackenzie (1754-1815). He lost his hearing at the age of twelve, but was distinguished by extensive attainments and intellectual activity. On the death of his brother he succeeded to the Seaforth estates and to the chieftainship, becoming twenty-first Caber Feidh or hereditary chief of the clan Mackenzie. In 1797 he was created Lord Seaforth and Baron Mackenzie in the peerage of Great Britain. His extravagance forfeited the estates. His three sons died, one of them, William Frederick, M.P. for Ross, in 1814. Lord Seaforth died, broken-hearted and paralysed, near Edinburgh on 11th January 1815. The title became extinct; the chieftainship passed to Mackenzie of Allengrange; the property to Mary Elizabeth Frances Mackenzie, of whom we have heard as the wife of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood. She married later the Rt. Hon. J. Stuart Mackenzie, sometime Governor of Ceylon and later High Commissioner in the Ionian Isles. A prophecy, dating from the time of Charles II, ran that in the days of a deaf and dumb Caberfae the gift land of the house should be sold and the male line of Seaforth come to an end.

lated and complained that his boy had been allowd to die without his seeing him and sometimes in a less clouded state of intellect sensible of and lamenting his loss in its full extent. These indeed are the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise"¹ which sadden and humiliate the lingering hours of prolongd existence. Our freind Lady Hood will now be Caberfae herself. She has the spirit of a chieftaness in every drop of her blood but the estate is terribly embarassd and will require great prudence in management. Perhaps there are few situations in which the cleverest women are so apt to be imposed upon as in the man[a]gement of landed property more particularly of an highland estate. I do fear the accomplishment of the prophecy that when there should be a dumb² [*sic*] Caberfae the house was to fall. I hope Lady Hood will soon be home it is of great consequence she should be so & if Sir Samuel has mæde a few tens of thousands in the east things may do better than I at present augur.

I am delighted to find Mrs. Morritt is recovering health and strength. Better walking on the beach at Worthington³ than on the *plain-stanes* of Princes Street for the weather is very severe here indeed. I trust Mrs. M. in her milder climate will lay in such a stock of health and strength as may enable you to face the North in Autumn. I have got the nicest crib for you possible just about 12 feet square and in the harmonious vicinity of a piggery. You never saw so minute an establishment and it has all that we wish for and all our freinds will care about, and we long to see you there. Charlotte sends the kindest remembrances to Mrs. Morritt.

As for politics I have thought little about them lately the high and exciting interest is so completely subsided

¹ Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 314.

² Scott writes "dumb" but means "deaf."

³ "Worthing" is surely meant. There are Worthingtons in Leicestershire and Lancashire, but not on the coast of the latter shire.

that the wine is upon the lees. As for America we have so managed as to give her the appearance of triumph and what is worse encouragement to resume the war upon a more favourable opportunity—it was our business to have given them a fearful memento that the babe unborn should have remembered. But having missed this opportunity I believe that this country would submit with great reluctance to continue a war for which there is really no specific object. As for the continental monarchs there is no guessing what the folly of Kings and ministers may do but God knows would any of them look at home enough is to be done which would strengthen and improve their dominions in a different manner than by mere extension. I trust Ministers will go out rather than be engaged in war again upon any account. If France be wise (I have no fear that any superfluous feeling of humanity will stand in the way) she will send 100000 of her most refractory troops to fight with Christophe¹ and the yellow fever in the island of St. Domingo and then I presume they may sit down in quiet at home.

But my sheet grows to an end and so does the pleading of the learned counsel who is thumping the poor bar as I write—he hems twice. Forward sweet Orator Higgins at least till I sign myself Dear Morritt Yours most truly

WALTER SCOTT

[*Law*]

TO JAMES ELLIS, OF OTTERBURN, BY HEXHAM,
NORTHUMBERLAND

MY DEAR SIR,—Many kind thanks for Pickering and Beddingfields poems² which I think greatly more valuable for being mingled with your own which are completely entitled to rank with them and you know they stand high

¹ Henri Christophe, the negro king of Haiti.

² Pickering and Beddingfield's poems ; see letter to James Ellis and note, Vol. III, p. 525.

in my estimation. I think you have made a very acceptable present to the literary world and feel myself much flattered in standing Godfather to the volume. It is executed in a manner creditable to the Newcastle press and without errors which is equally honorable to the Editor and printer. The literary anecdotes are very interesting and will be the means of preserving to posterity the memory of those two ingenious men which must otherwise have perished with the generation in which they flourished. You were fortunate in the opportunity of knowing them and they not less so in being known to one whose kindred talents have enabled him to preserve their fame.

The Border Antiquities must be given up for I don't think the publishers have taken the thing by the right handle making the Numbers far too large and miscellaneous. I have got a work for your acceptance, *The Lord of the Isles* but I wait for the royal 8vo which will appear in a fortnight that it may rank with the *Rokeby*—You will find some crumbs of antiquity in the notes.

I have just got from Mr. Bell the inaugural speech of the opening of the Society of Antiquaries which shews much taste and spirit. I have thoughts of going to town this spring: perhaps if I do not come down by sea, a mode of travelling to which I am rather partial, I may have an opportunity of being present at a meeting.¹ I have often thought that if Antiquarian Societies would bestow some expence & time in causing fair copies to be transcribed from curious old papers and records they would render their associations of the most material use to history. About fifty years ago an old Scotch Gentleman, the Laird of Macfarlane who chanced to be a keen Genealogist and antiquary employed an amanuensis in

¹ Writing on 14th December 1814, Ellis referred to his own letter towards the latter end of September 1814, in which he had mentioned "a request of 'the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle upon Tyne' that you would have the goodness to subscribe in their name for Dr. Jamiesons intended publication of the *Poems on Bruce & Wallace*."

making a collection of this kind. The volumes thus completed were afterwards purchased by our faculty of advocates and are in their fine library ;¹ and what points out the extreme value of such a collection many of the originals from which they were copied have even in the comparatively short space of time fallen aside or been destroyed so that these copies are now the only source to which we can resort for the curious information which they contained. Perhaps the antiquarian Society of the North may be induced at one time or other to take these matters under consideration. I wrote you a long letter some time since addressing by Hexham, which I hope came safe to hand. Mrs. Scott begs kind compliments to Mrs. Ellis. Our eldest boy little Walter whom you remember at Otterbourne has had the small pox or something very like it and thereby made himself the town talk for he was in infancy both vaccinated & inoculated. He is now got them very well over but the alarm prevented me writing this letter. The circumstance of the small pox (if such the disease be) reviving like one of Ariostos enchanted champions after it was supposed fairly slain is a little startling. But as vaccinating was then only new it is possible the Boy may not have [had] the right kind & that the subsequent inoculation may not have taken effect which sometimes happens or the disorder may have been only a violent chicken pox and not the real variol[o]us eruption.

Once more my dear Sir my grateful thanks and best wishes attend you and I am very much your much obliged and faithful Servant,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINB 19 *January*, 1815

[*Mrs. Walton and Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ *Genealogical Collections concerning Families in Scotland, made by Walter Macfarlane, 1750-1751, Edited from the Original MSS. in the Advocates' Library by J. T. Clark, 2 vols., Scottish History Socy. (1900). The Preface states that the Collection "was purchased by the Faculty of Advocates in 1785 from his niece Miss Janet Macfarlane for the sum of twenty-one pounds."*

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I had your kind letter with the beautiful verses. May the Muse meet you often on the verge of the sea or among your own woods of Rokeby may you have spirits to profit by her visits (and that implies all good wishes for the continuance of Mrs. M.'s convalescence) and may I often by the fruits of your inspiration have my share of pleasure. My Muse is a Tyranness and not a Christian Queen and compels me to attend to long and short and I know not what when God wot I had rather be planting evergreens by my new old fountain. You must know that like the complaint of a fine young boy who was complimented by a stranger on his being a smart fellow "I am sair halden down by the Bubbly-jock"—In other words the Turkey Cock at the head of a family of some forty or fifty infidels lays waste all my shrubs. In vain I remonstrate with Charlotte upon these invasions she is in league with [the] hen wife the natural protect[r]ess of these pirates and I have only the inhuman consolation that I may one day like a cannibal eat up my enemies. This is but dull fun but what else have I to tell you about—it would be worse if like Justice Shallows Davie I should consult you upon sowing down the head land with wheat.¹ My literary tormentor is a certain Lord of the Isles famed for his tyranny of yore and not unjustly. I am bothering some tales of him I have had long by me into a sort of romance. I think you will like it : it is Scottified up to the teeth and somehow I feel myself like the liberated chiefs of the Rolliad,

Who boast their native filabeg restored.

I believe the frolics one can cut in this loose garb are all

¹ *Davy*. Marry, sir, thus ; those precepts cannot be served : and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat ?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy.

set down by you Sassenach to the real agility of the wearer and not the free and independent character of his clothing. It is in a word the real highland fling and no one is supposed able to dance it but a native. I always thought that epithet of Gallia braccata¹ implied subjugation and was never surprized at Cæsars easy conquests considering he Labienus and all his merry men wore as we say bottomless breeks.

This was written 2 months & more since.

DEAR MORRITT,—I wrote you a few days since the above scrawl I thought I had sent from Abbotsford two months ago but something had come in the way to prevent my finishing it. As you are under privilege I e'en send it you that you may see I was not quite so thoughtless or inattentive as you must have supposed me. I hope soon to see you in London. Best and kindest Complims. to Mrs. Morritt—the weather here seems setting in for a *feeding storm* as we call it when the snow lies so long that the sheep must be fed with hay. I have just seen Caberfae's² hearse pass. I trust they will send it by sea for on land the journey must be fearful at this season. There is something very melancholy in seeing the body pass, poorly attended and in the midst of a snow storm whitening all the sable ornaments of the undertaker and all corresponding with the decadence and misfortunes of the family.

Adieu. I hope soon to see you in Portland place and to find Mrs. Morritt quite strong and revived by her abode on the seaside. Ever yours most truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 21 *Jan'y* 1815

[*Law*]

¹ Gallia Narbonensis was so called from the "braccae," or trousers, which the natives wore in common with the Scythians and Persians.

² See note on p. 13.

TO MRS. SCOTT OF HARDEN, RAMSGATE

[Extract]

MY DEAR MRS. SCOTT,—Longman & Co. Pater Noster Row have charge of Lord of the Isles with particular instructions as to your copy but among so many commissions as they have to execute there is always some sign of confusion so if he has not appeared Mr. Scott had better write them a note. [*There follow some now faded details about lawyers who are employed in the application for the Polwarth title. See above, Vol. III. p. 463 and note.*]

... Charlotte & I hope to be in town about March & if I come up by sea which I design I daresay I shall bring Sophia. I have made a bargain with Charlotte that if she chuses to go & return by sea she shall have the difference of expence to save her from the horror of hackney coaches in London. My kindest compliments attend Mrs. Scott and the young people. I do not write to Mr S. separately as this letter contains all that I have to say upon the great affair. Mrs. Scott begs her love & I ever am Dear Mrs. Scott Most truly your faithful humble Servt

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 21 Jany 1815

[*Written on outside of this letter*]

Look at the seal of this letter if you have not happend to break it—It was found on Flodden field.

[*Polwarth*]

TO ELIZABETH, MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD

MY DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—I am much honoured by your attaching any value to the Lord of the Isles, which I think will be the last poem I shall attempt upon any scale of length or subject of importance. I have long made up my mind to end with Bannockbourne.

Accept my best wishes and warm congratulations on Lady Charlottes alliance with the house of Howard.¹ It is an event which, independent of the particular interest which I must always take in what concerns so nearly your ladyships family, and Lady Charlotte in particular, is extremely agreeable to my aristocratic prejudices, which are much hurt by the decay of the ancient nobility of Britain. I think the Duke of Norfolk may be interested by the inclosed impression of a seal found upon the field of Flodden, which the farmer sent, along with a fat turkey, to a friend of mine about three days since. My friend eat the turkey, but, hav[ing] no stomach for antiquities, gave me the seal. It is very small and of silver, not a ring, as I would have expected. I have not yet begun a search among our Scottish books of heraldry, but intend to commence one very soon. I think, however, the arms are English, so I shall be at fault. It may be more modern than the battle, but was certainly found on the field.

¹ Henry Charles, thirteenth Duke of Norfolk, K.G., born 12th August 1791, married, 26th December 1814, Charlotte Sophia, daughter of George Granville, first Duke of Sutherland, who became the mother of Henry Granville Fitzalan Howard, fourteenth Duke, and was the grandmother of the fifteenth Duke and of Viscount Fitzalan of recent history. Informing Scott of this marriage in her letter of 16th January, Lady Stafford told him she had been obliged to forget "the animosities of the Battle of Floudon—not however without sometimes alluding to the circumstance in conversation with the Duke of Norfolk who takes a great interest in these subjects. He did all he could to make these matters more easy by talking in very high terms of the bravery of the Scotch on that occasion & I trust those feuds will not be renewed. He appeared to have a sort of sympathy with such feelings on my part from his own respecting the Battle of Bosworth; Queen Mary also afforded us a sort of precedent as she gave a sanction to her subjects respecting the Howards which ought to go for something in the minds of her adherents. As it is I am very much satisfied with the present Howards young & old." On the first Canto of *The Lord of the Isles* she comments that "by the expression & brilliancy of its effect [it] throws a brighter light on the Castle of Artornish & its neighbouring coast than I suspect any Poetry ever before has done even in the sacred language of the Isles in days of yore. I will not plague you with my observations, but I cannot resist saying how I like 'The Diapason of the deep' which is so expressive of what is heard & seen while sailing in the Sound of Mull."—*Walpole Collection*.

The last days of poor Caberfae were really heaviness and sorrow—an indistinct perception of the heavy loss he had sustained in his sons death, which was frequently exchanged for an anxiety about his health, and wonder why he did not see him—so it is a mercy that the curtain is dropd. All the Highlands ring with a prophecy that when there should be a deaf Caberfae the clan and chief shall all go to wreck, but these predictions are very apt to be framed after the event. I saw the hearse and coaches pass just now to take his body north. I believe it goes to Cromarty by sea, for in the snowstorm which seems gathering the roads must become impracticable. I trust Lady Hood will be soon home. She will have hard cards to play from the involved state of the property ; but with her excellent sense and noble spirit much may be done, especially if Sir S. has strengthened his purse a little.

I had a delightful voyage this season round Zetland, Orkney, and the northern extremity of Scotland, then through the Hebrides, over to Ireland, as far as to see the Giants Causeway, and so home by the firth of Clyde. The most extraordinary cave I ever saw is in Sutherland, near Loch Eribol. We examind it with great care and some risque, and I sent a sort of account of it to the Edinburgh Register. I grumbled very much to think that half a days sail would have placed our yacht under the cannon of Dunrobin ; but our party was too large to be intruders, for I was an humble attendant upon a Committee of the Commissioners for the Northern Lights. We were six weeks at sea, visiting everything that we thought remarkable, and I seldom have spent time more agreeably.

The Staffordshire oaks are making a vigourous show upon Tweedside, and furnish me with a perpetual memorandum—did I want one—of your ladyships goodness.

I hope to be in town in the course of next March, as I wish much to renew my acquaintance with my English

friends, whom I have not seen for so long a time. I need not say with what pleasure I look forward to paying my respects at Cleveland House. I beg my most sincere and respectful compliments to Lady Charlotte on the late happy event. Mrs. Scott joins in respects to the Marquis, and I ever am, dear Lady Stafford, your very sincere and respectful humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH, 21 *January* 1815.

[*The Sutherland Book*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

MY DEAR FRIEND I have been rather unwell with a cold and the severity of the weather prevented Siddons from coming to see me but I wrote to him immediately on receiving your letter and received the following answer which prepares you for a letter from the manager himself. I had also to negotiate with him a proposal about Kean coming down here to which the beginning of the letter alludes. I have not the least doubt that Siddons will be most anxious to bring forward the *Beacon*,¹ though I am afraid he is not at present very well supported by a company. I should however not say much of the matter having been at the theatre only once this season. But I have no doubt that the merits of the piece will triumphantly carry through any defects of the performers.

I am glad the Lord of the Isles found his way to Hampstead and was fortunate enough to give you amusement. I have often wished you would take the Bruce for hero of a drama. He is an uncommon fine fellow and we have a much better and clearer account of him than of most historical heroes.²

¹ A serious musical drama on Hope.—See *Plays on the Passions*, vol. iii.

² “The characters of Bruce & his Brother,” she had written on 15th January, “are finely marked & so noble & engaging while all the events connected with Bruce are important & interesting, that one cannot help

You will readily I think acquit me of the most distant wish to add another fool to the order of fiddling rhiming and painting knights an order of chivalry for which I never have had particular respect.¹ I am of Mrs. Page's opinion "these knights will hack. I will not change the article of my gentry"—I take it the world would say with Falstaff "I like not such *grinning* honour as Sir Walter hath."—As for Walter poor fellow I hope he will marry for love and work for money : I should certainly be pleased that my daughter in law had some little property or fortune to help the menage but I think it is by far the least important consideration. Frugality and domestic affection make a much better fortune than that of a second Miss Tilney Long supposing the possessor deficient in these qualities. It makes the husband's industry a labour of love and the happiest marriages I have seen have been those which began under circumstances which required œconomy.

We still keep our purpose of being in town to burnish the chain of friendship as the Indians say and particularly the valuable tie which connects us with Hampstead. Sophia will be delighted to be your honord guest for a few days and I will be charmd with the opportunity of making her acquainted with you. Charlotte joins in kindest compliments to Mrs A. Baillie and Mrs. Dr. Baillie. And I ever am very truly and affectionately yours

WALTER SCOTT

31 January 1815 EDINR.—

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London*]

wishing that the poem had taken its name from him." After mentioning she will make the necessary preparations for putting up Sophia ("I trust that you still consider her as too young to go into all the hurry of company that you must encounter") she says : "I almost tremble for you when I think how you will be beset by your innumerable admirers in this country, all your perils on the northern seas are nothing to this."—*Walpole Collection*.

¹ When working for a knighthood for Adam Fergusson Scott indicated to Chief Commissioner Adam that for himself he expected something better. See later and Adam's letter to Lockhart, 21st April 1837. Lockhart Papers, National Library.

TO MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

DEAR SIRS,—I was favoured with Mr. Cadells note and proposed to call to thank him for the trouble he had had about Mr. Murrays business which is very pleasantly settled & much better I think than it could have been any other way. Mr. Kermack must have some proper compensation for his trouble in the matter. But I have had two blank days at the court and am loth to break them by coming out.

Respecting the drat. for copies *Ld.* of *Isles* I perceive from your accot. rendered it is greatly too large & will reduce it one half which including the value of royal copies both 4to. & 12 mo. will be I should think not very distant from the mark. But I doubt this will render a renewal necessary with perhaps some addition of £50 or £100 of an accomodn. of yours due this month. I think in the event of my not getting to London early in March it may be also necessary to renew £189—due in the beginning of that month but I have no doubt of clearing off about £500—due in April which will reduce this sum of accomodation to between £400 & £500 being greatly less than you hold of ours.

As to the date of authors drats. for half profits I consider that when the sale of a work is rapid the author is entitled to them at 6 months and that it is with view to such accomodation that he limits his right in the editions. For in the case for instance of *Ld.* of *Isles* (if the 8vo. sell like the 4to. or nearly so) the publishers must within less than six months from the publication be possessd of negociable bills to the amount of nearly quadruple the authors bill which will be then due. It is true they will lose $2\frac{1}{2}$ discount upon the bill for profits but then they have the additional credit upon the print & paper which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ on a much larger sum.—On the other hand I think it just and equitable that if contrary to probable hope & expectation a large proportion of the book

remains on hand when the bill for profits becomes due so that the funds from it should have been paid are not converted into money or bills then the author ought to give the bookseller such further day as they shall agree or else take the value in books. I think in short advantage & disadvantage should be equitably divided between them. Under these impressions I shall draw my present bill for £300 at 6 months or to shorten trouble you can send me your note therefore to accot. by J. B.—understanding that if the sale disappoints you by the time the bill becomes due I will be very willing to give further day. And indeed if I live out through the exertions I have made & am making I will be disposed and enabled to give my booksellers even greater accomodations than I can afford at present. But to be a free man and do justice to all mankind is my first object to attain which as I have been unremitting in industry I must also be strict in my commercial transactions.

I suppose J. B. would mention to you that Longman & Co have enlarged their interest in the Register very considerably. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

EDINR. [1 *Feby* 1815]

[*Stevenson*]

TO LADY ABERCORN

EDINR., 15th *February* 1815

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was favoured with your kind letter & Charlotte has orderd the table-linen. Mr. Wright can settle with the merchant with his convenience [?] & I shall desire the man to send him his note. He will be in no hurry for his money being a person of eminence in his line.

I shall be very curious to see Moore's poem¹—his songs are most of them exquisitely beautiful and he seems almost

¹ *Lalla Rookh: An Oriental Romance*, 1817. The reference here is to the purchase of the work for the sum of 3000 guineas.

to think in music the notes and words are so happily suited to each other. He is certainly a man of very considerable poetical talent but I think has not been very fortunate in being so much in fashionable life where a man who frequents [there (?), them (?)] without fortune or rank is very apt to lose his time without adding to his reputation. I am very glad his poem is likely to fix his independence. As for the *Lord of the Isles*—it has done very well indeed—the people are tearing the printer to pieces for the next edition. Your Copy was sent the day after the Prince's to whom I thought it necessary to send one. I think it went under Mr. Freeling or Mr. Croker's frank—one went to Lady Stafford at the same time and arrived safe—I trust you have yours long since. We have almost settled our expedition to London in the course of next month. I shall be much delighted to see some of the friends there to whom I have been such a stranger for six years. My first thoughts will of course turn to St. James' Square.

I spoke to Mr. Thomson about the picture. He did not like it it seems and is doing another. I wish he may be as successful as in one he presented me with which is, really and without any allowance being required, a very fine thing indeed. It is a view of Crichton Castle near Edinburgh once a favourite haunt of mine but not slavishly correct as to the surrounding landscape.

We have Salt the Abyssinian traveller¹ here just now a remarkably pleasant conversible man if I can judge from one interview. He corroborates my old acquaintance Bruce in all his material facts although he thinks that he considerably exaggerated his personal consequence and exploits and interpolated much of what regards his voyage in the Red Sea. He is to dine with me on Thursday—Does your Ladyship think it would [be] an

¹ Henry Salt (1780-1827), the discoverer of the famous Abu Simbel inscriptions, 1817. His *A Voyage to Abyssinia . . . executed under the orders of the British Government in the years 1809, 1810, etc.*, had appeared in 1814.

acceptable compliment to present the beef without roasting according to the fashion of the court of Gondar.¹

The Duke of Buccleuch is as well as a man can be under the dreadful dispensation which it has been his lot to endure. I have been much with him and have great occasion to admire both his firmness of mind and depth of feeling. He is fortunate in Lady Anne Scott his eldest daughter who is really worthy of the excellent mother she has lost and whom I have often heard call her "her comfortable daughter"—She is now a real comfort to her father and discharges the duties incumbent upon her as head of his family with the utmost propriety. But Dalkeith and still more Bowhill will be long places of sad and solemn recollection to all who remember the late excellent Duchess.

I have a better apology for writing an unintelligible letter than the bad pen which your Ladyship pleaded and which I should never have discovered unless you had told me of it—for I have the whole bustle of a law court going on about my ears at this moment with "Mr. Scott will you let me look at that process" and "Mr. Scott will you be so good as to touch Mr. Hume to speak to the Lord President" etc. etc. etc. So I believe I had better stop in good time before I write absolute nonsense. Wherever I am for the time I cannot cease to be your Ladyship's truly attached and most faithful and obliged friend

WALTER SCOTT

I have got a most beautiful drawing of Pitt from Hoppner's fine painting. It is in India ink and really looks as if it could speak.² I am delighted that Lawrence likes the *Lord of the Isles*. I would rather please one man of feeling and genius than all the great critics in the kingdom.

[*Pierpont Morgan*]

¹ James Bruce (1730-1794), the African traveller, made his voyage on the Red Sea in 1768-69. On 14th February 1770 he reached Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, where he resided intermittently till the end of 1771.

² A gift from Terry. See footnote to letter to Terry, p. 34.

TO MRS. CLEPHANE

CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH, 1815

MY DEAR MRS. CLEPHANE,—Lord C. dines with me tomorrow, chiefly that I may introduce him confidentially to our little friend Donaldson. Will you and the young ladies look in in the evening at eight o'clock, and if Miss Clephane can come, I hope she will prevail on Miss Dalrymple to honor us. I think Lady Hood and Miss Frances Mackenzie will be with us and no one else, unless perchance Will: Erskine. Yours ever most truly,

[*Northampton*]

W. SCOTT

TO MARIA EDGEWORTH

EDINBURGH, 17 *february* 1815

MY DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—Nothing could give me more pride & pleasure than your kind assurance that I have been in some degree fortunate in my last effort. I think (but do not swear for then I should certainly deceive you) that it will be my last poetical attempt upon any broad scale and I am very happy in thinking that it may not on the whole disparage its predecessors. When I adventured forth as a man of rhyme being rather too old and my views on life too much established to incur the dangers of a Mr. Seabright, I resolved to bind Horaces three-fold brass around my breast in order to repel all those petty vexations which assail in a peculiar manner those authors who as they do not work for their bread I have observed cling with more feverish sensibility to their literary reputation. Accordingly I have endeavoured with some success never to trouble myself about fashionable applause or censure or parodies or commendatory verses or being praised in one review or blamed in another. I therefore hope I am the more entitled to indulge myself in the pleasure arising from the approbation of those

whose judgement is as unquestionable as their genius. I wish I had time to have laboured the Bruce more as I am sensible I could have done more for him. But some melancholy circumstances which happend in the course of my task rather indisposed me for that species of revisal which is so necessary for correctness. I do not believe there were twenty lines in the poem written twice over & I am sensible if I had transcribed the whole fairly I could have thrown more spirit into both narrative and dialogue but as Corporal Nym says "things must be as they may"—And now to speak of what has given me much more pleasure than all my own poems put together (none of which I have ever read since they were printed) I would tell you if I could how much I was obliged to you for Patronage¹ and the pleasure I have received from an often repeated perusal. I question if the same knowledge of human life was ever displayd in a fictitious narrative and of this I should be in some degree a judge having mixed freely with various ranks of society & being bred to a profession which represents views of them all. The character of Lord Oldborough in particular delighted me. It belongs to those higher stiles of composition which can only be touchd by a masterly hand and has not only the merit of entire novelty, for where has such a sketch ever been drawn, but likewise that of a force and spirit of which I am uncertain if even any [of] your own compositions afford such striking proofs. Some points come particularly home to my feelings from their resemblance to the character of the late Lord Melville who took an early kind and gratuitous interest in my success in my life & in his years of retirement gave me much of his friendship and confidence. Should his story ever be told what a tale it will make. But the story is too recent and too many of the actors are yet upon the scene. His death too had much of what has been calld the romance of real life. He had come to town to attend the

¹ Maria Edgeworth's *Patronage*, 4 vols., 1814.

funeral and protect the family of the Lord Presid. of our Court of Justice one of his first and foremost friends as well as one of the best & wisest men whom Scotland ever produced. Their houses adjoined each other closely—Lord M. had gone to bed directing his mourning to be laid out for the funeral next day—but in the morning he was found a corpse taken away by a death as sudden as that of his friend. It was an awful morning god knows for those who loved & honoured them both & found when assembled to render the last honours to the one what an additional blow fate had struck in depriving them of the other—these circumstances you have probably heard, if not they will interest as belonging to a man who though I think it likely you may differ from some point of his publick politics had like Lord Oldborough the fate to suffer by the basest scandal respecting an alleged speculation of which he was as capable as I am of picking the pocket of my brother in office Mr. David Hume who is now sitting quietly on his stool beside me and apprehensive of no such matter. To understand this you will please to be informed that I am writing while specially attending my duty as a Clerk of Court—a fine occupation for a literary man combining a comfortable salary, light attendance, and no labour or responsibility.

I am now thinking of a visit to London after an absence of six years—what changes I must prepare for among my friends—I cannot help now and then thinking of the lines in the drinking song

For many a lad I loved is dead
And many a lass grown old.

To make some amends I am carrying up to see some of her English friends a Scotch girl of fifteen who shews that my wife & I are now old married folks. I wish her to see the lions and the tower and Westminster Abbey and the wild beasts and the rest of the Royal Family before she grows too wise or rather too conceited to enjoy vulgar

pleasures which after all are the standing dishes of life as well as beef steaks potatoes & highland mutton. Lord help the poor folks that get too fine for any of these good things. How much it would add to the pleasure with which I look forward to my London trip if I could think there was the slightest chance of seeing Mr. Edgeworth and you, but of this I fear there is not the least chance. I was on the Northern coast of Ireland this last autumn for an instant and saw the celebrated Causeway and the scenery around Bengore-head. But we were a large party six in number & therefore too numerous to make any excursions inland. We had a very nice yacht and crew entirely at our command and spent six weeks in cruising among the Scottish isles where I saw some astonishing pieces of scenery. I never was so much struck by the effects of verdure and cultivation as when we found ourselves one fine morning in the Loch of Derry with its banks richly fringed with cornfields & trees contrasted with the scenes of solemn and sombre desolation which we had witnessd for some weeks before. We intended to go up to Derry to see the town & I promised myself particular pleasure from seeing the remarkable scene of the celebrated siege for although my feelings lean a little to the Stuarts, I think the defence of Londonderry one of the finest passages in Irish history & really longd to see the spot where the boom was broken upon that memorable occasion. But a shifting and baffling wind prevented our going up the Lough to my great regret. We have some idea of taking our yacht again next summer in which case we shall certainly visit Eblana commonly calld Dublin. The vessel is maintained for the service of the Northern beacon lights and my companions are commissioners for the management of that service so that they have a duty to discharge while I amuse myself. If we do not make out our voyage it will go hard but I travel from Dublin to [Cavan ?] by land while the vessel goes round in which case I will have what I

have so long wishd an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of the Edgeworthtown family. I ever am my dear Miss Edgeworth your truly honord & obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Brotherton*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

[*Mr. Kemp A/c of Lord of the Isles 8vo. for Author.*]

DEAR JOHN,—I inclose Constables personal accot. agt. me. There are some articles in it as Lays of Minstrel etc which should not be subject of charge [to] the author but as it has been long due they may press for Interest & we will hold it at £125 as finally renderd to which must be added £10-10- paid by Messrs. C. to Mr. Kermack for trouble in my affairs abt. the annuity. I am ignorant of any other claims agt. me. When you go over the accounts about the profits of Ld. of the Isles I should wish these personal claims debited agt. me so as to make a clear sea on all sides.

I inclose a letter of Mr. Constables explanatory of the interim account renderd. Yours truly W. S.

[*endorsed 1815, about Feby.*]

[*Stevenson*]

TO SIR THOMAS LAUDER DICK

DEAR SIR,—I am honoured with your letter and should have been particularly happy in an opportunity of being useful in adjusting a compleat edition of Lord Fountainhall's interesting Manuscripts.¹ But I do not know of

¹ On the 15th February Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder had written to Scott : "I think I remember that last winter when I had the pleasure of meeting you at dinner somewhere (I believe at Priestfield) you mentioned to me in casual conversation that there was a box or some such thing in the Advocates' Library containing unsorted manuscripts and that you had reason to believe some of Lord Fountainhall's might be there." He has gone

any in the Advocates Library but those which you mention. I think it likely I may have mentioned that a large chest belonging to the family of another great Scottish lawyer Sir James Skene of Curriehill was in our Library and had never been examined. But I could only have been led to speak of this from the similarity of the subject not from supposing that any of Lord Fountainhall's papers could possibly be deposited there. I am very glad to hear you are busying yourself with a work which will throw most important light upon the history of Scotland, and am with regard, Dear Sir, Your most obedt. Servant,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 19 *february* 1815.

[*Dick-Lauder*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINGH. 24 *Feb:* 1815

MY DEAR TERRY,—Thank you a thousand times for the beautiful drawing¹ which arrived in great safety some three or four days ago though I like a sneaking fellow put off my thanks till I could have them franked, & now after all send them without. Believe me it is most truly acceptable both for the sake of him whom it represents, as coming from you, & as being a drawing which in the opinion of some very good judges who have seen it does the highest credit to the artist. So we have hung it in

through already "the eight folio manuscript volumes, which are bound and put up in the Library," and compared them with the two published volumes, and would like to know of these others. More on this correspondence will appear later. Scott edited Lord Fountainhall's *Chronological Notes of Scottish Affairs from 1680 till 1701* in 1822.

¹ With his letter of 9th February Terry had sent for Scott's acceptance "a small India Ink drawing from the original picture of Mr Pitt. The execution is masterly. . . . On account of the great man whom it represents & the Resemblance it bears to him you will prize it still more." Mr. Young's offering was a collection of African curiosities—a beast's head, various pairs of horns, bows, spears, darts, and arrows.

the little drawing room under a very noble picture of Chrichton Castle of which Thomson the Minister of Duddingstone made me a present the other day. We will talk about all this in a few days (say three weeks) within which period I hope to be in London. Mrs. S. & your friend Sophia now a great tall girl are the companions of my voyage. I will take the earliest opportunity of looking after you taking it for granted that I am pretty sure of finding you at home at 11 A.M. as usual. I will also have an opportunity of thanking Mr. Young for his kind intentions in my favor tho' to profit by them in their extent would sound very much like robbing in foro conscientiae. Abbotsford has cost me so much money that I am scarce buying any books just now, not to keep a stud of hobby horses all at once. Yet I cannot resist the opportunity to purchase No 164¹ Downfall of Earl of Huntingdon & 165 1st & 2nd part of King Edward 4th should they not go at very extravagant prices. 57 Guy of Warwick also has its charms & also 97 Hans Berepot, but I leave them in your judgment as to price or matter about which I need not be very solicitous having laid out very little money in this way these two years. Abbotsford begins to be noticed by the charitable even admired—plenty of partridges & no lack of hares tho' I did not trouble them much last year

¹ In the catalogue of old plays which has been sent to him. *The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington, afterwards called Robin Hood of merrie Sherwoodde ; with his love to chaste Matilda, the Lord Fitzwaters Daughter, afterwards his faire Maide Marian.* Acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Notingham, Lord High Admirall of England, his servants. Imprinted at London for William Leake, 1601, 4to, B.L., is the work of Anthony Mundy. *The First and Second Partes of King Edward fourth containing his mery pastime with the Tanner of tamworth as also his loue to faire Mistrisse Shoare &c. &c.* played by the Right Honourable the Earle of Derby his seruants. . . . Imprinted at London, 1600, is by Thomas Heywood. Guy of Warwick is probably here J. [B.] *Tragical History, Admirable Atchievements and various events of Guy Earl of Warwick, a Tragedy*, 1661, of which a copy with MS. note by Scott is in the Abbotsford Library. The last mentioned is *Hans Beer-pot his invisible comedy of See me and See me not.* Acted in the Low Countries, by an honest Company of Health-Drinkers. *Bernard Alsop*, 1618. The author was Daubridgecourt Belchier. It is not in the Abbotsford Library.

owing to my voyage through the Isles. If you get the plays have the goodness to make them into a white paper parcel & address them to me under an upper cover to Fr. Freling Esqr Post Office General who always franks letters for me & whose franks carry any weight. You will receive under one of them tomorrow a little *reprint* of mine of a curious old satirist.¹ I believe only 100 copies were printed. Mrs. Scott sends kind remembrances & is happy in the prospect of soon seeing you. Ever most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE ²

EDINR., 26th Feby. 1815

DEAR JOHN,—I have been thinking over the plan which I have lately pursued, and talked over this morning, of making our good stock carry off our heavy by attaching so much of it to future editions of *moving* publications so far as they have not already paid a toll of this nature, and which must clear the stock in time, while we enjoy the benefit of credit upon print and paper of the new editions at the same time, and in a way advantageous both to us and the Booksellers. But it has occurred to me that there is a better and more summary mode of winding up, and which would effectually end these matters.

¹ Samuel Rowland's *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine, etc.* [Edited with "advertisement" and notes, by Sir Walter Scott.] Reprinted W. Laing and W. Blackwood, 8vo., Edinburgh, 1814. A quarto appeared in 1815. See Vol. III, p. 232 and note.

² This letter is printed in the Barnboughle volume and in *Archibald Constable, etc.* The original is in Mr. Kilpatrick's volume. It seems a pity that Thomas Constable neither comments on it nor prints any reply, for the proposal, if accepted, would have secured to Constable and Longman all the novels to come. Probably the booksellers shrank from taking over so much lumber, and possibly John Ballantyne, as Lockhart suggests, was unwilling that J. B. & Coy. should disappear altogether. But it is not certain that Lockhart is accurate in this. John's business as an auctioneer, I am told, proved quite lucrative.

Suppose Constable and Longman would take our whole stock (say £10,000, being £5000 each) at the following terms :—

Bills for	12 months to	[be]	immediatly	granted for	£2000
Do.	15 months	„	„		2000
Do.	18 months	„	„		2000
Do.	21 months	„	„		2000
Do.	24 months	„	„		2000
					<u>£10,000</u>

Should they be disposed to do this, J. B. and Coy. shut shop instantly, and leave the field clear, turning over to the purchasers the works of every description which they have now the advantage of publishing, on the sole terms of printing in the Canongate, and giving the authors half profits. I am morally convinced that, with the literary views I have before me, there will not be nearly so much advance of credit or capital on the booksellers' part in this way as in that which I had settled. I wish, if this strikes you as a feasible proposal to make our friends, you would come up to breakfast to-morrow. Subordinate parts of the plan can easily be settled should the general principle suit, and it will render the London journey unnecessary. In future publications, unless in very particular circumstances, or with reasonable grounds of displeasure, which there is no chance of occurring, I will certainly consider these houses as my publishers, expecting only in courtesy some share of their countenance in P. O. As I shall always publish in future for half profit, there is no fear of my having the least temptation to change publishers, supposing me to have (as I have not) any wish to do so. I think within the same period the booksellers will probably take off the same quantity of stock upon the former plan, but this would cut the matter short, and promises, I think, advantages to both parties.—Yours, etc.,

W. S.

Sunday 3 oclock

[*Constable and Kilpatrick*]

TO LADY MACLEOD, DUNVEGAN CASTLE, SKYE ¹

DEAR MADAM,—I have been postponing from day to day requesting your kind acceptance of my best thanks for the beautiful purse of your workmanship with which I was some time since honoured. The hospitality of Dunvegan will long live in my recollection, and I am not a little flattered by a token which infers that my visit was not forgotten by the Lady of the castle. I venture to send (what has long delayed this letter) a copy of a poem which owes its best passages to MacLeod's kindness and taste in directing me to visit the extraordinary scenery between his country and Strathaird, which rivals in grandeur and desolate sublimity anything that the Highlands can produce. The volume should have reached you in a quarto shape, but while I sought an opportunity of sending it, behold the quartos disappeared, and I was obliged to wait for the second impression, of which I now send a copy. I shall be proud and happy if it serves to amuse a leisure hour at Dunvegan. It has had one good consequence to the author, that it has served to replenish the purse with which the Lady MacLeod presented him. Yet he has so much the spirit of the old Bard, that he values the purse more than the contents. Should MacLeod and you ever come to Edinburgh, I will scarce forgive you unless you let such a hermit as I am know of your living in the neighbourhood of his recess, and I would have particular pleasure in endeavouring to show you anything that might interest you. I do not despair of (what would give me the most sincere pleasure) again being a guest at Dunvegan. My eldest girl sings Cathail gu la—excuse Saxon spelling—and I hope to send you in a few weeks a very curious treatise on the second sight, published (not for sale) from a manuscript in 1691 which fell into my hands. Hector Macdonald has promised me the means to send it.

¹ This letter accompanied a presentation copy of *The Lord of the Isles*.

I beg my respectful compliments to Miss MacLeod, my kindest remembrances to the chieftain, and my best wishes to the little tartan chief and nursery.—Believe me, with much respect, Dear Madam (for I will not say Mrs. MacLeod, and Lady MacLeod is out of fashion), Your honoured and obliged and truly grateful,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH, 3rd March 1815.

[*Canon Macleod*]

TO JOSEPH TRAIN

MY DEAR SIR,—I was in the country when I ordered your copy of the *Lord of the Isles* to be sent off,—unfortunately the Bookseller had not enough to answer my order and disappointed you and one or two of my other friends. I was therefore obliged to wait the second edition of which I have now the pleasure to send two copies by the coach, begging your own acceptance of one, and hoping you may find the other an acceptable gift to some of your friends.

Mr. Porter lately appointed a Commissioner of Excise is a friend of mine. I would be happy if through his interest I could be at any time useful to you in which case you will have the goodness to point out the object and opportunity of serving you. I am going to London in about a fortnight for six weeks or thereabouts.

I must conclude in some haste. Dear Sir Your obliged servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH, 12th March 1815.

[*Mrs. Dunn*]

TO HAY DONALDSON, W.S., CHARLOTTE STREET,
EDINBURGH

MY DEAR SIR,—I am today favoured with your letter and do not a moment delay in replying to it. My hopes

that at one time or other your exertions and attention to the Roxburghshire business might be the means of introducing you into further connections with the Duke of Buccleuch in his law matters were not founded upon any thing further than the probability that the family who really need an active law agent might resort to one whose talents they had an opportunity of being acquainted with and I know that such would have been the wish of that invaluable member of the family whom they have lost because she herself said so. But as I never had the least communication to that purpose with the Duke for of course it could not be a thing of my seeking but must have arisen from his own voluntary confidence—I do not suppose there is any immediate prospect of the kind and I think you should act as if there were none. The refusing such an important piece of business would be a great sacrifice on your part witht. any certain prospect of its being ever recompensed and I am sure the circumstance of your conducting a cause agst the D. in the way you conduct all your business would not impede any resolution he might take in your favour. I do therefore most strongly advise you not to forego the present opportunity but by all means to take the business if it offers. I have always thought that it requires a strong and well defined prospect of future advantage to determine a man of business to refuse employment in the way of his profession. This cursed news turns the very cream upon my stomach.¹ I trust they will put down this Apollyon and make short work with him. The Castle of Vincennes and a burial by torch light would be my doom for him.

We will be in town next week. On 25 next month I shall receive some money for my brother which I will impress with you.

¹ "On Sunday, March 5, at 1 p.m., it was announced to Louis that Bonaparte had landed on the coast of France. . . . On March 10 he was at Lyons, on the 17th at Auxerre, on the morning of the 20th at Fontainebleau. On the 14th he was joined by Ney, who had boasted that he would bring him back to Paris in an iron cage."—*Cambridge Modern History*, vol. ix, pp. 573-4.

I am sorry the Duke does not look after Roxburghshire but of course he knows his own views and wishes better than I can presume to do. This I know that it is easier holding than drawing. But he has more than enough to do and think of. Believe me very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 17 *March* 1815

[*Griffith*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINGH 24 *March* 1815

MY DEAR TERRY,—The bearer Mr. David Anderson who takes the trouble of delivering you this letter is upon a tour to London to use his eyes in looking about him as much as he can ; if there is any thing in your department to which you can introduce him, you will confer an obligation on me : he is a young Scottish barrister & I think promises well. It is at his own particular request that I make him known to you & he will probably consult you about the subject of his particular curiosity. I should be very glad to hear from you first what you are about yourself & what prospect there is of my seeing you this summer at Abbotsford. Why should not you make a rally to Edinburgh during the time your theatre shuts. I promise you would be well received, for the folks here express great regret for your absence. Abbotsford stands where it did. Spot is alive if I can trust my eyes & the partridges will be plenty notwithstanding the snow for the breeding season promises well. John Kemble is here & draws good houses. We are all on tip toe to know something of your new meteor Mr. Kean.¹ Will you let

¹ Edmund Kean had passed through varied and often sordid experiences before, on 26th January 1814, he achieved his great triumph as Shylock at Drury Lane and entered on a series of brilliant and profitable engagements, appearing as Richard III., Macbeth, Abel Drugger (*The Alchemist*), Romeo, Sir Giles Overreach (*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*), and other, some of them now forgotten, characters.

me know about him? I hope you don't omit calling on Miss now Mrs. Baillie now & then? the best acquaintances are most easily lost by neglecting them. Should you find any curious little books in my way don't forget me: my purse begins to fill again after the Abbotsford evacuations. I had some thoughts of coming to town but I think if there comes a peace as it must come on some terms or other we shall have the Emperor of Russia & the King of Prussia at London & I will reserve my journey & cash to see them hold Carnival with the Prince Regent. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO LADY ABERCORN

CORNER OF WHITEHORSE STREET,
PICCADILLY,

Tuesday, [LONDON, April 1815]

MY DEAR LADY ABERCORN,—I have been here these three or four days ¹ always hoping trusting and expecting that your Ladyship would be in town. But your house in St. James' Square is otherwise occupied and I cannot learn whether or when you are likely to be in town though your Ladyship will believe I am most anxious to pay my respects. Mrs. Scott and Sophia are with me and we came up by sea very successfully and even pleasantly bating three circumstances—

1st. That the wind was in constant and methodical opposition.

2nd. That a collier brig ran foul of us in the dark and nearly consigned us all to the bottom of the sea.

3rd. and last we struck on a rock and lay hammering for two hours untill we floated with the rising tide. I am tied down to this town just now as *l'homme de confiance* of a fair Scotchwoman ² who is about to be married into

¹ Scott left Edinburgh for London on 31st March.

² i.e. Miss Clephane, see next letter.

your high circle and so we are up to the ears in settlements, etc. but for which circumstance I would have offered my personal respects at the priory. I beg to be respectfully remembered to the Marquis and am ever with the greatest respect and regard your Ladyship's truly faithful and obliged,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Pierpont Morgan*]

TO MISS CLEPHANE

MY DEAR MISS CLEPHANE,—I have been chiefly engaged with your matters since our arrival here and have seen Lord Compton repeatedly and the Marquis once. The last seems to be a good humoured old peer and both he and Lady Frances C. expressed the highest pleasure in the proposed alliance.¹ Lastly I saw the Solicitor of the family Mr. Boodle and received from him the enclosed schedule of what the Marqs. had proposed to do upon the occasion independent of such assistance as the young people might receive from Miss C's fortune. I received the preliminaries like a practical plenipotentiary without committing myself by any answer—only I said that the particulars were candidly and frankly stated. With respect to the *amount* of the various provisions I could say nothing untill I saw the Marqs's rent roll and the burdens affecting it—also that I must hear from your friends in Edinr—In truth I think the provisions narrow for the rank to be maintained and I mentioned that generally. The Marquis and Mr. Boodle seemed to think something might be got from Scotland especially at outsetting as it is morally impossible that you two great folks can start with £2000 a year only. I said your immediate property only produced £200 that you had been advised to sell it but had hitherto declined and that

¹ This letter relates to Scott's drawing up the marriage settlement of Margaret Maclean Clephane. She married Spencer Joshua Alwyne Compton, son of Charles, first Marquess of Northampton, on 24th July 1815.

I thought the times unfavourable for a sale. Nevertheless I hinted such a proposal might be rendered agreeable to me if proportional advantages should be secured to you in consequence of your advancing £6000 or £7000 to which the balance of the price might probably amount. If this money was wished to be applied to the immediate fitting out and aid of your establishment I said I should expect either that a similar sum should be secured upon the Compton estate for the younger children the interest being at your own disposal or that in case of widowhood £100 yearly of jointure should be granted for every thousand pounds of your money so sunk. I got no distinct answer to this proposition nor did I require any as I only wished to show in general that I was alive to your interest. In truth becoming a member of a family where there is so much land I rather think the sale of the farm would be eligible providing contingent advantages were granted in equal proportion. To be pinched at starting would be real evil and debts are often incurred by young housekeepers which hang about them all their lives so money must be had on one side or other.

I am not quite satisfied with the extent of the provisions. £1000 a year is a good jointure for a countess and the additional £1000 allowed in case of a family would not greatly aid. The £2000 a year as Marchioness is better and the children would be then provided elsewhere.

I wish much to have the Entail of Torloisk, a copy of your mother's marriage contract or the original, and rentals of your own little property and of Torloisk.

Wednesday 12 April [1815]

I got your letter yesterday when the above lines were written and have the greatest pleasure in the prospect of your grandmother consulting your interest in the way you mention. It would be a most material point if she were to carry her intentions in your favour immediately into execution by becoming a party to these deeds and settling

her estate on you and Lord Compton and the heirs of your union failing whom on any others she may chuse and reserving power to burthen the estate thus settled to any extent she may propose. You will see in a note which I shall send to Lord Compton this day and of which I enclose you a copy the view in which I consider this arrangement as well as the answer which I have on the first blush of the business judged fitting to make to the Marquis's proposal. I breakfasted with Lord Compton this morning and have of course seen much of him since I came to town and *sans phrase* I like him very much. He thinks feels and speaks like a man and that is no common compliment. I talked over the various objections I had to the Marquis's proposal and told him at the same time that they appeared to me of such a nature as a little arrangement and enlargement of the family views would early put out of the way. You need not be afraid of the Solicitor turning my flank in the matter for if I am plain in my proposals and views I will not be the less earnest in them. I think my memorandum will fully enable you to comprehend my meaning. You will of course show Mr. Boodles paper to your uncles and invite them to correspond with me on the subject which would be highly agreeable to me trusting that however unpopular I may be in that quarter they will do me the justice to suppose me earnest in your service and anxious to give and receive all the information which may be necessary to carry my good wishes into effect. Indeed if this is not done they must employ some other person in London which would only occasion vexation perplexity and expences. You see I was right when I said that the prospect opening before you would change their conduct towards you. I am certain you will find them quite *amical*. You must consider whether it will be prudent to show them my Memorandum in whole or to transcribe it omitting the supposed case of your Grandmother making a settlement of her estate. If Mrs. Douglas has openly

expressed herself to her family in the way she spoke to you there may be propriety in showing them the whole paper—if not the proposal may be disagreeable to them and they may fall on means to prevent its being acceded to by Mrs. D.—On the whole I think you had better let it be a private article of the treaty untill you again hear from me. I should wish the proposal to come from the opposite [side] in this sort of way, supposing it addressed to me “Mr. S. objects to the jointure to be settled on Miss M. C.—it is as much as the N. estate admits but if the heirs of the marriage are to be assured of succeeding to the Kirkness estate a corresponding advance will be made in the provision for the lady in case of widowhood”—With this proposal Mrs. D. would have the pleasure of benefiting you to a much greater extent than the income of the property she has resolved to bequeath to you at the price of carrying her intentions into effect a little sooner than she intended. At any rate it is a proposal with which she cannot be offended I think.

Excuse this hasty scrawl as I am a good deal fatigued with the extreme heat of the day. Ladies on certain occasions owe their friends gloves but I shall have a claim upon Lady Compton for a pair of shoes honestly worn out in her service between Portland Place (for on one or two general ideas I consulted our friend Morritt who is completely acquainted with what is done in such cases) Fludyer Street and Brook Street. I had Lord Compton for my guide indeed but I might as well have had the blind deity who took his stand on Benmore or Bentalla on a late occasion. However I told him he had my pardon for all his errors as belonging to his unhappy situation. Literally he led me wrong four times (talking of you all the while) untill I consulted my pocket chart of London and took the pilotage into my own hands.

We got up to town in five days though the wind was contrary all the while. My wife and little girl did not suffer much discomfort. They beg kindest remembrances

and congratulations for the approaching affair is quite public. I shall be anxious to hear what you think of the memorandum which I sent under separate franks. If you could be so good as send or call in Castle Street when you are going to write you would bestow a line on my little people. Yours most affectionately

[11] *April* 1815.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Northampton*]

TO MISS CLEPHANE

MY DEAR MISS CLEPHANE,—I enclose my original drat. of the remarks which I have this day after a long conversation with Lord C. copied and sent to the M. of Northampton. The only subject of discussion or debate between Lord C. and me was this—I readily agree with him as to the propriety of selling the Fife farm for it is quite a different question in the present circumstances from what it would be had Scotland remained your headquarters. A small detached property would be managed at a certain expence and probably ill managed and the money would afford a larger immediate income and thus set your house-keeping up more comfortably. But if any part of this money be laid out in furniture etc. as perhaps it may be necessary to take £1500 or £2000 for that purpose I contend that I must have a contingent annuity to you of £100 for every £1000 so sunk. L. C. himself is contented with this but seems to think that the M. may think that he has gone as far as he can. I had a very long discussion with him on this and other points. Of course I abode by my own opinion and made my proposal as you will see it in the rough drat.

I am clear if your Grand mother comes forward some further provision ought to be and will be made.¹ If I

¹ In a letter of the same day he tells the Marquess of Northampton that “there are considerable hopes of Mrs. Douglas Clephane settling her estate of Kirkness upon her granddaughter Miss Clephane reserving a power

could but be assured of your having £4000 a year as Dowagr. Marchioness, I should think I had done well. I mean taking all your provisions together.

Excuse my blotted copy I have no time to transcribe. Pray hurry the papers to me and I think you had better have a fair copy made of my remarks enclosed leaving out the last paragraph for the reason mentioned on the margin and show it to the Clephanes. I am ever my dear Miss Clephane affectionately yours

April 13th 1815.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Northampton*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR SIR,—I presume the Lord of the Isles is by this time afloat & as I find cash needful here to pay off some old scores and some new ones I take the liberty to draw upon you for £420— at 3 mos. date to accompt of profits of this edition. This bill I will renew for six months when due which will give you *nine* months to get in your cash as it cannot be expected this edition will go off so soon as the last. When we meet we can square the accompt regularly debiting me also with my book acct. long due which may be set agt. profit on royal copies.

There is no news here public or literary but I think to burthen it to the extent £5000 or £6000.” From another letter to Miss Clephane it appears that he has discovered that she has by entail a claim to the said estate. This “cannot but be regarded in a pleasant point of view. It makes your present prospects certain instead of being contingent and prevents their being burthened to the extent of half the value, &c.” . . . “Indeed your latent title puts me in mind of Hotspur’s exclamation when he hears Mortimer’s claim to the crown

Nay then I cannot blame her cousins

Who wished her on the barren mountains starve

Before this reaches you you will probably have written to me again concerning the effect which this unexpected event has produced upon Mrs. D. C.’s mind.” From a letter of Mrs. Clephane’s in the *Walpole Collection* (1814) it appears that her husband’s family had never been friendly to her or her children.

almost a certainty of war. My dispute with the Commissioners of Income tax has been arranged to my satisfaction which is very pleasant especially as our old friend the Property tax is returning upon us in his plenitude of power. John Ballantyne is here bustling about as usual. If he should be detain'd late in London I will desire him to apply to you for renewal of £317—due on the 9th. May being I think the last of your accomn. bills to us. But I shall be better pleased to pay it with its fellows.

Don Roderick being out I think to reprint it as it makes part of Jo. B's stock and I propose making considerable additions applicable to the present moment. I shall make a *tripartite* division of it that is supposing you chuse so much of the concern, between Longman & you & Murray whose sale of such politics as mine are likely to be is considerable. There is plenty of time to consider about this but I should wish to hear your thoughts as to the extent of the impression. I think of 1500 or 2000 copies but remit [this] & all other particulars to the gentlemen who shall be concern'd. Believe me Dear Sir
Very truly Yours

WALTER SCOTT

WHITEHORSE STREET PICCADILLY LONDON

21 April 1815

[Stevenson]

TO MISS CLEPHANE

MY DEAR MISS CLEPHANE,—I have just this minute received the letters with all the inclosures and write here though in a Booksellers shop rather than wait a moment. I have dragd in Morritt to give me a frank. Lord C. has been dogging me like my shadow expecting and hoping an answer and I have a most cruel letter from the Marquis which I will enclose by this or tomorrows post as time serves.

There is no more to be said about Kirkness and therefore I have given the matter up with a good grace in a letter for Mr. H. C. For Gods sake take all in good part that is said or done in that quarter as I fear we will be *un-kirknessed* altogether. I trust implicitly to your discretion for avoiding all scenes or subjects of discord at this moment. It would be of infinite prejudice and the term of endurance being short take a manful heart and uncharge it. Tell Mrs. Clephane (your kind mother) that I do conjure her on her bended knees to take everything that is said and done as *argent* comptoreal. Rely upon it nothing shall be done that can be prejudicial to her. I would not lose sight of the feelings which you ought to entertain and I know *do* entertain as a grateful and affectionate daughter to give you the jointure of the Queen of Sheba if she had one— Pray never mind anything they say about me—let that fly stick in the wall and when the plaister's dry it will rub off—My only object is the most sincere wish to serve you with head and heart and I do not care one sixpence about any slight they can throw on me for my attempts to do so. The letter of Lord N. will show there has been no dissenting about money matters but only a necessary discussion which cannot be terminated untill the rentals on both sides are forthcoming. I expect yours with impatience and pray write me a line as often as you can. By the way I *must* tell you that in the long discussion I had with Lord C upon your matters there was a heavy storm of thunder and lightning. You know I am not very sensible of such disturbances so I took no notice but his good Lordship never heard a word of the matter till he was going away and saw the street flooded with water.

Unquestionably if Torloisk can be settled on you and Lord Compton for your lives and the survivor and upon the children of the marriage after your decease it is the natural and proper settlement.

I do not believe the family are very rich and I under-

stand the estate is encumbered—But there is quite enough of money to support the dignity very handsomely and much land which is allways rising. I see I must do the best I can without expecting much backing from Scotland on the part of your friends. The point about which I am most anxious is a chance (which I trust in God will not be realized but yet which it is my duty to consider) of Lord Comptons predeceasing you at an early period of your union and before you have succeeded to the estate either of Kirkness or Torloisk. In this case I must do the best I can—I do *not* think £1000 enough and I foresee I shall be able to get over and above a life rent equal to the interest of the price of your Fifeshire farm supposing it sold—£400 or £500 a year more would I think be enough at least it is so much as I shall be able to get. In case of your being Marcss. dowager I should think securing you £4000 in all would be very fair and if we could say £2000 in the possible event of a Countess dowagr. would be a corresponding sum. But in short I will do my best and give Mr. H. Clephane no more trouble in the matter than to secure myself against the possible complaint of having excluded him from our councils.

Pray remind Mrs. Clephane that when ladies employd Knights errant to champion their causes they always sat quiet in their arm-chairs to be burned or acquitted according to circumstances. The more passive you all are the better and communicate to me all your wishes.

PICCADILLY 21 *April* [1815]

W. S.

[27th *April* 1815]

I HAVE missed the post and cannot help myself till Monday there being none tomorrow in this God fearing and religious capital. I will see Lord C. after breakfast tomorrow perhaps before for I thought it necessary to accustom Lady Francis Compton to the voracity of a Scotchman at breakfast that she may not be surprized

at the cousins whom the Isle of Mull may send upon an occasional visit and at breakfast you know I can match any highland man of them all. She is a spirited old lady fond of dogs and horses and had a pair of loaded pistols to defend her house in person when it was threatened in the corn bill riots.

Charlotte is much obliged for your kindness in calling upon our little people. Sophia has been at some of the gay parties and was much noticed and caressed. I had a long and most gracious audience of the P. Regent who gave me the entree to his library where there are some most curious papers respecting 1715 and 1745 and the space between. They belonged to the Cardinal Duke of York. Baron Adam who was present says the impression upon his mind was a doubt whether the P.R. or I was the greater Jacobite.

I think you should shew the M. of N's letter to the Clephanes and ask Mr. Henry to shew you mine not that there is anything in it. They may trust I will not be illiberal in my dealings with the family but I will not throw away my cards neither nor would Lord Compton thank me for I suppose he will like as well to have £2500 instead of £2000 for your joint income as well as I shall.

[*Northampton*]

TO J. WHISHAW, EDITOR OF "MUNGO PARK'S JOURNAL" ¹

DEAR SIR,—I am glad the anecdotes I rememberd concerning my poor friend M[r]. Park seemd to you in the slightest degree interesting. I have often endeavoured to recollect the passages you mention but they were communicated near the close of an evening of conviviality & although I am positively certain of the scope of the conversation I cannot at this distance of time rely on my memory as to the particular narrative which led to it. Two trifling circumstances occur to me respecting his habits.

¹ The journal was published in 1815 ; second edition in 1816.

The first—that his practise as a surgeon among our lonely hills was so far from being profitable that it was really expensive. I have known more cases than one in which Mungo after riding five or six miles by night among pathless hills gave his medicines as well as attendance for nothing instead of taking the miserable half guinea from some poor shepherd or his wife.

2d. Notwithstanding his determination again to visit Africa the terrors of his former captivity had not ceased to impress his imagination. When he was affected with indigestion or any other stomach complaint he used to start from his sleep supposing himself still a prisoner in the tent of Ali.

I shall never forget the spot & the morning when I last parted with this firm sagacious and intrepid character. He had slept at my house at Ashestiel & in the morning we rode together over the wild chain of pastoral hills which divide Tweed from Yarrow. On the road he told me his purpose of going straight from Edinr. without again returning to take leave of his family. We were then at the top of Williamhope-ridge & the mist floating dimly below us down the vale of the Yarrow seemd an emblem of the dark & uncertain prospect before him. I remember pressing upon him the dangers of his journey with a military force which I then thought (though falsely as you have shewn) the most unsafe mode of travelling since it was inadequate for conquest & yet large enough to excite suspicion. He refuted my objections by referring to the subdivision of Africa into petty districts the chiefs of whom were not likely to form any regular combination for cutting him off & whose boundaries were soon traversed. He referd also to their habit of seeing cofles or caravans of all nations pass through their territories on paying a small duty so that the march of such a party as his own had nothing in it to alarm them with ideas of spoil or invasion. In this sort of discourse we passd the hills & came to a road where our paths separated—a

small ditch divided the road from the moor & in going over it Mungo Parks horse stumbled & nearly fell. As he recoverd him I said "thats a bad omen Mungo" to which he answerd laughing "*freits* [*i.e.* omens] follow those that look to them." With this proverbial expression we parted never again to meet on this side of the grave.

I observe that you are puzzled with the word *fuff*¹ which he applies to the noise of the lion[e]ss. It is a very expressive Scottish word applicable in its primitive sense to the explosive noise which a cat makes in flying at a dog.

You observe with great truth that Park was rather shy & reserved in his general habits. In addition to this I may add that he always felt rather embarassd by indirect inquiries which strangers to avoid the apparent rudeness of blunt interrogation often made concerning his travels. But said he ther[e] are two risques from this false delicacy either that I may not understand their question or that they may misconstrue my answer & in either case my conversation will be reported inaccurately. He contrasted this with the conduct of the venerable Professor Fergusson² who using the privilege to which his high talents & advanced age so well entitled him spread the map of Africa before Park the first day he dined at Hallyards made the traveller trace out his whole journey inch by inch & questiond him upon the whole as he went along with characteristick precision.

These things are scarce worth writing or reading. But I have a peculiar veneration for the memory of my unfortunate friend and even trifles connected with that topick have a peculiar claim to my remembrance. If you can extract any thing out of these trifles for your second

¹ "Fuff" = a puff of wind ; the spit or puffing sound of a cat ; also, a whiff (of tobacco-smoke). Scott, *Antiq.*, ix : "The ghaist . . . then disappeared like a fuff o' tobacco." Stevenson, *Thrawn Janet* : "There cam' a clap o' wund, like a cat's fuff."

² Father of Scott's friend, Adam Fergusson. See above, Vol. I, p. 58.

edition they are much at your service ¹ & I am with much respect Dear Sir Your obliged humble Servt

WALTER SCOTT

PICCADILLY 24 *April* [1815]

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO MR. WILKIE, MELROSE ²

[24th *April* 1815]

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter two days since & have since seen Lord Melville. I told his Lordship I would write to you to come up directly & he assented—so the sooner you set off the better that you may be here before I leave London. Of course you have taken care to be well *grinded* to pass your ordeal with credit. You need not make yourself uneasy about funds if they should happen to be a little short.

Expecting to see you soon I would take it kind should this find you at Melrose if you would walk as far as Abbotsford & see how matters are going on—& particularly if the transplanted trees by the water-side are come into leaf & likely to thrive & if they are well staked down against the wind. If Tom can make up a small basket of good poultry and early potatoes if there are any

¹ On the same day (24th April) Whishaw replied he had not an opportunity of introducing these anecdotes into his memoir. If, however, another edition affords an opportunity to do so, he will add these particulars, and he would like if Mr. Scott, “*upon further recollection*,” could furnish circumstances “relating to the ‘personal escapes & adventures’ alluded to at the conclusion of the note.”—*Walpole Collection*.

² This letter, for which I am indebted to an Australian correspondent, was evidently written while Scott was in London, busy with the settlements of the Compton and Maclean Clephane marriage. The date of it must be 24th April, as Wilkie had written on the 22nd—“two days since” as Scott says. Wilkie had mentioned he would prefer to pass “as surgeon at London rather than at Edinr. . . . I shall hold myself in readiness to set off for London as soon as I hear from you.” Wilkie was afterwards a Dr. Wilkie of Innerleithen. At this time he is probably seeking a post as a ship’s surgeon, like Roderick Random, and has been preparing for his examination. In one thing Scott never failed, namely the readiness to help his friends to posts.

it would be very acceptable to the family with whom we reside here & perhaps you could manage to take care of it if you come up by sea. Let him write a line by you at any rate and say how all goes on.

I remain with apologies for this trouble Very sincerely
Yours

WALTER SCOTT

WHITEHORSE STREET PICCADILLY LONDON

[*Percival Serle*]

TO HENRY MACKENZIE

MY DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your kind letter—Mr. Irvine whom I took the liberty to mention to you as a candidate for the situation you mention has since changed his views & is leaving or has already left this country to become a settler in Canada so that any interest which I could have taken in that appointment is at an end. I am not the less obliged to your kindness in putting the circumstance under my recollection.

I am somewhat at a loss what to say about my supposed natural children. I really have not any real or literary which require legitimation and I think you must allude to some report which has not yet reachd my ears farther than by your kind congratulations on the supposed increase of my literary family.¹ The interest which you take in these matters of mine will be always a reason with me for thinking more highly of them than I should be otherwise tempted to do.

¹ In his letter of 24th April Mackenzie reminded Scott about his having expressed a desire to procure for a friend a Surveyorship of Taxes. A vacancy has occurred and no appointment yet made. Mackenzie then congratulates him on "the two *natural* children you lately *owned* in that Metropolis [London]. . . . I think I could quote some lines very appropriate to the above figure of speech from the gallant Bastard *Faulconbridge*, about the strength & lustyhood of your two children above alluded to. I am somewhat proud of having, by accident, been among the first to see & to value their merits."—*Walpole Collection*.

Every thing here is warlike though some folks still maintain that there will be an arrangement with Bonaparte. I cannot say I see the least appearance of it especially as the Grenville party are understood to be decided for war. In the drama Kean's laurels are rather overshadowed by those of Miss O'Neil¹ who is really a charming actress though not equal as some of her admirers pretend to Mrs. Siddons when in her brilliant days. She is the sweetest Juliet I ever saw or can conceive & excels rather in these feminine & soft characters than in those where force and dignity is required. Mrs. Scott joins me in best and kindest compliments to Mrs. Mackenzie & family and I ever am My dear Sir Your very faithful & obliged humble Servant

WALTER SCOTT

PICCADILLY 29 April 1815.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO JOHN RICHARDSON

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—Our magnificent scheme is clip'd in the wings. I have got some business on my hands on Saturday of a nature which will not admit of my leaving town that day. The forecloser is Lord Mellville who has appointed that day for our rail-road affairs and I shall have my throat cut by the Mr. of Napier if I do not meet the parties concerned. On Sunday I propose breakfasting and spending the day at Hampstead and shall draw up at your door at ten preceesely. We

¹ Eliza O'Neill (1791-1872), the daughter of an undistinguished Irish actor, had, after some experience in Belfast and Dublin, where among other things she played Ellen in a version of the *Lady of the Lake*, gained her first great success as Juliet at Covent Garden on 6th October 1814. For five years she was a reigning favourite. Shelley, it will be remembered, would have liked to have her play Beatrice in *The Cenci*, but the idea was rejected as shocking. In 1819 she married William Wrixon Becher, afterwards Lord Becher, and left the stage. "Her excellence," said Hazlitt, "unrivalled by any actress since Mrs. Siddons, consisted in truth of nature and force of passion."—*Dramatic Essays*.

propose to retreat at night and I think you will have enough of us. Betwixt [now] and that time I shall certainly see Mrs. Baillie and endeavour to arrange the pleasure of paying homage to her at a more quiet day. I am almost worn out with visits and visitations.

I send you the patent for the arms. It occurs to me that the Avisas should be blue and yellow. Yet they are coloured red and white. Yours very truly,

WALTER SCOTT

Monday PICCADILLY [? 1815]

[*Brotherton*]

To JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—The day being so execrable and my rheumatics troublesome I have deputed John Ballantyne to ask you whether you would like to have a share in Don Roderick which I am about to reprint with a considerable addition. The property is with the Ballantynes but as I have an interest in it I have desired them to offer you a third of the impression at the same terms with the other two publishers as I think it will suit your sale better than any of them and as I would be happy to have your name on the title. Yours very truly

W. SCOTT

PICCADILLY GARDENS [*May* 1815]

[*Sir Alfred J. Law*]

To MISS CLEPHANE

[Extract]

MY DEAR MISS CLEPHANE,—I wrote a long letter this moment finished to Mrs. Clephane and sent it by the post and now continue to scribble one in answer to yours of 29th this instant received. . . .

I am sure my dear young friend nothing will give me greater pleasure than that any pains I can take in this

affair may conduce to your honour and happiness—I do trust under God that this will be the case for the family are highly spoken of as a race of steady and honourable men who do honour to their rank and country. The Marquis I should suppose frugal for he has his difficulties to struggle with and subdue. He has proceeded far in retrieving and enlarging the estate and very naturally has a prudential eye to strengthen and secure what he has reclaimed. I will litigate no point with him in such a manner as to produce irritation because even if I should carry my immediate object it might eventually affect your happiness by chilling your reception into the bosom of a family whose affection must be of such importance to you in future life. But what I may be forced to give up I will at least have the pleasure of sacrificing with a good grace. Lord C. seems of opinion and I think justly that it would serve nothing going into particulars until I can exhibit the rentals of the properties (that of Kirkness is I suppose out of the question) the entail and the contract of marriage.

I will remain in London till the deeds are signed as you may probably want me to be a trustee or at any rate to prevent the possibility of mischief. This is no inconvenience to me but rather otherwise for we live in the home of a kind old friend who will not listen to our proposal of leaving her so that we are in every respect as well or better accommodated than in Castle Street. We have a very gay time of it if eating drinking and evening parties can make it so—but I have sent Sophia out to Hampstead to spend a few days with Joanna Baillie to save her Tweedside complexion.

. . . I shall most sincerely rejoice when you are out of the reach of all this tracasserie and I am sure my dear young friend you have by this time seen enough of the wretched consequences of family dissention to make you for your whole life regard it as the service of domestic unhappiness. You have to take your ground in a new

family and among new friends. I trust and hope you will find them all you can wish but they must be above humanity if they have not failings and prejudices of one kind or other—to these my dear Miss Clephane you must accomodate yourself as far as it is possible both because in doing so you will best shew your affection to your husband and because establishing yourself in the good opinion of his family especially as being so closely and intimately connected with them must necessarily lay the deepest and most sure foundation for domestic felicity. Lord C. will probably make you acquainted with the characters of the principal members of his own family—at least he will be flattered and delighted with your enquiries concerning them made with the purpose of rendering yourself an agreeable addition to their family circle. I have often thought that the two great commands to love God and our Neighbour have their relative and distinct rewards for if the homage which we owe to the Supreme Being prepare us to enjoy happiness in the next world, the social charities and affections of humanity form the most sure guides to happiness in this. But you will think I am getting very prosy only I know you will excuse it because I am on this occasion a papa sort of a person and determined to exercise my full right to be dull and dogmatical.

To turn from wisdom to folly all our foreign wanderers are hurrying home—Lady Davey cured of her admiration of the French and Lydia White with the humour of forty fancies as Grumio says pricked upon her cap for a feather. Never were there seen such monsters in apparel as France has sent back to us—Let your Mantua maker exert her fancy as she pleases you will be hardly too fantastic for the fashion.

I am glad you like Hay Donaldson who really is all that you have said and to a thorough knowledge of his profession adds much feeling and delicacy. He is a tried man and may be relied upon. I mentioned to Lord

Compton the propriety there was in Mr. Donaldson appearing as his man of business upon the occasion with which he is quite satisfied— It vindicates Donaldsons interference in the most complete manner which might otherwise give cause of offence. I am quite charmed with Mrs. Clephanes steadiness and composure but her affection will I know carry through much in your account which she might not submit to in her own. Yours ever most faithfully

WALTER SCOTT

I have kept this letter by me till today and am now finishing it on my return from the drawing room where I have kissed hands. You would laugh to see me in a dress coat bag and sword as I am at this present writing.

4th May 1815.

[*Northampton*]

TO MISS CLEPHANE

MY DEAR MISS CLEPHANE,—I beg your acceptance of my best congratulations on Mrs. Douglas's change of sentiments—which cannot but have an excellent effect upon all the negotiation and gives a certain ascertained consequence to your own fortune when about to enter a great family. I am glad Mrs. D. C. has thought of consulting Lord Reston¹ who with some narrow prejudices and hard corners about him is nevertheless a man of excellent sense and great worth and legal capacity. I have received a letter from Mr. Henry Clephane about Mrs. M. D.'s resolutions and referring me generally to Mrs. Maclean Clephanes instructions which I am delighted with, since it will render it unnecessary to put much direct business correspondence with him until I

¹ David Douglas of Reston, son of Colonel Robert Douglas of Strathendry, was made a judge in November 1813, and in July 1816 succeeded Lord Meadowbank (*i.e.* Scott's friend Allan Maconochie, founder of the Speculative Society), who had died in June of that year, as a Lord of Justiciary.

can have the whole settled— I expect the packet today, yesterday being no day of delivery, I will not be startled on the length of the papers and will peruse them with an interest that will prevent the possibility of their being tiresome. It was stupid in me not to send my address but I trust there is no chance of the papers miscarrying—if I knew where the M. Steuart is to be found to whom they are addressed under cover I would enquire after them.

Wednesday.

The papers came safe yesterday and I have gone over them and had a long conversation with Lord Compton in order to have his advice in shaping my proposals so as to be most acceptable to the Marquis. In consequence of his opinion joind to my own I intend to abide by my proposal for £100 for every £1000 of the price of Powgild or that may be raised upon it in case the capital is to be sunk—if it is to be preserved of course we will have only 5 pr. cent. The settlement of Mrs. Douglas C. will authorize a demand of £1000 a year aditl. jointure But Lord C. thinks and I also think it will be right to qualify this proposal by saying that the addition shall be conditional in case Mrs. D. C. shall *not* exercise her reserved power of sale for which I trust there is not the least danger. I have sent the papers to Mr. Boodle and I expect to have an appointment with him one of these days when I will deliver my project. But before that I will send you a copy. With £3000 a year Powgild or a corresponding annuity, the reversion of Torloisk and of Kirkness I concieve you will have between £5000 and £6000 a year which is an ample provision and if I can carry it so far I will be most happy.

I do not think the clause in the entail can be altered but I do not concieve that its operation will be at all prejudicial as will appear from the following list of supposed cases. 1st During the life of the Marquis Lord Compton

being a commoner in the eye of law and signing himself Maclean Compton, the clause cannot operate. 2nd. When Ld. C. becomes a Marqs. his son supposing he has but one might doubtless claim the estate under the clause when he attains the age of 21. But it is not to be supposed he will do so because his father will be interested in providing him otherwise and because he could not take the name and arms of Maclean alone. Again supposing there is a younger son it seems to me that *he* could not claim while there was an elder brother still a commoner in the eyes of law. Again supposing matters to remain in this situation untill the death of the present Ld. C. whom we suppose to have succeeded to the title of Marquis of N. it seems then clear to me that his widow having ceased to be the wife of a peer could not be deprived of the estate by any of her sons although after her death she would be succeeded in the property not by the elder but by the second son. All this I will consider more at leasure when I get back the papers from Mr. Boodle but it does appear to me that nothing can occur to disturb your possession during your lifetime and indeed I trust and believe you will never [have] a child so different in disposition from yourself as to claim a right so very ungracious. My kindest compliments attend Mrs. Clephane to whom I will write with my paper of proposals and believe me ever your truly faithful and affectionate friend

WALTER SCOTT

May 13 1815.

[*Northampton*]

TO MRS. CLEPHANE

MY DEAR MRS. CLEPHANE,—I am just come from a consultation of great length with Ld. C. and his lawyers and have drawn up with their concurrence a sketch of proposals to be sent down to the Marquis whose answer will enable us finally to close matters on Tuesday and to

put the conveyancers in motion. It will be necessary that you suggest as soon as possible the persons whom you may desire to act as Trustees for her pin-money and jointure etc. I have the pleasure to inform you that the *free income* of the Northampton estate is £18000 per ann: at least—no bad prospect for our young lady—In fact if Lord N. chuses a yet greater fortune will devolve upon Ld. C. probably £20,000 a year, and it is an improving property.

I have the pleasure to say that the M. has agreed the jointure shall be £3000 instead of £2000 in consequence of Mrs. Douglas Clephanes becoming a party to the settlement under this condition however (to which I could offer no objection) that the jointure should be restricted to £2000 if Mrs. D. C. should sell the estate in virtue of her reserved power to do so. I told them that I considered this as a most improbable event but of course lawyers are obliged to provide for that which is possible as well as for that which is probable. I presume the estate of Kirkness will be settled (under the reserved powers) upon Lord & Lady C. in conjunct fee and life rent and on the survivor and on the heirs of the marriage with power to burthen it for the provision of younger children. If there should be *no* children of the marriage Mrs. Douglas Clephane will perhaps direct its further destination or she may chuse to leave it wholly at her grand daughters disposal. I should wish to learn her intentions on this point and of course Miss Clephane will take the most early and graceful mode of acquainting the old lady of how much consequence her affectionate patronage has proved at the present moment.

It will I think be absolutely necessary to sell Pow-guild bad as the times are. To keep it under tenants at will may ruin it utterly and to let it to an improving tenant for 19 years would greatly diminish the chance of selling well hereafter as every purchaser of course wishes to have a free entry. Using the privilege of cutting

and coming upon this estate we would propose to sell it in the course of the season after due advertisement. The price after deducting 1st capital to answer the incumbrances and 2dly £6000 to be vested in trustees for the use of Ld. and Ly. C. during their life and for the benefit of the younger children, is to be considered as applicable to fitting them out in the world and will I should hope run from £1500 to £2000 at the very least. I have thought it necessary also to preserve a power of applying even the reserved £6000 to any beneficial purpose with concurrence of the trustees—so that there may be a little fund at command upon proper occasions— I have stipulated for £1200 instead of £1000 in the event of Ld. C's death before his fathers. This with the interest of the reserved £6000 will make the jointure £1500 under this melancholy supposition and I find upon conversing with Ld. C confidentially that there is no chance of making more of it. I will have a reply to this on Tuesday. I have put strongly under the M's eye the inadequacy of the sum of £2000 for the young peoples maintenance declining however to make any positive stipulation but referring it to his own good sense and affection. It is very probable he will not bind himself to give more but Ld. C is an only son and of course we must trust something to paternal affection and for good will. I have also stated the inadequacy of provision for educating children but with the same deference to his Lordships sense of what is due to his own representatives. Lastly I also proposed that Lady C's pin-money should be increased as she succeeded to her own property which was thought reasonable. I have not time to copy my long paper as it must get down to Northamptonshire by this post if possible. Everything was arranged so far as could be arranged without the M. in the most pleasant manner and the lawyers seemed sensible of the reasonableness.

Lord C. behaved very handsomely with great candour and disinterestedness as well as a very competent know-

ledge of business. The old Solicitor is a *fowl* which as the Laird of Logan says is the most polite way of calling a man a goose.

Adieu, I have to draw a case for John Clerks opinion respecting the operation of the obnoxious clause supposing the entail to stand good, which I fear will prove the case. This is necessary for the satisfaction of Lord C's man of business who put a great many questions which we agreed it was best to have ascertained by opinion of counsel as it was too delicate for me to require them to rest on my exposition. Kindest love to Miss Clephane and believe me most truly yours

W. SCOTT

May 1815.

[Northampton]

TO RIGHT HONBLE. JOHN MACMAHON

SIR,—It becomes my grateful duty to acknowledge that I have this morning received from Mr. Baron Adam¹ the elegant & valuable box with which it has pleased His Royal Highness the Prince Regent to honour me. While I shall carefully preserve and transmit to my children this invaluable token of His Royal Highnesses regard I may presume to add that I did not require such a memorial to preserve the respectful sense which I entertain

¹ William Adam (1751-1839), of whom and the Blair-Adam Club more will be heard later, was educated at Edinburgh College and Christ Church, Oxford, and studied law at Glasgow. He entered at Lincoln's Inn in 1774 and was elected M.P. for the Borough of Gatton. He became a supporter of North and fought a duel with Fox, but afterwards became his devoted ally. He took a leading part in the prosecution of Warren Hastings. He acted as Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales and was Privy-Purse to the other Royal Dukes. In this year he had been appointed Chief Commissioner of Jury Trials in Scotland and in 1816 began regular residence in Scotland. "The Commissioner is not a very early friend of mine, for I scarce knew him till his settlement in Scotland with his present office. But I have since lived much with him, and taken kindly to him as one of the most pleasant, kind hearted, benevolent, and pleasing men I have ever known."—*Journal*, January 1826, where there is more about his and Scott's politics and political feelings. In 1817 the Blair-Adam Club was formed, for which see later.

of the condescension & kindness with which His Royal Highness has distinguishd me nor I trust will those who may follow me as its possessors require such a memento of the duty which they owe to His Royal Highness and to their country.¹ I beg you will have the goodness to express in the most dutiful and proper manner my warm sense of this distinguishd honor and that you will believe me Sir your most obedt. humble Servant

WALTER SCOTT

PICCADILLY 23 *May* 1815.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO MISS CLEPHANE

MY DEAR MISS CLEPHANE,—I have your letter this morning and I just write these few lines to beg you will not consider these embarrassments too deeply. Believe me Lord Compton regards them as of no sort of consequence but as the necessary and inevitable effects of business ill-looked after and suffered to fall into perplexity. I saw Mrs. Douglas's letter to him. If there is any thing hostile in the old lady's mind the feeling was never more [mis]applied but I trust there is nothing but what a very few words may clear up. Ld. C. has already determined to make an offer which I think a very handsome one indeed but if they think it inadequate we will try arbitration as better than actual litigation between near relations.

In the meanwhile I have the draught of the Scottish deeds forwarded by Mr. Donaldson and after revising it I have given it to Mr. Boodle to be considered by him and by the Counsel he may chuse to consult. The English deeds are to be ready for revisal this week when

¹ "Before he [Scott] returned to Edinburgh . . . the Regent sent him a gold snuff-box, set in brilliants, with a medallion of his Royal Highness's head on the lid."—LOCKHART. In transmitting it, Adam had written that the gift was sent "as a testimony of the high opinion which His Royal Highness entertains of your genius & merit."

I intend to lay them before an eminent Chamber Council called and entitled Mr. Sidebotham in order that I may have his opinion if the tackle be rightly twisted. This is necessary as I am no English lawyer and as the deeds are to be drawn by Lord C's solicitor. They will then be written fairly out for signing and sealing. I imagine Lord C's journey to Scotland may commence in about a fortnight—at least I see nothing to the contrary. As I have now happily brought so near to a close all that I can do for you here I have resolved to set sail on Sunday first by which time all the deeds will be revised and adjusted and my gracious presence may be useful in getting matters settled in Queen Street. I think I can easily satisfy Andw. Clephane which way the wind of his own interest sets for a lawsuit would be as disadvantageous to them as it would be unpleasant to you.

Also I will save you all further trouble of corresponding upon disagreeable subjects with Lord C. Once more you may rely upon it that he sees nothing in this matter that is not highly creditable to you personally and besides as a man of the world he is not startled or surprised at seeing people tenacious of their own interest.

With respect to Mrs. Maclean Clephane I am confident that whatever you wish on her account will meet Lord C's ready and glad assent and I will gladly communicate your wishes on the subject whenever my return shall enable you to explain them fully. Do not let your own feelings torment you there is nothing else to do so. As I sail on Sunday I cannot receive another letter in answer to this nor does any appear necessary. I hope to have a few lines from Donaldson in the course of the week. It will be indeed practical for Lord C. to retain sight of this intelligent and active agent for his future concerns in Scotland.

I breakfasted this morning with my old friend Terry the performer where I met Naesmyth in high feather and delighted with the sights he had seen through your

interest. I have given him an Open Sesame to one or two more. London gets more absurd than ever. I was at Lady Salisburys on Sunday evening when a certain Madame Simon designing herself *Musicienne et Femme de lettres* was the exhibitor of the party. She recited played sang and gesticulated as if she had the combined spirits of ten mad French to animate her single person and to say truth was the most preposterous animal that I ever saw going at large. My kind love to Mrs. Clephane. I do not write because I have much to do and nothing to say but as above said. I must dress for a grand *Dejeuner* today at 5 o'clock it will be the third time [I] have dejeuné today. Yours most affectionately W. SCOTT

6th June [Postmark 1815].

[Northampton]

TO JOHN MURRAY

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret your accident much,¹ of which I only learnd the extent from the papers. I hope you will soon get well & I am heartily sorry I cannot bid you goodbye in person. I intend to revise my letters on Scottish history² for you but I will not get to press till November for the country affords no facilities for consulting the necessary authorities. I hope it may turn out a thing of some interest though I rather intend to keep to its original purpose as a book of instruction to children. Yours very truly W. SCOTT

Saturday PICCADILLY [10 June 1815].³

We sail tomorrow if we can carry anything for you.

[John Murray and Smiles]

¹ Murray had been attacked and robbed by two street ruffians.—Smiles's *Memoir*, i. p. 268.

² See note, Vol. III, p. 509.

³ Scott sailed for Edinburgh on the 11th June. See letter to John Ballantyne, PM. 5th June, Vol. I, Appendix, p. 482.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

MY DEAR SOUTHEY,—Allow me to bespeak your friendship and countenance in behalf of the family of Mr. Henry Mackenzie author of the *Man of Feeling* and the best papers in the *Mirror*, *Lounger*, &c. Mrs. & the Miss Mackenzies intend to take up their habitation for the season among your lakes if they can find a residence which will suit them and they will be joined by Mr. Mackenzie in the course of the autumn. They are an accomplished and amiable family whom I have known long and continually and who are in every respect worthy of being known to you and it is one sign of their desert that they are very ambitious of that honor.

I left Wordsworth in London a few days since flourishing like a green bay tree—we had some pleasant parties together though not so many as I could have wished. The *Excursion* had run off very well and the *White Doe* was also likely to shew her speed. By the way I think it is the most beautiful thing he has written.¹ There is no other news except what is political—O Lord, O Lord, that we should be back at our old *heigh-ho* for want of a little ordinary precaution—and to hear the nonsense which the people talk in London about the alteration of that mans nature and disposition is enough to make a dog sick—A rascal got up and told the people of Westminster that the murder of the Duc D'Enghien was merely the execution of the sentence of a Court Marshal and that

¹ The *Doe* was to some extent suggested by Scott's own poems, but as Professor Herford says : "The historic pageantry of *The White Doe*, weak enough certainly, was but the injudiciously chosen setting of a story of mystic consolation, entirely alien from Scott's bustling romance of adventure. Wordsworth's apparent approximations to the school of Scott illustrate, in short, chiefly the absolute gulf which, in spite of warm friendship, divided them as poets. Wordsworth regarded the gulf somewhat too complacently." Scott recognised more generously the quality of his friend's work, but it is interesting to find him giving special praise to this poem which Jeffrey thought "the very worst poem we ever saw imprinted in a quarto volume . . . it seems to us to consist of a happy union of all the faults, without any of the beauties, which belong to his school of poetry."

Capt. Wright killd himself¹—this was said and the fellow was not pelted to death with pippins and potatoes but on the contrary applauded and huzza'd.

Is there any chance of seeing you on the Border this season—it is neither far off nor foul road and you owe me a visit which I need not say will be more wellcome if Mrs. Southey comes along, to whom my wife begs to be kindly remembered. Ever dear Southey Yours most affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINH. 20 *June*, 1815.

Addressed : Robert Southey Esq. Keswick, favoured by the Miss Mackenzies.

[*Brotherton*]

TO MISS [ELIZABETH] BOND ²

MY DEAR MISS BOND,—I was favoured with your letter and from my long knowledge of printers and booksellers I should have been much surprized had you got out of

¹ Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon Condé, Duc d'Enghien, accused of conspiracy, was seized by Napoleon's orders and taken to the castle of Vincennes, near Paris, where he was charged with bearing arms against France. He was shot in the castle moat. With him ended the house of Condé.

John Wesley Wright was employed on the French coast about 1804. "He was subjected to repeated examinations as to whether he had not put on shore in France some royalist agents." In spite of threats of ill-treatment he refused to answer the interrogations, and, after being detained for nearly eighteen months, he committed suicide on 27th October 1805.

"In 1817 a thin volume was published in London entitled *Letters from the Cape of Good Hope in reply to Mr Warden* . . . designed . . . to furnish a defence for those episodes in Napoleon's career which had proved most repugnant to British opinion—the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, the death of Captain Wright, the treatment of the Spanish Bourbons, and the return from Elba."—*Cambridge Mod. Hist.*, ix. p. 761.

² Miss Elizabeth Bond of Fortrose, in the Black Isle, on the Moray Firth, Ross-shire, was a schoolmistress befriended by Scott's father and by Scott. In January 1808 she wrote to him that a lady, whose daughters she was teaching, gave her the perusal of the *Minstrelsy*. "I asked the Girls what sort of a thing it was, 'O famous you will read all about the *fairies*—and the *Bonny Mill-Dams of Binnorie*—and the fairies playing at the Bad . . . and only think, there's in't about the Hill of Pherdie.' . . . My interest, thus

their hands without abundance of plague and vexation. I take the opportunity of John Ballantyne going to London to request he will account to you for my subscription and also Lady Douglas's (£1. 1.) which has been in my purse two years I dare say. Lady Douglas lives in Bruton Street where her book may be sent. Lady Louisa Stuart used to live in Gloucester Street but the court calendar will tell you exactly. It will be unnecessary to send these to Scotland.

All my little people are well and are really very comfortable children, fond of each other and of papa & mama and now at an age to contribute much to our happiness (to mine in particular for I neither read nor write so constantly as I used to do and go little into company).

Upon looking at your postscript as I read your letter in great haste & was anxious to reply I observe the books are in Edin. I shall take care of Lady Douglas's & Lady Louisa's copies untill Lady D. comes down to Scotland in the autumn. Believe me ever with sincere regard,
Your most respectful humble servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH, *Wednesday* [N.D. (c. 1815)]

[*Maggs Bros.*]

TO MRS. CLEPHANE

ABBOTSFORD, *July* 1815

MY DEAR MRS. CLEPHANE,—Having an opportunity to thank you and to send back my careful friend MacLean

raised, was not diminished by perusing the most interesting work, that so descriptively brought before my eyes such a variety of scenery, and scenes that, in part, I am so well acquainted with." In another letter she wrote : "The north of Scotland is not a place to make money in. . . . You men have every advantage. . . . Now had I been of the masculine gender, I might [have] been Captain of a Man-of-War by this time, with a bonny wife and bonny bairns. Lord help me for such a fancy."—PARTINGTON, *op. cit.*, p. 10. Miss Bond's work mentioned here in Scott's letter is *Letters of a Village Governess : descriptive of rural scenery and manners ; with anecdotes of Highland Children, etc.*, 2 vols., 8vo, London, 1814.

by a vehicular conveyance which restores Adam Fergusson to town, I can just say how much we prize Oberon, and that we shall endeavour to render his fairyland as comfortable as we would wish it to be to a pledge of your regard. I will take care of what you have requested of me and will certainly accelerate my journey to be present on Monday at a ceremony¹ in which I take the most sincere interest—With love to the young ladies and best respects to Lord C. I adjourn all talk of business till we meet. I will be in town on Sunday, so you can send me a note that day with your farther commands which will find me in Castle Street. The children are screaming about Oberon, and the chaise approaches the cottage porch. Ever most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

[*Northampton*]

TO SAMUEL ROGERS

MY DEAR ROGERS,—I received your letter with the contents which will be very convenient to our poetical friend. Traitors Gate² is an old friend of mine but it is now much ruined in point of appearance by an operation of government who have stationed in the entrance not a giant of romance but “a Giant with one idea” for so Coleridge used to call a steam engine. Adieu God bless you and pray think of your promise to look Northward ever yrs

WALTER SCOTT

PICCADILLY *Sunday* 1815 12th *July* [*June*]³

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ Miss Maclean Clephane's marriage to Lord Compton on 24th July.

² There is a plate, from a drawing by Turner, of the Traitors' Gate in the tower among the illustrations to *Human Life* in the illustrated edition of Rogers' poems, 1834.

³ It is difficult to date this letter from the *Abbotsford* copies. Scott was not in London in July 1815. He left after his early visit that year on the 11th of June and this may be a farewell letter, Scott having written July for June.

TO JOHN RICHARDSON

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—I am going to give your unwearied goodnature a bit of trouble. I have determined to take a trip to Paris via Brussels to see this grand finale.¹ My companions are young Alexr Pringle of Whitebank & Robert Bruce Advocate. I understand we shall want passports & am uncertain whether they can be had without coming to London which would be a horrid bore. Will you solve me this doubt & get the passports if they can be had. If descriptions are necessary Robert Bruce² is tall say 5 feet 11. Brown hair light eyes, long face, stout made. Pringle about 5 feet 6 light hair & eyes round face & slightly made. My own I need not add— If said passports can be had Mr Freling will frank them to me directing to Edinr. If not you will tell what next can be done. Brussels is our first object next Paris— I write in haste having just taken this sudden frisk into my head resolved to see this second Brentford whose monarchs like those in the Rehearsal

Ere a pot of good ale you can swallow
Are here with a whoop & gone with a hollow.³

Mrs. Scott joins me in kindest & best respects to Mrs. Richardson who we hope is now quite stout. Believe me very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

15 July 1815 ABBOTSFORD

I shall be in Edinr on the 24th.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ "A letter from Sir Charles Bell, written in Brussels a fortnight after the battle of Waterloo, so excited Scott that he at once decided to visit the scene of our great victory, and set out accordingly for the Continent." —*Constable and his Correspondents*, iii. pp. 82-83.

² Robert Bruce kept a journal of this tour, the MS. of which has been lent me by Mr. Francis Steuart.

³ Buckingham, *The Rehearsal*. See above, p. 8.

To JOHN MURRAY

August [July]¹ 1815

MY DEAR SIR,—I have your note & am glad you like the idea of a new *Gaudeamus* poem.² The instant it is finishd I am bound for Brussels & thence to Paris & may possibly return through London. I assure you I have not lost sight of your interest or what you may think so in future labours my engagements being now well nigh closed. I will certainly write the highland article on my return but in general I would wish it to be understood that I only write at articles which have no offence in them. I do not want to burn my fingers either with politics or severe criticism especially as the latter would come with better grace from any one else than Yours very truly

W. SCOTT

This will be deliverd possibly by a young person who is in some degree under my charge. If he finds difficulty in getting cash for a draught on Edinr. for £20 which I have sent him I will be obliged to you to assist him.

Southey's article on Lord Wellington does him the highest honor—Remember me to Lord Byron when he visits your parlour & also to Gifford Mr. Hammond &c.

[*John Murray*]

¹ "August" should surely be "July." Scott left Edinburgh on the 27th July and proceeded by Harwich to Brussels, from which he moved south, reaching Paris on the 14th August, where he stayed till the 8th September. Murray had himself gone to Paris, starting on the 14th July, but was home again by the 12th August, when he wrote to Ballantyne agreeing to take a third share of the forthcoming *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. Southey's article on the Life of Wellington had appeared in the April number of the *Quarterly*.

² *The Dance of Death*, originally published in 1815 in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, vol. v. See p. 102 and note.

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

MY DEAR HARTSTONGE,—I have been a very idle correspondent and now owe you two at least though I rather think *three* of your kind letters [went] without acknowledgement. One covered £5 for the Mausoleum of poor Burns which I have transmitted to their collector only the other day though for I received it in London where I idled away two months among my old friends this season. It was the first time I had been there for six years and time had made its usual changes. Poor George Ellis¹ one of the kindest and best as well as one of the most accomplished of human beings died two days after I reached town and made a great gap in the pleasure I had proposed myself. Since my return here I was strongly tempted once more to embark in our smart cutter and visit the sweet Liffey and Dublin, when we proposed to send round the vessel to Cork and travel ourselves by land taking the Wicklow Mountains and the Lake of Killarney in our way, but the extreme desire to hear a British drum beat in the streets of Paris has predominated over my wish to see green Erin. She I hope will remain in Peace and Happiness for many years and easily accessible. But the sight that is now in Paris is such as only occurs once in five hundred years and so by the time this reaches you I shall be on my way to Brussels and from thence after visiting the memorable fields of Waterloo I shall make my way to Paris under the escort of some of our detachments, for I have a notion that will be the safest mode of travelling and I have enough of acquaintances among the military to render it the most pleasant. I expect a great deal from this trip but yet I am rather uncertain whether I shall not wait at Brussels the fate of the remnant of Bonapartes army ; from all I have heard

¹ Ellis died on 10th April, according to the *D.N.B.*, so that Scott arrived in London on the 8th. He did *not* return to Edinburgh, as Lockhart says, on the 22nd May, but was in London, as his letters indicate, busy with the Maclean Clephane settlements, till the 11th June.

of these gentry and something I have seen of the Prisoners in this country I believe the peace of Europe can never be considered as quite settled while any considerable portion of them remain embodied so completely had that restless and ambitious spirit contrived to fit his tools for his purposes.

One great loss I shall have by my change of plan, which is that I cannot have an opportunity to make my personal acquaintance with Miss Edgeworth. I wrote her a long letter and her father another before I went [to] London which I trust came safe. No one can yield to me in respect and admiration for her unrival'd talent of sketching characters from nature and I envy you sincerely the pleasure of her acquaintance. The Ode to D[uchesse] d'Angouleme is very good indeed pray who is the author.¹ . . .² my old acquaintance the Ode to Desolation since I saw the first sketch at Abbotsford.³ I have no time for criticism at present, the purpose of this being almost entirely to let you know that I am alive and always sensible to your continued kindness. Believe me ever
Most truly yours
WALTER SCOTT

26th July, 1815.

[*Abbotsford Copies and Huntington Library*]

¹ The author was Aubrey de Vere Hunt, later Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart. (1788-1846). He took the name of de Vere by letters patent of 15th March 1832. He married Mary, eldest daughter of Stephen Edward Rice of Mount Trenchard, County Limerick. In a letter from Mount Trenchard on 5th August 1815 he informs Scott he has heard "thro' my publisher, that you have already thro' the unexpected kindness of Mr. M. Weld Hartstonge, read my poem, and intimated to him your approbation of it. . . . I shall be entirely happy & flattered should you accept the offer of my trifle & consider it kindly." Among his published works are *Julian the Apostate, a Dramatic Poem* (1822); *The Duke of Mercia, an Historical Drama; the Lamentations of Ireland, and other Poems* (1823). Wordsworth considered his sonnets to be the "most perfect of our age." See also Scott's next letter to Hartstonge. His third son, Aubrey Thomas de Vere, became the well-known Victorian poet, the associate of the Tennyson Monckton-Milnes circle, and author of *The Waldenses* and *The Search after Proserpine*. See p. 98.

² Some words seem to be lost, probably "You have much improved . . ."

³ *Ode to Desolation; with some other poems.* By Matthew Weld Hartstonge [Matthew Weld]. 12mo. [O'Donoghue's *Poets of Ireland*], London, 1815.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH¹

[August 1815]

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I promised to let you hear of my wanderings, however unimportant ; and have now the pleasure of informing your Grace, that I am at this present time an inhabitant of the Premier Hotel de Cambrai, after having been about a week upon the Continent. We landed at Helvoet, and proceeded to Brussels, by Bergen-op-Zoom and Antwerp, both of which are very strongly fortified. The ravages of war are little remarked in a country so rich by nature ; but everything seems at present stationary, or rather retrog[r]ade, where capital is required. The châteaux are deserted, and going to decay ; no new houses are built, and those of older date are passing rapidly in[to] the possession of a class inferior to those for whom we must suppose them to have been built. Even the old gentlewoman of Babylon has lost much of her splendour, and her robes and pomp are of a description far subordinate to the costume of her more magnificent days. The dresses of the priests were worn and shabby, both at Antwerp and Brussels, and reminded me of the decayed wardrobe of a bankrupt theatre : yet, though the gentry and priesthood have suffered much, the eternal bounty of nature has protected the lower ranks against much distress. The unexampled fertility of the soil gives them all, and more than they want ; and could they but sell the grain which they raise in the Netherlands, nothing else would be wanting to render them the richest people (common people, that is to say) in the world.

On Wednesday last, I rode over the memorable field of Waterloo,² now for ever consecrated to immortality. All

¹ I have corrected throughout both Lockhart's errors and his corrections, the punctuation is mainly his, the letter having been set up before I got the original. Scott indulges in few commas.

² Of the battle of Waterloo Scott wrote a description in *Paul's Letters*, issued anonymously, about which Sir John Malcolm writes to Scott in a letter of 1816 : "Sir Colin Campbell who you know was well acquainted

the more ghastly tokens of the carnage are now removed the bodies both of men and horses being either burned or buried. But all the ground is still torn with the shot and shells, and covered with cartridges, old hats, and shoes, and various relics of the fray which the peasants have not thought worth removing. Besides, at Waterloo and all the hamlets in the vicinage, there is a mart established for cuirasses ; for the eagles worn by the imperial guard on their caps ; for casques, swords, carabines, and similar articles. I have bought two handsome cuirasses, and intend them, one for Bowhill, and one for Abbotsford, if I can get them safe over, which Col. Price Gordon has promised to manage for me. I have also, for your Grace, one of the little memorandum books which I picked up on the field, in which every French soldier was obliged to enter his receipts and expenditure, his services, and even his punishments. The field was covered with fragments of these records. I also got a good MS. collection of French songs, probably the work of some young officer, and a croix of the Legion of Honour. I enclose, under another cover, a sketch of the battle, made at Brussels. It is not, I understand, strictly accurate ; but sufficiently so to give a good idea of what took place. In fact, it would require twenty separate plans to give an idea of the battle at its various stages. The front, upon which the armies engaged, does not exceed a long mile. Our line, indeed, originally extended half-a-mile further towards the village of Brain-la-Leude ;¹ but as the French indicated no disposition to attack in that direction, the troops which occupied that space were gradually concentrated by Lord Wellington, and made to advance till they had reached Hougomont—a sort of château, with a garden and wood attached to it, which was powerfully and effectually maintained by the Guards during the

with the scene told me yesterday that he considered the account . . . as given in that production of *an unknown author* to be the best and most correct that had yet been published.”

¹ *i.e.* Braine-l'Alleud.

having an observatory erected for him is a mistake. There is such a thing, and he repaired to it during the action ; but it was built or erected some months before, for the purpose of a trigonometrical survey of the country, by the King of the Netherlands. Bony's last position was nearly fronting a tree where the Duke of Wellington was stationed ; there is not more than a quarter of a mile between them ; but Bony was well sheltered, and the Duke so much exposed, that the tree is barked in several places by the canon-balls levelled at him. As for Bony, Dacosta says he was very cool during the whole day, and even gay. As the canon-balls flew over them, Dacosta ducked ; at which the Emperor laughed, and told him they would hit him all the same. At length, about the time he made his grand and last effort, the re-doubled fire of the Prussian artillery was heard upon his right, and the heads of their columns became visible pressing out of the woods. Aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp came with the tidings of their advance, to which B. only replied, *Attendez, attendez un instant*, until he saw his troops, *fantassins et cavaliers*, return in disorder from the attack.—He then observed hastily to a general beside him, *Je crois qu'ils sont mêlés*. The person to whom he spoke, hastily raised the spy-glass to his eye ; but B., whom the first glance had satisfied of their total discomfiture, bent his face to the ground, and shook his head twice, his complexion being then as pale as death. The General then said something, to which Buonaparte answered, *C'est trop tard—sauvons nous*. Just at that moment, the allied troops, cavalry and infantry, appeared in full advance on all hands ; and the Prussians, operating upon the right flank of the French, were rapidly gaining their rear. Bony, therefore, was compelled to abandon the high-road, which, besides, was choked with dead, with baggage, and with cannon ; and, gaining the open country, kept at full gallop, until he gained, like Johnnie Cope, the van of the flying army. The Marechals followed his example ; and

it was the most complete *sauf qui peut* that can well be imagined. Nevertheless, the prisoners who were brought into Brussels maintained their national impudence, and boldly avowed their intention of sacking the city with every sort of severity. At the same time they had friends there. One man of rank and wealth went over to Bony during the action, and I saw his hotel converted into a hospital for wounded soldiers. It occupied one-half of one of the sides of the Place Royale, a noble square, which your Grace has probably seen. But, in general, the inhabitants of Brussels were very differently disposed ; and their benevolence to our poor wounded fellows was unbounded. The difficulty was to prevent them from killing their guests with kindness, by giving them butcher's meat and wine during their fever.

As I cannot put my letter into post until we get to Paris, I shall continue it as we get along.

12th August,—*Roye, in Picardy*.—I imagine your Grace about this hour to be tolerably well fagged with a hard day on the moors. If the weather has been as propitious as here, it must be delightful. The country through which we have travelled is most uncommonly fertile, and skirted with beautiful woods ; but its present political situation is so very uncommon, that I would give the world your Grace had come over for a fortnight. France may be considered as neither at peace nor war. Valenciennes, for example, is in a state of blockade and we passed through the posts of the allies, all in the utmost state of vigilance, with patrols of cavalry and videttes of infantry, up to the very gates, and two or three batteries were manned and mounted. The French troops were equally vigilant at the gates, yet made no objections to our passing through the town. Most of them had the white cockade, but looked very sulky, and were in obvious disorder and confusion. They had not yet made their terms with the King, nor accepted a commander appointed by him ; but as they obviously feel their party

desperate, the soldiers are running from the officers, and the officers from the soldiers. In fact, the multiplied hosts which pour into this country, exhibiting all the various dresses and forms of war which can be imagined, must necessarily render resistance impracticable. Yet, like Satan, these fellows retain the unconquered propensity to defiance, even in the midst of defeat and despair. This morning we passed a great number of the disbanded garrison of Condé, and they were the most horrid-looking cut-throats I ever saw, extremely disposed to be insolent, and only repressed by the consciousness that all the villages and towns around are occupied by the Allies. They began by crying to us in an ironical tone, *Vive le Roi* ; then followed, *sotto voce*, *Sacre B——*, *Milles diables*, and other graces of French eloquence. I felt very well pleased that we were armed, and four in number ; and still more so that it was daylight, for they seemed most mischievous ruffians. As for the appearance of the country, it is, notwithstanding a fine harvest, most melancholy. The windows of all the detached houses on the road are uniformly shut up ; and you see few people, excepting the peasants who [are] employed in driving the contributions to maintain the armies. The towns are little better, having for the most part been partially injured by shells or by storm, as was the case both of Cambrai and Peronne. The men look very sulky ; and if you speak three words to a woman, she is sure to fall a-crying. In short, the *politesse* and good-humour of this people have fled with the annihilation of their self-conceit ; and they look at you as if they thought you were laughing at them, or come to enjoy the triumph of our arms over theirs. Postmasters and landlords are all the same, and hardly to be propitiated even by English money, although they charge us about three times as much as they durst do to their countryfolks. As for the Prussians, a party of cavalry officers dined at our hotel at Mons, eat and drank of the best the poor devils had left

to give, called for their horses, and laughed in the face of the landlord when he offered his bill, telling him they would pay as they came back. The English, they say, have always paid honourably, and upon these they indemnify themselves. It is impossible to *marchander*, for if you object, the poor landlady begins to cry, and tells you she will accept whatever *your lordship* pleases, but that she is almost ruined and bankrupt, &c. &c. &c.

This is a long stupid letter, but I will endeavour to send a better from Paris. Ever your Grace's truly obliged,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Buccleuch and Lockhart*]

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

PARIS 15 *Augt.* 1815

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I inclose the plan of the battle of Waterloo which is pretty accurate. Me voila a Paris where I arrived yesterday. It is a strange sight being quite filld with Foreign troops who occupy almost to the exclusion of the natives every place of public resort. In the mean time there is much suppressd discontent & the aspect of public things is not comfortable. Count Labedoyere¹ whose arrest your Grace may have observed in the papers has made confession of a desperate conspiracy which must have laid this capital in blood & ashes. A great many uniforms of the allied troops were provided in which the federe's of the suburbs were to disguise themselves and begin by setting the town on fire in separate parts. They conceived that the confusion would have afforded them opportunity to massacre the

¹ Charles Angélique François Huchet, Comte de Labédoyère (1786-1815), had served in Spain (1808) and Germany. In 1813 he had married a royalist, and through the influence of his relatives he had entered the service of Louis XVIII and commanded the seventh army of the line at Grenoble, which went over to Napoleon. He was one of the last to leave the field of Waterloo, and after Napoleon's abdication he declared for his son. He was excepted from the law of amnesty, defended by Benjamin Constant, and shot on the 19th August 1815.

foreigners especially the potentates & their Generals as well as the Bourbons and their adherents. Since this discovery all the guards have been doubled & great exertions of diligence have been made by the police. It is to be hoped Master Fouche¹ who is at the head of these matters will keep things quiet if it was only for the sake of his new married wife. It is pitiable to think how dependent the legitimate government is on the good faith of such a fellow. But so it is—there is no soundness left in the nation at all & not even the usual honour of thieves among themselves. They are a moral phenomenon or rather a most immoral one. I shall be glad if my own observation affords me more comfortable anticipations than those which I have derived from the report of others. Meantime if your Grace has any commands wherewith to honour me I am at the Hotel de Bourbon Rue de la paix & there as everywhere am My dear Lord Your truly attachd & obliged

WALTER SCOTT

Postscript. Labedoyere is condemnd to death. It is believed that he and Ney & Clauzel² will certainly be executed. Clauzel has written a long letter to the D. of Wellington begging his protection but the D. says it is enough to have been cheated by him *once*. He says in

¹ Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto, was Minister of Police under Napoleon. He held the post, with several interruptions, down to 1815. Having proved himself indispensable to Napoleon, he organised a system of police espionage. He was twice dismissed by the emperor. Restored to his former post by Napoleon after his return from Elba, he saw the downfall of the latter to be inevitable and he therefore made terms with the Bourbons. Under Louis XVIII he retained his position, until the king was forced by the popular voice to dismiss him in September 1815.

² Bertrand, Comte Clausel, who had commanded in various Peninsular campaigns. During the Waterloo campaign he had commanded the force left to guard the western Pyrenees. The resistance which he made to the Bourbon restoration led to his condemnation to death (11th September 1816), but he escaped to America. He returned to France in 1820, and as a marshal of France rendered services in the early North African wars. He died in 1842.

this epistle that the English were best at close fighting the French at manouvring— D—— him says the Duke. We outmanouv[r]ed him at Salamanca—and best at marching continued the text—“hang him” said the D—“he was with Soult when we marchd round them.” From what I heard at Head Quarters I doubt the fact averd by old Chevalier & the royalists that Labedoyere was engaged in a new plot of the description within mentiond. But there is no knowing what to trust to—the doubling the guards & a great increase of precautionary measures are certain facts.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I trust you have by this time both my second & third packet containing the poem complete¹ & the two first letters of Paul. My first packet from Brussels I conclude has miscarried as it should have reachd you about the 6th. I have both your letter & Johns & see all is going on well so far. I hope you have been able to make shift for the 25th as I fear my letters would hardly save distance. But I have done my best and could do no more. I intend to send no more copy till I get to Abbotsford which will be now very soon as I only wait to see the grand review. There is so much risque of miscarriage particularly on the subjects on which Paul must write that I will not trust his lucubrations till I get to some faithful post master— Besides there is a tumult in thistown from morning till night beyond what it is possible for you to imagine. Fleet street at noon is a dead calm to it. I am making large notes which is all I can do in the tempest. Imagine all the soldiers of all the nations of Europe holding a carnival in so large a metropolis—and yet the police is wonderfully maintaind by these superb fellows the gens d’armes—the national guard are precisely our blue Volunteers & every now & then you

¹ i.e. *The Field of Waterloo*.

meet Ro: Miller in complete uniform. I suppose about 500 are on guard every day besides the immense corps de guard maintained by the allies. Walking home at night I have been challenged by a dozen centinels in half the languages of Europe. The French are tiring sorely for the return of their cousins to Tipperary but their cousins seem as yet in no hurry to leave them. The works of art are vanishing fast from the Louvre. Yesterday I observed that they had begun to loosen with wedges the Venus de Medicis & the Dying Gladiator which I suppose is symptomatic of their removal. They have also begun to work on the celebrated Bronze horses which were brought from Venice but this excited such a mob that they were forced to turn out the guards.¹ The scaffolding remains around the arch on which these horses are place[d] & I have no doubt that they will descend one of these fine mornings. Compliments to John—it will be in vain to attempt writing to me after receipt of this letter as I shall be on the move before the reply can reach me.

About editions &c I give C. & you carte blanche. Reserve a few copies of the Field of Waterloo for me. Your criticisms you will find in some measure anticipated & for the rest things must be as they may.²

There is a perpetual whirl wind & tempest of gaiety going on among the strangers—that is amongst *us*. On Sunday was an immense to-do at Versailles and all Louis XIVth's water works were set a playing to amuse a set of folks whom I believe Le grand monarque would have thought very indifferent company. Tonight Lady Castle-reagh gives a great ball to the Emperors King of Prussia etc etc.³ Were the French half so devoted as they pretend

¹ See John Scott's *Paris Revisited*, etc., chap. x., especially pp. 342 *et seq.*

² During his time abroad Scott was at work on *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk* and also the poem *The Field of Waterloo*. "The poem was published before the end of October; the profits of the first edition being the author's contribution to the fund raised for the relief of the widows and children of the soldiers slain in the battle."—LOCKHART.

³ "Among the gay parties of this festive period, Scott mentioned with special pleasure one fine day given to an excursion to Ermenonville, under

to be they might make a Saint Bartholomew of some of these shines. But

The soldier dwells at our door-cheeks
And tat's ta great vexation.

Ever yours truly

W. S.

PARIS, 30 *Augt.* [PM. 1815]

[*Signet Library*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your letter and quite agree with you as to the contents & have no objections of course to increase the impression to any extent which you may think adviseable providing the other gentlemen have no objection. The works are of a transient interest & therefore should not be underprinted surely.

I have been in excellent health since I was here and living very pleasantly in this city or I should rather say this immense garrison. The troops begin now to break up & move towards more distant quarters but there is still more than 100000 men in the vicinity of Paris.

I inclose a little ring with a medallion of the great Lord—they are very fashionable here and I beg you will ask Miss Constable's acceptance of it—it is of no value but what is momentary but I hope it will be one of the first to reach Edinburgh where it may be a novelty.

the auspices of Lady Castlereagh. . . . They dined *al fresco* among the scenes of Rousseau's retirement, but in a fashion less accordant with the spirit of his *réveries d'un promeneur solitaire*, than with the song which commemorates some earlier tenants of that delicious valley—

' La belle Gabrielle
Etoit dans ces lieux—
Et le souvenir d'elle
Nous rend heureux, etc.' ”

—LOCKHART.

I think of leaving Paris on Saturday & shall return by the way of Dieppe—through London of course, but I will not stay above two days there.¹ Yours very truly

W. SCOTT

PARIS 5 *Sept.* 1815

Private.

(With Compts. from J. B.)

[*Stevenson*]

TO LADY ALVANLEY

[5th September 1815]

*Sent with lines written on a beautiful summer evening spent at St. Cloud, 12th August, 1815.*²

DEAR LADY ALVANLEY,—The enclosed came into my head last night during two or three hours that I happened to lie awake to my own inconvenience and that of my friends as has since proved. That your Ladyship may not withhold your sympathy I send you and the young Ladies the melancholy fruits of my broken rest for with the generosity of Dogberry if I were as tedious as a King I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your Ladyship. Ever your much obliged

W. S.

HOTEL DE BOURBON

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ Scott and Gala returned by way of Dieppe, London, Warwick, Kenilworth, and Rokeby, arriving at Abbotsford on the 24th September.

² In the *Poetical Works* the lines are headed "Saint Cloud [Paris, 5th September 1815]," and begin :

Soft spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue ;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud,

and celebrate the singing of one of Lady Alvanley's daughters. Lockhart has it that the lines "were sent, on the 16th of August, to the late Lady Alvanley, with whom and her daughters he spent much of his time while in Paris." Scott left Paris on the 8th September.

To [JAMES BALLANTYNE]

[September ? 1815]

IN great haste to save the courier to whom alone I dare trust a packet I send the last part of Waterloo—which of course sends abroad Don Roderk. Let a copy be sent to Dr. Clarke the Princes Librarian before publication.
Yours etc W. S.

The first part went with the Sundays courier. I apprehend my Brussels packet miscarried as I have not heard from you.

[*Signet Library*]

To JOANNA BAILLIE

PARIS, *from the 10 Aug. to 6th September* [1815]

MY DEAR FRIEND I owe you a long letter but my late travels and the date of this epistle will be a tolerable plea for your indulgence. The truth is, I became very restless after the battle of Waterloo and was only detained by the necessity of attending a friends marriage from setting off instantly for the continent. At length however I got away to Brussels and was on the memorable field of battle about five weeks after it had been fought. Of course I saw few of the more ghastly witnesses of the fray although the field which is of very limited extent had been cumberd with about thirty thousand dead bodies besides twelve or fifteen thousand horses. A friend told me that the scene on the 19th reminded him strongly of the field of battle in Ethwald.¹ But all the bodies had been burnd and buried before I came there. The smell however was in many places most noisome and the field was strewd with old hats old shoes a vast number of letters and memorandum books and other trumpery. The little chateau of Hougomont, which had been

¹ One of Joanna Baillie's works.

desperately defended by the guards and actually burnd over their heads notwithstanding which they continued to hold the garden, shewd some very interesting reliques of this stubborn conflict. It is a beautiful quiet sequestred [*sic*] country mansion with a very wee little garden arranged with clip'd hedges and alleys. But the house was burnd and the scathed and blighted fruit-trees which yet partly cling to the walls and had partly fallen along with them gave a peculiar character of interest to the scene. The garden wall built for the purposes of domestic comfort was pierced with holes for the discharge of musquetry and a little wood which surrounds the Chateau had its trees all shatterd to pieces with cannon shot. I had the good luck to meet John D'Accosta the peasant who was Bonapartes guide. He gave me pretty much the same account you have seen in the papers and conducted me to all the stations which Napoleon occupied during this the last of his fields. The last was in a part of the road which having high banks on each side was pretty well shelterd from such balls as might come in an oblique direction but sufficiently exposed to those which took the straight line. He was not however in any great danger as the English fire was at that time directed against the masses of his Guards while employd in their last and most desperate effort to retrieve the day. It is strange he should not have charged at their head for every body says they would in that case have behaved better. As it was they gave a cheap victory for they would never wait the bay'net. Not so his cuirassiers, those men of iron and steel whose hearts were as much proof as their armour. There were never men behaved with more devoted courage and so was seen for of twelve regiments so armd which came into the field it could never be found that three hundred men had escaped. They rode at the British squares round them and round them attempting to penetrate on every side with the most determined perseverance although

the fire was the best supported and most tremendously destructive that was ever known. The British heavy cavalry finally fell upon them and despatched almost all who had escaped the fire of grape shot and musquetry. There is a sort of precipitous gravel pit into which the Life Guards and Scotch Greys forced a great number of these cuirassiers who lay there a living and struggling mass of men and horses piled together in common destruction. If our army had been all British the day would have been soon decided. But the Duke, or as they call him here from his detestation of all sort of foppery the *Beau* had not above 35000 British—the rest were foreigners of whom the brave Belgians behaved very ill and so did a part of the Hanoverians particularly a cavalry regiment called the Cumberland Hussars. All this was to be supplied by treble exertion on the part of our own troops. The Duke was everywhere during the battle and it was the mercy of heaven that protected him when all his staff had been killed or wounded round him. I asked him among other questions if he had seen Bonaparte. He said “No but at one time from the repeated shouts of *Vive l’Empereur*” he thought he must be near. This was when John d’acosta placed him in the hollow way. I think so near as I could judge there may at that time have been a quarter of a mile between these two great generals.

The fate of the French after this day of decisive appeal has been severe enough. There were never people more mortified more subdued and apparently more broken in spirit. They submit with sad civility to the extortions of the Prussians and Russians and avenge themselves at the expence of the English whom they charge three prices for every thing because they are the only people who pay at all. They are in the right however to enforce discipline and good order which not only maintains the national character in the meantime but will prevent the army from suffering by habits

of indulgence. I question if Prussians will soon regain their discipline and habits of hardyhood. At present their powers of eating and drinking which are really something preternatural are exerted to the very utmost. A thin Prussian boy whom I sometimes see eats as much in one day as three English ploughmen. At daybreak he roars for chocolate and eggs—about nine he breakfasts more solemnly *a la fourchette* when besides all the usual apparatus of an English *dejeuner* he eats a world of cutlets oysters fruit &c &c and drinks a glass of brandy and a bottle of Champagne. His dinner might serve *Garagantua* at which he gets himself about three parts drunk a circumstance which does not prevent his renewing the charge upon cold meat with tea and chocolate about six o'clock and concluding the whole with an immense supper. Positively the appetite of these men puts me in mind of the Eastern tale of a man taken out of the sea by a ship's crew who in return ate up all the provisions of the vessel. He was I think flown away with by a *Rock*¹—but from what quarter of the heavens the French are to look for deliverance from their devourers I cannot presume to guess. The needless wreck and ruin which they make in the houses adds much to the inconvenience of their presence. Most of the Chateaux where the Prussians are quartered are what is technically calld *rump'd* that is to say plundered out and out. In the fine Chateau of Montmorency in particular the most splendid apartments highly ornamented with gilding and carving were converted into barracks for the dirtiest and most savage looking hussars I have yet seen—imagine the work these fellows make with velvet hangings and embroidery. I saw one hag boiling her camp-kettle with part of a picture frame—the picture itself is probably gone to Prussia. With all this greediness and love of mischief the Prussians are not bloodthirsty, and their utmost violence seldom or never

More usually spelt '*Roc*,' the mythical bird of Eastern legends.

exceeds a blow or two with the flat of the sabre. They are also very civil to the women and in both respects behave much better than the French did in their country. But they follow the bad example quite close enough for the sake of humanity and of discipline.

As for our people they live in a most orderly and regular manner. All the young men pique themselves on imitating the Duke of Wellington in nonchalance and coolness of manner. So they wander about every where with their hands in the pockets of their long waistcoats or cantering upon cossack ponies staring whistling and strolling to and fro as if all Paris were theirs. The French hate them sufficiently for the hauteur of their manner and pretensions but these grounds of dislike against us are drown'd in the actual causes of detestation afforded by the other powers.

This morning I saw a grand military spectacle, about 15000 Russians pass in review before all the Kings and dominations who are now resident at Paris. The Emperors King of Prussia Duke of W. with their numerous and brilliant attendance of generals and staff-officers were in the centre of what is called the Place of Louis Quinze almost on the very spot where Louis XVI was beheaded. A very long avenue which faced the station where they were placed was like a glowing furnace so fiercely were the sunbeams reflected from the arms of the host by which it was filld. A body of Cossacks kept the ground with their pikes and by their wild appearance added to the singularity of the scene. On one hand was the extended line of the Tuilleries seen through the gardens and the rows of orange-trees—on the other the long column of troops advancing to their music. Behind was a long colonnade forming the front to the palace, where the chamber of representatives use to hold their sittings and in front of the Monarchs was a superb row of buildings over which you distinguish the bronze pillar erected by Napoleon to commemorate his

victories over Russia Prussia and Austria whose princes were now reviewing their victorious armies in what was so lately his capital. Your fancy my dear friend will anticipate better than I can express the thousand sentiments which arose in the mind from witnessing such a splendid scene in a spot connected with such various associations. It may give you some idea of the feelings of the French once so fond of spectacles to know that I think there were not a hundred of that nation looking on.

Yet this country will soon recover the actual losses she has sustained for never was there a soil so blessed by nature or so rich in corn wine and oil and in the animated industry of its inhabitants. France is at present the fabled giant struggling or rather lying supine under the load of mountains which have been precipitated on her but she is not and cannot be crushed—remove the incumbent weight of six or seven hundred thousand foreigners and she will soon stand upright happy if experience shall have taught her to be contented to exert her natural strength only for her own protection and not for the annoyance of her neighbours.

I am cut short in my lucubrations by an opportunity to send this letter with Lord Castlereagh's dispatches. So I have no time to enter upon the subject of De Montfort which is of less consequence, as I will endeavour to see you and Lord Byron or both in passing through London. I leave this city for Dieppe on Saturday but I intend to go round by Harfleur if possible. I will be only one day in London in passing through to Scotland but will call in Grosvenor Street to learn tidings of your motions. I beg best compliments to Mrs A. Baillie Mrs and Dr Baillie and particularly to Sophia's patroness. I heard from Abbotsford yesterday—all well, ever your truly obliged and affectionate

WALTER SCOTT

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London*]

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

[? 1815]

MY DEAR HARTSTONGE,—I received your kind letter today and answer it immediately afraid of the sin of ingratitude which in the article of correspondence (I hope in no other) easily besets me. Many thanks for Lord Castlehavens Memoirs¹ you will do me the greatest favour when you can send me a reprint of Irish History or Tracts relating to Antiquities—the greatest *possible* and I will try to acquit myself with what comes in my way. Par exemple I send you an ode on the Battle of Waterloo half worth the Battle itself and enclose one for Miss Edgeworth. I put both under Mr. Taylors cover enclosing one for himself, but I promise you something better by & bye. I must tell you in the mean time what I am doing here. You must know that Time having in his slow and certain course overtaken a great many long dated Booksellers bills you remember (at least I have not forgotten) that your kindness abridged one of them I have found myself enabled to purchase a large farm adjoining to Abbotsford, so that I shall stretch forth the wings of my Pegasus even unto the great Lake to which we walked together one memorable morning when I waded into the same to fish out a Frigate of little Walters. —Time creeps away on us and little Walter is now near as tall as I am and shoots hares Black cocks moorfowl and partridges better than I could do twenty years ago. I intend when I get posession of my purchase to make a little fishermans cabin on the side of the lake and establish two old folk there whom I have a regard for, keeping a small Room to drink tea in and a cot for Walter or I or

¹ *The Memoirs of James Lord Audley, Earl of Castlehaven, his engagement and carriage in the Wars of Ireland from the year 1642 to the year 1651.* Written by himself. London, 1680. Son of the infamous earl executed in 1631, the third earl was an active Catholic royalist in the Irish wars against the forces of the Commonwealth; he also served abroad.

you if you like it to swing in of an odd time and watch the wild geese that settle upon the Lake in Autumn & winter and I will have a boat which in memory of Dean Swift I will call Dragon :¹ apropos of Dean Swift Tom Double which you had the goodness to send me is written not by him but by his friend Dr. Davenant son of Sir William Davenant, bred a physician but who made some figure as a statistical and political writer in the reigns of King William & Queen Anne.² I will think of a supplementary Vol. to Swift especially as I have been given to understand Lord Gosford has expressed readiness to assist me with his Manuscripts & seemed hurt and surprized I had not applied to him. But how could I know whether such an application would be agreeable or no or whether he possessed any thing worth asking.— I hope all the Manuscripts were found entire and safe, specially those of Major Tickle the kindest of the kind— on reflection I will send Miss Edgeworths copy of Waterloo by another conveyance and include in this packet one for Major Tickle.

I grieve to find you speak in such desponding terms of the state of the country. So charming a country so rich a soil such warm hearts and active fancies as Ireland produces is surely intitled to a happier state (as a country) than she has yet enjoyed. That time will I trust come. I enclose a copy of Mr. A. Vere Hunt whose ode to the Duchesse D'Angouleme I like very much.³ I wish you had come to Paris but except for the first coup d'oeuil the chefs d'oeuvre will be seen to more advantage in their own proper places.

I should be very glad of an opportunity of collating the correspondence of Swift with Vanessa belonging to

¹ I have inserted a colon after "Dragon."

² Tom Double was the pseudonym of Dr. Charles Davenant, and the work referred to here is probably *Tom Double against Dr. D[a]v[e]n[an]t ; or, the Learned Author of the Essays on Peace at home and War abroad, etc.* London, 1704. 8vo.

³ See note on p. 77.

Judge Osborne with that which I have printed & should be very earnest to embrace it. With my best thanks
Yours very truly

W. SCOTT

I should be glad to see the verses addressed to Sophia if they are good I have not heard of them.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—Few things could have given me more real distress than to see Mrs. Morritt under such severe suffering and the misery you sustain in witnessing it. Yet let us trust in the goodness of Providence which restored the health so deservedly dear to you from as great a state of depression upon a former occasion. It is deeply indeed to be regretted that any thing should have occurred of so painful a nature as Col. Stanleys illness to agitate Mrs. M. while her own health is so very precarious. It has however happened in nervous cases that a strong emotion which withdraws the patient as it were from himself have been rather of service than otherwise Our visit was indeed a melancholy one and I fear added to your distress when God knows it required no addition. But as I had not the least idea of Mrs. Morritts illness & could hardly have said where a letter would find me I readily dispensed with what I knew you in the ordinary state of your family would have regarded as an unnecessary ceremony. I dare say nothing more on this painful subject excepting to send Charlottes kindest regards & most sincere sympathy in your present distress and our sincere hope that it may be soon relieved by an improvement in our dear Mrs. Morritts health.

I can send you but little news. The contrast of this quiet birds nest of a place with the late scenes of confusion

and military splendour which I have witnessd is something of a stunning nature and for the first five or six days I have been content to fold my hands and saunter up and down in a sort of indolent and stupefied tranquillity my only attempt at occupation having gone no farther than pruning a young tree now and then. Yesterday however and today I began from necessity to prune verses and have been correcting proofs of my little attempt at a poem on Waterloo. It will be out this week and you will receive a copy by the Carlisle coach which pray judge favourably and remember it is not always the grandest actions which are best adapted for the arts of poetry and painting. I believe I shall give offence to my old friends the Whigs by not condoling with Bonaparte. Since his sentence of transportation he has begun to look wonderfully comely in their eyes. I would they had hangd him that he might have died a perfect Adonis. Every reasonable creature must think the ministers would have deserved the cord themselves if they had left him in a condition again to cost us the lives of 10000 of our best and bravest besides thirty millions of good money. The very terrors and frights which he has given the well meaning people of this realm (myself included) deserves no less a punishment than banishment since the "putting in bodily fear" makes so material a part of every criminal indictment. But no doubt we shall see ministers attackd for their want of generosity to a fallen enemy by the same party who last year with better grounds assaild them for having left him in a situation again to disturb the tranquillity of Europe.

My young friend Gala has left me after a short visit at Abbotsford. He is my nearest (conversable) neighbour and I promise myself much comfort in him as he has a turn both for the sciences and for the arts rather uncommon among our young Scotch lairds. He was delighted with Rokeby and its lord though he saw both

at so melancholy a period and endured not only with good humour but with sympathy the stupidity of his fellow traveller who was not by any means dans son brillant for some time after leaving you. We visited Corby Castle¹ on our return¹ to Scotland which remains in point of situation as beautiful as when its walks were celebrated by David Hume in the only rhimes he was ever known to be guilty of. Here they are from a pane of glass in an inn at Carlisle

Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl
Here Godless boys God's glories squall
Here Scotchmen's heads do guard the wall
But Corby's walks attone for all.

Would it not be a good quizz to advertize the poetical Works of David Hume with notes critical historical and so forth. With an historical inquiry into the use of eggs for breakfast a physical discussion on the causes of their being addled, a history of the English church music and of the choir of Carlisle in particular, a full account of the affair of 1745 with the trials last speeches and so forth of the poor *plaid*s who were strap'd up at Carlisle and lastly a full and particular description of Corby with the genealogy of every family who ever possessd it, I think, even without a more than usual waste of margin the poems of David would make a decent twelve Shilling touch. I will think about it when I have exhausted mine own century of inventions. I do not know whether it is perverseness of taste or old associations but an excellent and very handsome modern house which Mr. Howard has lately built at Corby does not in my mind assimilate so well with the scenery as the old irregular monastic hall with its weather beaten and antique appearance which I remember there some years ago.

Out of my Field of Waterloo has sprung an odd wild sort of thing which I intend to finish separately and call

¹ In the vicinity of Great Corby, a hamlet 4½ miles south-east of Carlisle ; 'on our return'—i.e. 'on our return journey.'

it the *Dance of Death*.¹ I shall probably publish it in the *Edinr. register* but as it is very short I will send you a copy separately. These matters take up my time so much that I must bid you adieu for the present. Besides I am summond to attend a grand chasse and I see the children are all mounted upon the ponies. By the way Walter promises to be a gallant horseman.

It is needless to say that our kindest love and best wishes attend Mrs. Morritt and that we anxiously hope and desire to have better news of her health than your last letter conveyed. Believe me ever most truly yours

W. SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 2d October [1815]

[*Law*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR SIR,—I inclose £420,, proceeds of your first note. You will attend not to endorse it yourself for obvious reasons. The other will be sent so soon as these high floods enable me to send across the river to Galashiels.

I am surprized I have not yet had my last proof of *Waterloo* which Jas. B. must have had on Monday.² Paul is in forwardness which will enable me to get through the other before Xmas which will suit your accots. I am then a free man as to literary engagements.

I found all my family quite well after my long absence. I wish you a pleasant journey to London and if any thing should occur I will not hesitate to trouble you. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 5 October [1815]

[*Kilpatrick*]

¹ *The Dance of Death*, describing the vision of a Highland soldier on the night before Waterloo, was published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* and is now included in the *Poetical Works*. It rather fails of its intended effect. See note, p. 75.

² According to Lockhart, James had sent the proof sheets to John, who was at Abbotsford on 3rd October, and "John appears to have considered James's observations on the margin before Scott saw them."—LOCKHART, chap. xxxv.

TO CAPTAIN FERGUSSON OF THE ROYAL NAVY
H.M. SHIP NIMROD PORTSMOUTH¹

MY DEAR SIR,—Nothing could give me more pleasure than learning that you had succeeded to the command of a vessell and I sincerely hope that like Nimrod of old you will prove a mighty & successful hunter before the Lord. Smugglers are but small game but when better things are not to be had Cologne gin and Dutch herrings are no bad articles. You give me more credit than I deserve in supposing I had much to do in your restoration to active service. I only poked people who were more able than myself to serve you & in particular you owe much to Sir Pulteney Malcolm² who exerted himself much to remove the obstacles which occurred to your appointment. I saw him often in Paris where we lodged in the same Hotel & learned with great pleasure the probability of your being speedily put in commission.

I am much mortified indeed at not having had a skirmish with Adam at Paris where we would have made the Welkin ring with some jolly fun.

I hope that in some of your cruizes you will get into Leith roads and let us have a sight of your vessell. We will all expect to be treated with Pork & pease pudding. Charlotte and all the children send kindest remembrances and join with me in rejoicing in your success. I am particularly pleased when I think of the satisfaction your father must have felt upon the occasion. Adieu my dear Captain Fergusson all good fortune & happiness attend

¹ Brother of Adam Ferguson. He had remarked in his letter of 11th October that smugglers were the only prizes now. "I am in hopes we shall catch a few, as I make no doubt there is a great deal going on. . . . Bonaparte is now oer the Sea some distance. I do not think he will threaten us any more."

² Sir Pulteney Malcolm (1768-1838) during "the hundred days' war" commanded a North Sea squadron in co-operation with the army under the Duke of Wellington. In 1816-17 he was commander-in-chief on the St. Helena station to keep a close guard on Bonaparte. He became admiral. Of his brother, Sir John, we shall hear later.

you—take care of dark nights & lee shores & believe me
you have not a more sincere freind and wellwisher than
Yours affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 13 *October* 1815

[*Watson Collection*]

TO ROBERT SHORTREED, SHERIFF SUBSTITUTE OF
ROXBURGHSHIRE

MY DEAR SIR,—I was much obliged by Mr. Thomas¹
sending me the two famous airs of Jock of the Side and
Dick of the Cow, which are very cleverly taken down.
I beg you to make my acknowledgements and I will be
happy when he gives me an opportunity to pay them
in person.

Mr. Alexander Campbell a man of great musical talent
and an excellent singer is going forward into Liddesdale
to try if he can find any original melodies and I will be
much obliged to you to give him a recommendation or
two to help him through his journey. If a good Scots
song can pay for hospitality he is well qualified to give it.
I think he may possibly pick up something in our dales
though they have been well harried. I am ever sincerely
yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Friday* [18 *Octr.* 1815]

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I must trust to your prudence in the
management of your matters at Carfrae. You see the
great necessity of not going too far in communication.

I do not at present see how I would be much helped by

¹ I think this is possibly Auld Thomas o' Twizzlehope, who, as Lockhart says, "was celebrated for his skill on the Border pipe, and in particular for being in possession of the real *lilt* of *Dick o' the Cow*."

a loan from Mr. H.¹ At present I have indeed heavy interest to pay but the principal cannot be call'd up whereas were I to become bound for a sum borrow'd from Mr. H. it might in case of your death (which God forbid) be call'd up and add to my difficulties upon such an event. I therefore wish you to lay me & the Company altogether out of the question in the present arrangements. What Mr. H. chuses to lend let him lend to you & then you will have the advantage of it. But this is all subject for consideration & I think I could show in five minutes talk the impropriety of my engaging myself farther.

Of course the weekly allowance continues the same & the ball: of the £400 a year will be paid half yearly or quarterly. Mr. H. may not chuse to have his daughters fortune engaged in trade at all. In that case he will secure the capital as he pleases & pay you the Interest. But he could scarce lay it out to such advantage as to secure to you & yours a moiety of the Company stock.

But as I said before I must trust to your prudence for managing all these matters.

I return the proof sheets. My wife is ill of the rheumatism and Mrs. Maclean Clephane is here which will prevent my sending copy till Monday.² Besides John has been pushing me for the Reagr. to which I sent a thing which will be the better of your criticisms. I am also while the humour hits going on with Harold the Dauntless the 2d vol of Triermain so I have yarn enough on my hank. You will acquaint me with your motions &—*what thou doest do quickly*—dont let there be *talkie talkie* about your matters till there is a determination. Beware of this—it is your weak side—You will let me know when I am to see you—I think I have made all plain enough & that

¹ Mr. Hogarth, a wealthy Berwickshire farmer. James was paying address to one of his daughters, whom shortly afterwards he married, and he seems to have suggested to Scott the getting a loan for J. B. & Co.

² See Vol. I, Appendix, p. 491.

you cannot have mistaken any thing that I stated. Yet I am always anxious on such occasions. Yours truly

W SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Saturday* [21st October, 1815]

[*Glen*]

TO LADY COMPTON

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—I do not presume to hope that the enclosed pamphlet will prove a very satisfactory apology for my ungracious silence but it has occupied a good deal of my time since my return from France. The last two or three days have been more agreeably engaged by an unexpected but I need not add a most wellcome visit from Mrs. Clephane and your sisters whom I have walked forth and ridden forth and driven forth and soused and wetted and given as Tony Lumpkin says a taste of every bog within the nearest five miles. Mrs. Clephane is in excellent health and spirits and Miss Anna Jane looking very well and my newer acquaintance Williamina the picture of health and good humour. They are come from Harrogate and are on their way to the “lovely isle” there to winter. I wish they had been to pitch their camp in Edinburgh for the winter but that your lady mother does not intend. Miss A. Jane begs me to say she is half way in a long letter which she will send from Edinburgh.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than the account which you give of your present situation and your happy establishment in the bosom of Lord Compton’s family. The social affections are those on which we have after all to rely for the purest and most valuable portion of our happiness and I am rejoiced to think you have such a share of them as your kind heart and affectionate feelings well qualify you to enjoy. If any clouds should hereafter arise on so bright a horizon (and what earthly horizon can be perpetually free from them) I

trust in your own prudence and good sense and Lord Comptons wisdom and affection to dispel such as can be dispeld and to endure the rest as a necessary ingredient of mortification sent to qualify many blessings. You see you have not escaped from the grave lessons of your old Scotch friend though you have acquired so many more valuable relatives.

I passed within twenty miles of you with no little regret in the course of last month and although I was in great haste to rejoin my own family after an unusual absence I should certainly had I been alone have availed myself of the invitation with which the Marquis honored me in Spring and offered myself as a visitor were it but for one day. But having still with me my fellow traveller on the continent (my friend neighbour and kinsman young Scott of Gala) I thought it would be too like the descent of a Scottish clan upon you before you were well settled in your new establishment. Moreover the races were going on at Northampton in which Lord Compton as member would be necessarily implicated. So on the whole I passed on the other side of the way with considerable regret. By the bye I saw Warwick which is the finest thing of the kind I ever saw thought of or could conceive. If you have not already seen it, pray dear Lady Compton make a party there as soon as ever you conveniently can. I made great friends with the old housekeeper who is quite *unique* in her way too and I advise your Ladyship to do so or you will only see half what is to be seen. As I hope the impression I made on the old lady's heart may be lasting (though not dangerous) I think you had better mention me to her for I assure you she has two ways of showing the place—esoteric and exoterick (I hope I have spell'd these cursed words right—I like to be learned upon occasions).

But you will expect I should tell you about France and not about Warwick castle. I dont believe however there is anything so well worth seeing of the kind in their whole

kingdom. At least the provinces through which I travelled were completely devoid of all remnants of feudal grandeur so completely had these unlucky Bourbons destroyed the power of the nobles—they went on like a whimsical architect who should take out of an ancient hall pillar after pillar in order to concentrate the whole weight of the edifice upon one central prop,—that prop turns frail from age—decays—and down comes the whole affair upon the heads of the inhabitants—

My journey to France was however most highly interesting. If I saw no old castle and little romantic scenery I beheld the ocean of humanity in a most glorious storm of confusion—towns just reeking from storm and bombardment—fields of battle where the slain were hardly buried—Immense armies crossing each other in every direction—villages plundered *a la mode de Prusse*—soldiers of all kindred and nations and tongues—Emperors kings princes dukes and generals without end—and our Scotch highlanders mounting guard within musket shot of the Tulleries.

Who is't mount guard at Versailles and at Marli
Who but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

In short you saw everything and anybody at Paris excepting Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who to say truth shewed a feeling of modesty under their disasters and made themselves scarce.

I was very well situated to see everything that was worth being seen having particular introductions to the D. of Wellington who was extremely kind to me and being an old acquaintance of Lady Castlereagh who had very pleasant parties to see whatever was worthy of visiting in the forenoon and was always *at home* to her friends after ten in the evening. So on every side I had an *Open Sesame*. But the finest of all sights required no charm being constantly accessible to people of all classes and that was the famous Louvre which no one will ever see again in the same state of perfection. The coup d'œil

was the most magnificent in the world for the gallery is near a quarter of a mile in length and was then crowded with paintings all of the very first order. But I think on the whole the dispersion of this celebrated collection will be favourable to the arts. You saw too many chefs d'oeuvres at once and became like the gluttoned epicure who could only endure a bit out of the sunny side of a peach. All the pictures could not hang in the best lights and if that had been possible all could not be regarded with the attention to which they were entitled. So that in point of taste alone I think the separation of their masterpieces fortunate for the art and its admirers. In a much more important respect it is a most useful measure for in the first place it gave the French through a very sensitive point, their national vanity namely, a lesson of retributive justice and besides the depriving that immoral and vainglorious people of the reputation of possessing the finest collection of the arts possible. There are so many of the unthinking that would be glad of so good an apology to make their headquarters at Paris the most worthless and dissolute city in the universe that even at a great loss to the fine arts (and it is impossible but what they must be gainers) I should have rejoiced at the toasted cheese being forcibly withdrawn from the mouse trap.

Pray remember me as kindly as possible to Lord Compton and heap coals of fire on my head by letting me know how you are and what you are doing—how many black letter volumes you have perused in the library and whether you can answer all my questions about the Comptons of ancient days. For myself I leave the account of my extensive mansion, splendid establishment and flourishing family to Mrs. Clephane and Anna Jane sensible they will gain by the description. Mrs. Scott offers her best compliments and I ever am my dear Lady Compton Your faithful and affectionate friend

I beg to offer particularly my respectful compliments to Lady Francis Compton in case your Ladyship thinks they will be acceptable. I hear with regret she has lost a four-leg'd favourite of my acquaintance which is a grief in which you know I can sympathise sincerely.

[*Northampton*]

TO MR. STEVENSON ¹

DEAR SIR,—This will be presented to you by a young man from Roxburghshire son of Mr. Robert Shortreed Sheriff Substitute of that county my old and valued friend. His studious disposition and attachment to mathematical science have induced his father to think of educating him as a civil engineer and he attends the college this winter for that purpose. I am aware of the value to be derived from your advice and direction as to the progress of his studies and I trouble you with this letter to request you will favour him with your opinion on these points. Probably when I come to town I may trouble you still further on this young gentlemans behalf, as when he is grounded in science it will be necessary that he should be practically indented into his profession and you may perhaps be able to point out an opening for that purpose. If such a thing should occur in your own department & if upon acquaintance you find Mr. Shortreed likely to be a creditable & useful pupil of which I have little doubt, I beg as a particular favour that you will oblige an old shipmate by keeping him in your eye. Believe me truly Dear Sir Your faithful humble Servant

ABBOTSFORD 27 October [1815]

WALTER SCOTT

Mr. Stevenson Civil Engineer Leith Walk.

Favoured by Mr. Shortreed.

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

¹ Robert Stevenson (1772-1850), civil engineer, lighthouse builder, engineer to the Scottish Lighthouse Board, and grandfather of Robert Louis

TO MRS. ROBISON

[*Novr.* 1815]

DEAR MRS. ROBISON,—I am greatly obliged by your kindness in sending me the very curious letter on the state of France and the remnant of the Dictator's Asbestos shirt.¹ As its purpose was to resist the Operation of fire I conceive sometimes he must regret the want of it in the next world—I beg you to accept my best thanks for so valuable an addition to my knicknatory collection and am With respect Dear Madam Your obliged humble servant

WALTER SCOTT

CASTLE STREET *Friday*

[*Walker-Love*]

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAREST MORRITT,—The enclosed affair² would have reached you long since but for a little bustle attending Mrs. Scott's going into Edinburgh, which left me for some days without a domestic. It is not so good as I wish it. But after repeated trials it is as good as I can make it, and my friends here seem satisfied enough. I have another copy for you, with a new edition of *Don Roderick*, and some additional trifles. In one respect these matters have answered well ; for since I acquired possession of some of my copyrights, and adhered to the plan of retaining the property in the new publications, money has tumbled in upon me very fast, and I am enabled to make a very nice little purchase adjoining to

Stevenson had been one of the company on Scott's tour with the lighthouse yacht in 1814. There are not many evidences of intimacy beyond this. Here he is introducing the son of his friend Shortreed, the companion of his early adventures in the Borders.

¹ At the foot of this letter in MS., an owner, probably Mrs. Robison, had written : " The Dictator's shirt referred to was a piece of asbestos cloth found in the tomb of Sylla." I know nothing of the relic, if it ever was one.

² A copy of *The Field of Waterloo*.

Abbotsford,¹ which will cost about £3000. I know it will do your kind heart good to know I am increasing my territories on Tweedside, and at so easy a rate. You who gave me so kind a shove when I was pinched with my long-dated bills, will I know rejoice that your friendship has not been throwing water into a sieve. The place is at present a sort of Kamtschatka,² but marches along with my own, and has capabilities especially for planting and forming grass parks, which let here very high.

I shall soon (ascending to Parnassus from Mossknow) send you a little 2nd vol. to *Triermain* called *Harold the Dauntless*, an odd sort of tale which I have taken into my fancy to write, for indulgence of a certain propensity to the marvellous which I think you share with me. I have written it rather roughly, but *con amore*, and I believe it will amuse you. Above all, I hope these trifles will find Mrs. Morritt well enough to take some interest in them, which would give them so high a value in the eyes of the author. I learn from Lady Louisa that Mrs. M. is a good deal better, and hope most sincerely the information is accurate. We think often and anxiously about you by our fireside. It is now comparatively lonely, as Mrs. Scott is gone in to the great musical festival, and Sophia attends her. Now, like Jeremy, I have an indifferent good ear for a jig, but your solos and sonatas give me the spleen,³ so I e'en remained behind to prune my oaks—now dwarfs—into such shapes as may become them when they shall be giants. Then I shall have such a piece of work lining out my new plantations and enclosures, and selecting trees at the Selkirk and Melrose nurseries. In short I persuaded myself I was better here. Walter is shooting wild ducks, partridges, and hares most manfully ; though rather young to carry a gun yet, as he is very stout

¹ i.e. Kaeside.

² Kamchatka, a peninsula of eastern Siberia.

³ *Sir Samp.* . . . and Musick, don't you love Musick, Scoundrel ?

Jere. Yes, I have a reasonable good Ear, Sir, as to Jiggs and Country Dances, and the like ; I dont much matter your *Sola's* or *Sonata's*, they give me the Spleen.—CONGREVE, *Love for Love*, Act II, sc. i.

and manly of his age, I have given him a long and strong Spanish barrelled fowling-piece, which will not burst should he load it to the muzzle, and is too long for him to shoot himself unless absolutely by *malice prepense*. He generally brings in some game, and will not derogate from his forefathers, who were excellent horsemen and good sportsmen in their day.

Adieu ! remember me most kindly to Mrs. Morritt, and pray let me know the first spare moment how you both do.—Ever most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 2 *Novr.* 1815

[*Major Morritt and Familiar Letters*]

TO LADY LOUISA STUART ¹

DEAR LADY LOUISA,—I need hardly say that your applause is always gratifying to me, but more particularly so when it encourages me to hope I have got tolerably well out of a hazardous scrape. The Duke of Wellington himself told me there was nothing so dreadful as a battle *won* excepting only a battle *lost*. And lost or won, I can answer for it, they are almost as severe upon the bard who celebrates as the warrior who fights them. But I had committed myself in the present case, and like many a hot-headed man, had got into the midst of the fray without considering well how I was to clear myself out of it. The approbation of your royal correspondent is very flattering, because it flows from those feelings which one

¹ To the Abbotsford copy of this letter Lady Louisa Stuart had appended a note : “ I had sent his song for the meeting of the Pitt Club (containing that stanza ‘ Nor forget his grey head ’) to the Queen Dowager of Würtemberg, and wrote him word how much she was pleased with it.” The song is that written in 1814, beginning “ O, dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen, When the brave on Marengo lay slaughtered in vain,” and the lines referring to the king are :

Nor forget his grey head who all dark in affliction
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won.

naturally wishes to touch and to awaken. Paul,¹ for whom I was but partially responsible, is likely to fall upon my entire shoulders. But it would have required Briareus, or Briars as my little boy just now called him (I suppose thinking of his claws rather than his hands), to get handsomely through all I have been doing since I came home. In the first place, there was the *Battle*, with several smaller pieces which I intend to print with the *Vision of Don Roderick*, of which I will send your Ladyship a copy when I get to town. *Et puis*—but that is a great secret, there is a second volume in the press, by the author of *Triermain*. A strange piece of work it is, I promise you, being called and entitled *Harold the Dauntless*, a sort of tale of errantry and magic which, *entre nous*, I am very fond of, though ashamed to avow my frailty. When I get to town I will send the first canto under the seal of secrecy. Besides, as each great painting has its original sketch, I have given the *Edinburgh Annual Register* some lines on the Battle of Waterloo called the *Dance of Death*, a hurly-burly sort of performance ; so I leave you to guess, my dear Lady Louisa, if I could form any other designs upon the public at present. If you ask me *why* I do these things, I would be much at a loss to give a good answer. I have been tempted to write for fame, and there have been periods when I have been compelled to write for money. Neither of these motives now exist—my fortune, though moderate, suffices my wishes, and I have heard so many blasts from the trumpet of Fame, both good and evil, that I am hardly tempted to solicit her notice anew. But the habit of throwing my ideas into rhyme is not easily conquered, and so, like Dogberry, I go on bestowing my tediousness upon the public.

Make my most respectful compts. to the family at

¹ *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. "I long for Paul to his kinsfolk, with which you have something to do, I understand ; and yet more for the Antiquary, whatever fountain that & its' brother streams may flow from" (Lady Louisa's letter of the 29th October).—*Walpole Collection*.

Bothwell and particularly to Lady Douglas I will esteem myself very fortunate if I can make out my visit to Bothwell at Xmas which I trust I will find possible although very likely my brethren in office who have taken a good deal of trouble on my account during the vacation may expect me to remain and do duty in town during the Xmas holidays : ever my dear Lady Louisa
Your most faithful and respectful humble servant

ABBOTSFORD 2d November 1815

WALTER SCOTT

Mrs. Morritt was very ill indeed when I saw her—and I own I have but very little hope of her effectual convalescence—

[*Familiar Letters and Abbotsford Copies*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, 10 BRIDGE STREET, BLACK-
FRIARS, LONDON

DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your letter & am quite willing that an Edition of Waterloo not exceeding 3000 be printed in London with the Edinr. imprint trusting you will not forget that therein I make some little sacrifice to meet your wishes. But I agree it would be a pity to hurt the sale & Mr. Caddell proposes besides to send off the 1000 which make part of Roder[ic]k which will help to stop the gap.

I agree with you that it will be quite safe & prudent to print 6000 instead of 3000 Paul & shall direct it to be done accordingly. It is a work of momentary interest & the more that can be made of it at first the better.¹

I beg you will remember me kindly to Mr. Longman & I am in some haste very truly your faithful Servant

ABBOTSFORD 3 Novr. 1815

WALTER SCOTT

I forgot to mention that I have on my hands a few 4to. Rodericks & that I intend along with these & on the same

¹ A second and third edition followed in the next two or three years, "amounting," as Lockhart says, "together to 3000 more."

terms to print up the Waterloo & other new parts of the collection & make my new brass sell the old kettle : of course I offer these to the publishers of the 8vo. Roderick—they are very few in number & will be precisely the same terms of paper print & half profit.

N.B. I have bought a nice farm close beside Abbotsford upon the strength of these great doings.

[*Stevenson*]

TO ROBERT CADDELL¹

DEAR SIR,—I have written to Mr. Constable acceding to his proposal of printing an edition of Waterloo not exceeding 3000 in London & also authorize you to appropriate the 1000 sheets of Waterloo which were to have made part of Rodk. to supply the immediate demand reprinting the same for the Roderick collection. I shall wish at the same time to print some quarto Waterloos to answer a few quarto Rodks. still on hand which I shall of course [offer] to the publishers on the same terms as the 8vo. As the edition will be very limited there is little doubt of its going well off. About this you will speak with Mr. John Ballantyne who knows the number on hand. I am Dear Sir Your obedt. Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 4 *November* [1815]

Mr. Caddell of House of Constable & Co.

[*Stevenson*]

TO REV. R. POLWHELE

ABBOTSFORD, *Nov. 4* 1815

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been a long and distant wanderer from home ; and, though I reached this cottage six weeks

¹ The actual address is to "Messrs. Constable & Compy."

ago, I only got "Isabel"¹ yesterday. She was in my house at Castle-street, in possession of an old housekeeper, who, knowing perhaps from youthful experience the dangers which attend young ladies on their travels, kept her, with some other captives until my wife, going to town to attend a grand musical festival, made a general jail delivery, and sent (among many, though none so welcome, packets) the fair maiden of Cotehele. What I liked so much in the MS. gained of course by being made more legible ; and, did it rest with me, I would rank "Isabel" with "Local Attachment ;" that is, with one of the poems of modern times which has afforded me the most sincere pleasure.

I will not fail to put into the hands of Mr. Jeffrey the copy you have sent for him, and to request him to read it with attention. The rest must depend on his own taste. But I will deliver the work with my own hand. No time is yet lost ; for Mr. Jeffrey, like myself and other gaping sawnies, has for some time been in France. I am ignorant if he be yet returned ; but at any rate the sitting of the courts, which calls me from my oaks of a fathom's growth, will bring him also to Edinburgh.

Allow me to inclose you a small poem on the greatest of all events which has dignified our eventful time. I was gradually induced to commit myself upon this very perilous ground, first by wishing to give something to the fund more handsome than usual for the poor fellows and their relatives who suffered ; and then from a sort of pride which was unwilling to retreat from a peril once encountered. In you the verses will find a lenient critic ; for you can well appreciate the difficulty of a theme unmanageable in proportion to its magnificence, and rendered still more difficult in proportion to its lateness. It is done and dared, however, and there let it pass *cum cæteris erroribus*.

¹ *The Fair Isabel of Cotehele . . . By the Author of "Local Attachment," etc.* [R. Polwhele.] 12mo. 1815.

My stay in France, which was pretty long for what we called a flying visit, has still more endeared my own country: and the manly rectitude of its morals, and simplicity of its habits.

Adieu, my dear Sir. I hardly hope the enclosed will prove an excuse for some delay in correspondence; but under an accumulation of business both personal and official, and the natural disposition to lounge with my family when I had not seen them for several weeks, and with the absence of the Maid of Cotehele, daily expected, it may go some length to make my apology. Trusting to your experienced goodness, I venture as usual to subscribe myself, my dear Sir, very much your obliged and faithful servant,

WALTER SCOTT

The beautiful verses to Sir Hussey Vivian¹ also arrived during my Gallick tour, and in fact reached me only two or three days before "Isabel."

[*Letters of Sir Walter Scott, 1832, and
Polwhele's Traditions*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

[ABBOTSFORD]

I HAVE been long in acknowledging your kind letter my dear friend and yet you have not only been frequent in my thoughts as must always be the case but your name has been of late familiar in my mouth as a household word. You must know that the pinasters you had the goodness to send me some time since which are now fit to be set out of the nursery have occupied my mind as to the mode of disposing them—now mark the event—

¹ Lines addressed to Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian, K.C.B., on his return to Truro, 27th July 1815. There are six stanzas, and the opening lines are:

"O'er the vale of thy birth the calm breezes play'd light,
And the azure waves sparkling in silence were still'd."

See Polwhele's *Traditions and Recollections*, ii. 685.

There is in the midst of what will soon be a fine bank of young wood a certain old gravel-pit which is the present scene of my operations. I have caused it to be covered with better earth and gently altered with the spade so as if possible to give it the air of one of those accidental hollows which the surface of a hill frequently presents. Having arranged my ground I intend to plant it all round with the pinasters and other varieties of the pine species and in the interior I will have a rustic seat, surrounded by all kinds of evergreen shrubs (laurels in particular) and all varieties of the holly and cedar and so forth and this is to be called and entitled *Joanna's Bower*. We are determined in the choice of the ornaments by necessity for our ground fronts (in poetic phrase) the rising sun or in common language looks to the east and being also on the north side of the hill—don't you shiver at the thought—why to say truth George Waynes and I are both of opinion that nothing but evergreens will flourish there. But I trust I shall convert a present deformity into a very pretty little hobby horsical sort of thing. It will not bear looking at for years and that is a pity. But it will so far resemble the person from whom it takes name that it is planted as she has written for the benefit as well of posterity as for the passing generation.

Time and I says the Spaniard against any two and fully confiding in the proverb I have just undertaken another grand task. You must know I have purchased a large lump of wild land lying adjoining to this little property which greatly more than doubles my domains. The land is said to be reasonably bought and I am almost certain I can turn it to advantage by a little judicious expenditure for this place is already allowed to be worth twice what it cost me and our people here think so little of planting and do it so carelessly that they stare with astonishment at the alteration which well planted woods make on the face of a country. There is

besides a very great temptation from the land running to within a quarter of a mile of a very sweet wild sheet of water of which (that is one side of it) I have every chance to become proprietor. This is a poetical circumstance not to be lost sight of and accordingly I keep it full in my view.

Amid these various avocations past present and to come I have not thought much about Waterloo only that I am truly glad you like it. I might no doubt have added many curious anecdotes but I think the pamphlet long enough as it stands and never had any design of writing copious notes.

I do most devoutly hope Lord Byron will succeed in his proposal of bringing out one of your dramas. That he is your sincere admirer is only synonymous with his being a man of genius and he has I am convinced both the power and inclination to serve the public by availing himself of the treasures you have laid before them. Yet I long for "some yet untasted spring" and heartily wish you would take Lord B. into your councils and adjust from your yet unpublished materials some drama for the public.¹ In such a case I would in your case conceal my name till the issue of the adventure. It is a sickening thing to think how many angry and evil passions the mere name of admitted excellence brings into full activity. I wish you would consider this hint and I am sure the result would be great gratification to the public and to yourself that sort of satisfaction which arises from receiving proofs of having attained the mark at which you

¹ Commenting on *Waterloo*, Joanna had declared in her letter of 3rd November: "I marvel you could write at all when you were abroad. I thought you would have done so from your recollections in the quiet of your own house. What has become of all the anecdotes of the battle? I hope you have a great treasure of them which will be a treasure to the world afterwards. . . . Lord Byron is my staunch friend . . . but I fear he will get into trouble by it, for the rulers of old Drury in regard to certain plays are very restive."—*Walpole Collection*. At this time Byron was a member of the committee of management of Drury Lane Theatre, where in 1815 *The Family Legend* was produced for the benefit of Mrs. Bartley.

aimd. Of this last indeed you cannot doubt if you consult only the voices of the intelligent and the accomplishd. But the object of the dramatist is professedly to delight the public at large and therefore I think you should make the experiment fairly.

Little Sophia is much obliged by your kind and continued recollection. She is an excellent good child sufficiently sensible, very affectionate, not without perception of character—but the Gods have not made her poetical and I hope she will never attempt to act a part which nature has not calld her to. I am myself a poet writing to a poetess and therefore cannot be suspected of a wish to degrade a talent to which in whatever degree I may have possessed I am indebted for much happiness. But this depends only on the rare coincidence of some talent falling in with a novelty in stile and diction and conduct of story which suited the popular taste and were my children to be better poets than me they would not be such in popular estimation simply because the second cannot be the first and the first (I mean in point of date) is every thing while others are nothing, even with more intrinsic merit. I am therefore particularly anxious to store the heads of my young damsels with something better than the tags of rhimes and I hope Sophia is old enough (young though she be) to view her little incidents of celebrity, such as they are, in the right point of view—Mrs. Scott and she are at present in Edinburgh the rest of the children are with me in this place, my eldest boy is already a bold horse-man and a fair shot though only about fourteen years old. I assure you I was prouder of the first black-cock he killd than I have been of anything whatever since I first killd one myself and that is twenty years ago. This is all stupid gossip but, as Master Corporal Nym [says,] “things must be as they may.” You cannot expect grapes from thorns or much amusement from a brain busied with thorn hedges at Kaeside for such is the

sonorous title of my new possession in virtue of which I subscribe myself

7 Novr 1815

ABBOTSFORD & KAESIDE

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London*]

TO MRS. CLEPHANE

MY DEAR MRS. CLEPHANE,—I am honoured with your letter this morning, which made me somewhat more easy on your account than I had been while listening to the high winds of last week, and thinking of the Firth of Clyde and the Tresharnish¹ archipelago—I am to be in town on the 17th sans faute, in case you think it would be in any respect convenient or agreeable to you that Donaldson and I should meet before your leaving town. I trust we may manage to steer through all that is now before us without any coup d'éclat. I had a most pleasant and comfortable letter from Lady Compton from which I think she is taking root there as she is entitled to do—Something I would say about the plan of her going abroad, which, considering the Marquis's increasing affection to her may not be so well.

But this must be in time and place—if it should please God that she gives him another tie to life and to his son in the person of a representative, there will be little prudence in leaving Britain. I have set my heart upon their getting a room or two at Compton just for an occasional retirement, and I really think it will answer better. Lord C. has his family interest to keep up in many ways and a retirement from his native country will seem like abandoning those objects for which men of his rank make great sacrifices. But of all this in time and place.

I will not enlarge upon the pleasure your company gave us at Abbotsford. I am now the favoured proprietor of

¹ Treshnish, to the west of Torloisk House, on the west coast of Mull, and lying between Loch Tua and Calgary Bay.

those happy and fertile regions over which we wandered to the lake, moyennant £3400, and I believe I have made a tolerable purchase. Moreover there is a terrible match at football to be played at Carterhaugh in December by the parish of Ettrick against the parish of Yarrow, backed by the Duke and the Sheriff—so the whole glens are to be raised by beacons as of yore.¹ We are to hoist the old pennon of the house of Buccleuch a curious banner with the arms and war cry of the family and clan painted upon it, and I am soliciting Lady Compton to help me to a good air for a ballad to be called and entitled “The lifting of the Banner.” It has not so far as we know been out since the battle of Dryfe-Sands² near Lochmaben where Lord Maxwell was slain.

I trust I may see you in Edinburgh but you will acquaint me with your motions by a note in Castle Street. I am delighted with what you mention about Miss D. In Lady C’s very delicate and important situation, without the benefit of personally communicating with yourself, I really think the less chance there is of any person interfering between Lord C’s family and her just so much the better. She needs the assistance of no one

¹ This football match, under the Duke of Buccleuch’s auspices, was between the men of Yarrow and the burghers of Selkirk. The Duke’s brother-in-law, the Earl of Home, appointed James Hogg his lieutenant over the Yarrow bands, while the Sheriff [Scott] took “under his special cognizance the *Sutors*, i.e. *shoemakers*, of Selkirk.” For this occasion Scott composed *Lines on the Lifting of the Banner of the House of Buccleuch*, beginning “From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,” and Hogg wrote *The Ettrick Garland*, beginning “And hast thou here, like hermit grey.”

² “Between the clans of Maxwell and Johnstone there had long been a deadly feud, but their quarrel had been recently patched up. . . . Trusting to the goodwill of the Warden [Maxwell], one Johnstone in 1593 made a profitable raid on the lands of the Lairds of Sanquhar and Drumlanrig. Notwithstanding his bond . . . Maxwell determined . . . to discharge the duties of his office : and the result was the last memorable clan-battle on the Scottish Border. The two forces met at Dryfe Sands, near Lockerby . . . and . . . the Johnstones gained a decisive victory. Before the battle both chieftains had offered a reward for the head or hand of the other. The prize fell to Johnstone—the hand of Maxwell being severed as he held it out for quarter, and his head carried off by the savage victor.”—HUME-BROWN, *History of Scotland*, ii. 218-19.

to gain the affections of those around her and a female confidante is always more or less a mischief maker, however unintentionally. I have just heard poor Mrs. Morritt is dead. Morritt is greatly to be pitied in his present grief, but where health could not be hoped for the close of existence was scarce to be deprecated. Love to the young ladies. Yours ever. WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 12th Novr [1815]

[Northampton]

TO MRS. CLEPHANE

DEAR MRS. CLEPHANE,—The banner will be visible any hour you please before $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 today or tomorrow whenever you chuse to call. Charlotte has got a bad cold and does not go to the play this evening. I enclose a verse of the song, but am not quite pleased with it. If you call tomorrow ask for Charlotte or Sophia in case I am out. Yours most respectfully. W. S.

From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame,
And each forester blithe from his mountain descending
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

Then up with the banner let forest gales fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more
In sport we'll attend her, in war we'll defend her
With heart and with hand like our fathers before.

November 1815.

November 1815

Farewell my dear Madam, accept my kindest and warmest wishes for your wellfare, and that of the young ladies untill we have the pleasure of again meeting. Best thanks for the extracts. I will send the ballads etc. by first opportunity. W. S.

[Northampton]

TO LADY COMPTON

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—I only received your letter two days since and lo ! an answer, something selfish in this you may easily guess for though few delight so much in receiving letters from the short list of friends among whom you rank so high I have never been accused of intrusive regularity of correspondence. But here is the mighty matter.

There is to be a great Foot-ball match upon the haunted plains of Carterhaugh—the parish of Ettricke against the parish of Yarrow the former backed by the Duke the latter by the Sheriff—and the word has already gone forth.

Gae warn the waters broad and wide
Gae warn them sure and hostile
He that wonna venture arm and leg
Let him never look in the face o' me.

To do everything in proper style we intend to display the banner of Buccleuch which is a very ancient and curious pennon with the armorial bearings oddly embroidered on one side and on the other the war-cry of the name which was *Bellenden* from their usual place of rendezvous. Now have I been calld on to indite a song for this memorable festivity which I must do of course or lose my minstrel name and what I have to beg of your Ladyships kindness is to exercise your unrivalled skill in composing and adapting musick to immortal verse¹ and find me out or make for me or eke and amend for me some good rattling tune with a strain of wild character in it which may suit the gathering of our Dalesmen. Were I nearer you we would go over the matter together and I would endeavour to meet you half way by adapting the words to the musick but as this cannot be I must guess at some sort of stanza which is likeliest to go to a swinging tune—for example—(writing the verses *ex tempore* as they occur)

¹ See page 141.

THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER

O'er the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
 Our beacon is waving in smoke and in flame
 And each forester blithe from his mountains descending
 Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

Then up with the banner let forest gales fan her
 She has blazed over Ettricke eight ages and more
 In sports we'll attend her in war we'll defend her
 With heart and with hand like our fathers before.

Something like this might hit a good popular tune for neither words nor music should be too fine for the honest herds. A desperate contention is expected and much sport for it has been known on similar occasions of much less note that the foot-ball has been cut to pieces at twelve o'clock at night because the game could not be decided.

The two odd lines about Versailles and Marli were added by me to the old set of the Bannocks which you will find in Johnstone. It is a favourite lilt of Sophia's and I patched it one night when she was at a loss for additional words.

I had a letter from Mrs. Clephane today from Edinr. so they are not yet embarked for the lonely isle—I shall be anxious to learn the success of your investigations at Compton. There is a certain doggrel ballad by a certain Dr. Grubb to the tune of St. George he was for England—You will find it in Percy's Reliques in which among other feats of a sorceress (as I think) it is said

She twind the Bullies into Rocks
 Who came to invade Long Compton.

The pun between Bullies and Rocks and the old phrase of bully-rock to signify a blood or brick of the first head is obvious. But I have a notion the verse relates to some Druidical reliques about Lord Compton— Remember me kindly to Lord Compton and most respectfully to the Marquis Lady Northampton and Lady Francis, with best thanks for their remembrances. Adieu—I will write

more fully next letter when I shall have seen Donaldson.
Your Ladyships very sincere and affectionate friend

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 12 *November* 1815.

Last week I purchased for about £3400 a very fine stretch of bog and heather closely adjoining to Abbotsford. So now I am “the Laird of the Cairn and the Scaur”—There were some Roman entrenchments on the ground rather curious— . . . vases etc. are often dug up there.

But there is still a finer tale for you. A monster long reported to inhabit Cauldshiels Loch a small . . . sheet of water in this neighbourhood has been of late visible to sundry persons. If it were not that an otter when swimming seems a very large creature I would hardly know what to think of it for a very cool-headed sensible man told me he had seen it in broad daylight—he scouted my idea of an otter and said the animal was more like a cow or a horse.¹ By a sort of instinct in spite of my incredulity I took a rifle gun for two days and walked to the lake. My own new territories were near it and I am in treaty for 100 acres more bordering on the lake itself and embracing half its circumference when we shall know more of the matter.

[*Northampton*]

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I wish Hogg to give me a little of his best assistance to celebrate the *Lifting of the Banner* and enclose a note to this purpose which some of your Graces people must get up to him without loss of time as it would lie too long at Selkirk. The Banner is clearly as ancient as the time of Walter the first Earl at least & I suppose was one of the colours of the regiment

¹ This is the first mention of the water-bull superstition which made an impression on Scott's imagination. He again refers to it in later letters.

which he led to the Belgick wars. But it *may* have been yet more ancient and the mode of disposing the armorial bearings without a shield as in the Douglas Banner at Carrse countenances this belief in which case we must suppose either that the cor[o]net was added or that the present banner was made upon the model of one yet more ancient & substituted for it when the family was ennobled. I have little doubt that the last was the case. At any rate we will have it joyously mounted on the 3 Decr. which I understand to be the great day of Wapinschaw.¹ I am with best and kindest respects to Lord & Lady Montagu & all at Bowhill most respectfully your Graces obliged & faithful

WALTER SCOTT
OF ABBOTSFORD & KAYSIDE

EDINR. 19 *November* [1815]

I will bring the banner with me in all honour & safety—
Can I do any thing else for the furtherance of fun.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

MY DEAR SIR,—I have safely received on my arrival at this town my great package from France with all its contents. On the other side I send a cheque for the advance of £17 odds I have made it £18 for even money. Thus you see like Falstaff I pay money which I borrow now and then. Much obliged by all that you have so kindly sent. Miss Williams tone is unexpectedly fair & correct upon French matters.² I will return to Blackwood on your account the Amours secrets of Bonaparte as I brought a copy from Paris.³ Now here is a matter in which I trust you will be interested. Archie Park—

¹ The 4th really, on which day of December the match was played.

² Helen Maria Williams's *Narrative of Events in France in 1815*, 8vo, was just published by Murray. See *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 319.

³ *Amours Secrètes de Napoléon Buonaparte*, 2 tom., 12mo, Paris, 1815. *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 327.

brother of Mungo—has been totally ruined by the death of a brother in the banking line for whom he was so imprudent as to be security—and from the comfortable situation of an independent forest farmer is likely to be reduced to utter indigence. He is a fine high spirited fellow, and as remarkable for his skill in all sort of farming matters, sheep & cattle, arable & woodland as his brother Mungo for his spirit of adventure. He is also perfect as a fisher, shooter & horseman—in fact no country occupation is foreign to him—and with a commanding figure and manner, he is perfectly good-humoured and steady in his temper. So qualified his present object is to get a situation as a gentleman's bailiff or overseer where his experience, knowledge and honesty would make him a real treasure. Now pray make his situation known as widely as you can—there is no saying where or how a blessing may light, & it will cost you but showing this part of my letter. I am most anxious about him I ought to add that he is married to a very decent woman & has a family and is aged about fifty or upwards. Lord Byron may among his friends hear of some one who would like an overseer, five parts Dandie Dinmont with one part of civilization. If I knew Mr. Wishaws address I would use the freedom to write to him ; for perhaps among the gentlemen of rank & fortune composing the African Association some one may be found in want of an overseer who would prefer a brother of Mungo Park. If you can send me good news in this matter you shall have a neat highland article *sans faute*, what ever stands still.

Remember me kindly to Lord Byron to Sotheby to Hammond & to all four o'clock friends—Waterloo presses to another edition, the profits of which I intend for poor Archie Park & his family, which will help to keep the wolf from the door. Yours most hastily

EDINR. 20 Nov. [1815]

WALTER SCOTT

[John Murray]

TO MRS. LAIDLAW OF PEEL¹

MY DEAR MRS. LAIDLAW,—Any remembrance from you is at all times most wellcome to me. I have in fact been thinking a good deal about the Parks & especially about my good merry friend Archie upon whom such calamity has fallen. I will write to a friend in London likely to know about such matters to see if possible to procure him the situation of an overseer of extensive farms or improvements for which he is so well qualified. But success in this is doubtful and I am aware that their distress must be pressing. Now Waterloo has paid & is likely to pay me a great deal more money than I think proper to subscribe for the fund for families and wounded and I chiefly consider the overplus as dedicated to assist distress or affliction. I shall receive my bills in a few days from the book sellers & I will send Mr. Laidlaw one for £50 at three months the contents to be applied to the service of the Parks family. It is no great sum but may serve to

¹ This letter, which is printed here from the original in the collection of Lord Brotherton, has already been printed in Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*, vol. viii, pp. 276-281, with a note by Ruskin: "Lent to me by Mr Blaikie, Holydean, and taken by him from boxes belonging to the late Miss Jane Park, niece of Mungo Park." From letter from T. Craig-Brown to Ruskin (11th December 1883): "I send you copies of three letters taken by myself from the originals. . . . 2. Letter from Scott to Mrs Laidlaw of Peel (close to Ashestiel), written after the bankruptcy of a lawyer brother of the African traveller had involved his entire family circle in ruin. The 'merry friend' is Archibald Park, brother of Mungo. . . . It is he Sir Walter refers to in his story about the hot hounds entering Loch Katrine (see Introd. to *The Lady of the Lake*)." Ruskin adds: "I am greatly obliged to Mr Brown for his own letter, and for those which I have printed above. . . . A letter from Miss Russell to the *Scotsman*, written soon after last *Fors* was published, to inform Scotland that Ashestiel was not a farm house (it would all, with the latest additions, go inside a Bernese farmer's granary), that nobody it belonged to had ever done any farming, or anything else that was useful—that Scott had been greatly honoured in being allowed a lease of it, that his study had been turned into a passage in the recent improvements, and that in the dining-room of it Mrs Siddons had called for beer, may all be left to the reverential reading of the subscribers to the *Scotsman*;—with this only question, from me, to the citizens of Dun Edin, What good is their pinnacle in Princes Street, when they have forgotten where the room was, and corridor is, in which Scott wrote *Marmion*?"

alleviate any immediate distress & you can apply it as coming from yourself which will relieve poor Parks delicacy upon the subject. I really think I will be able to hear of something for him, at least it shall not be for want of asking about for I will tag him as a postscript to every letter I write.

Will you tell Mr. Laidlaw with my best compliments not that I have bought Kayside for that fame will have told him already but that I have every reason to think I have got it for £600 cheaper than I would at a public sale.

Mrs. Scott & the young people join in best compliments & I ever am, Dear Mrs. Laidlaw, Very truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

EDIN. 20 *November* 1815.

[*Brotherton*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR SIR,—You are very wellcome to proceed with the new edition of *Waterloo* not exceeding 3000 copies, to be printed in London as you propose.

I have bought a very nice farm closely adjoining to Abbotsford and so good a bargain that I have been offered £600 profit. This will occasion my drawing upon the publishers of *Paul* for profit on the additional 3000. But of this you will be regularly apprized by J. Ballantyne who will draw the bills as formerly.¹ I have got all my books now & *Paul* will appear instantly though the impression is heavy—

¹ Scott did not pay for *Kaaside* in cash, or only to a comparatively small extent. He granted a mortgage on it to Moss, the proprietor, for £3000, which was not paid off till shortly before the failure, when he borrowed £10,000 on the Abbotsford estate and used £3000 of this loan to pay off the mortgage on *Kaaside*.

I am very glad to hear you are getting on well in London & am ever Dear Sir Your obedient Servant

EDINR. 21 *November* 1815

WALTER SCOTT

Arch. Constable Esq

[*Stevenson*]

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—If you are not provided with a piper I will send out Maclean the piper of the Highland Society—you have only to speak the word. The match is admirably made and will be strongly contested—The banner-staff had better be made at Bowhill—a stout pole ten feet or twelve feet long with a spike at one end to stick into the ground & at the other a lance-head like a spontoon.¹ The blade of the spear must screw off the iron by which it is fastend to the staff so as to let the banner be slipd on & then be screwd on again. Any common smith will make such a thing in an hour. I will certainly be with your Grace on Sunday—more probably however on Saturday evening. Charles Sharpe would have liked to come with me but I gave no encouragement as accomodation must be scarce at Bowhill. If I am to proceed in the matter of the piper or anything else the sooner I know the better. I want to print my own ditty & Hoggs & bring out a few copies for the honest forest-lads. And so

Come weal come woe we'll gather & go
And live or die wi' Charlie—

Ever my dear Lord with respectful compliments to Ld. Montagu & the Ladies. Your truly obliged & faithful

EDINR. 24 *Novr.* [1815]

WALTER SCOTT

[*Buccleuch*]

¹ A species of half-pike or halberd carried by infantry officers in the eighteenth century.

TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM¹

[*Summer or Autumn 1815*]

I CANNOT refuse myself the opportunity of thanking you for the information and amusement I have derived and am deriving from your very interesting account of Persia ; a history so much wanted in our literature, and which may be said to form the connecting link between that of Greece and that of Asia. I cannot enough admire the pains which it must have cost you, among many pressing avocations and duties, to collect and compose the materials of so large and important a work. I wish also to mention to you, that if you should have any thought of settling on Tweedside, Mr. Sibbald's very handsome villa at Gledswood is now in the market, and in all probability, owing to the circumstances of the time, may be had very reasonably. I have a very selfish view in giving you this hint, for Gledswood is only five or six miles from my cottage. I long for some opportunity of talking over Persia and Border anecdotes with you.

[*Life of Sir John Malcolm*]

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE²

MY DEAR HARTSTONGE,—I write you hastily and anxiously in reply to one part of your letter. Believe me

¹ Sir John Malcolm (1769-1833), the Indian administrator and Persian scholar, whose *History of Persia* Scott acknowledges, had returned to England in 1812 and was at home for five years. Oxford made him an LL.D. and the king a K.C.B. But his pecuniary troubles drove him back to the East in 1816.

² "There is a Mr. William Monck Mason," wrote Hartstonge on 21st November, "who has taken upon himself to write what he calls a *Hibernia*, & in which he has the modesty to give a life of Swift ! an ecclesiastical life, he is to call it, I understand, but in which he is to combat your statement as to the marriage of Stella with the Dean."—*Walpole Collection*. Then in his reply (27th November) to the above letter he writes acknowledging "your very liberal and generous feelings towards William Monck Mason" (kinsman to Mr. Monck Berkeley, who, I have reason to believe, has been dead for some years). Hartstonge is unwilling to give Mason access to the Lyon MSS., for "I am disposed to call in question both his Candour and Capability in the attempt he has somewhat too boldly, I think, undertaken."

I do full justice (indeed how is it possible for me to do otherwise?) to the kindly feelings towards myself which have induced you and Mr. Steele to whose kind and most liberal assistance I have been in every respect so much indebted to refuse assistance to Mr. Monck Berkeley¹ in his proposed undertaking of combating some of my opinions respecting Swifts life—But if my intreaty has any weight with you or with Mr. Steele—supposing always Mr. Berkeley to be a gentleman otherwise entitled to that degree of trust—I would most earnestly beg you would give or procure his admittance to inspection of the papers he desires to see. I rather suppose he will find nothing that confirms his present hypothesis but I should be sorry he had it to say that my influence real or supposed had been exerted in excluding the light from a subject on which very different opinions may reasonably be entertained. It is the interest of literary men of all descriptions to promote free investigation by any means in their power—it is the most honourable attribute of their character and so far am I from regarding any literary opinion which I may have expressed as matter of controversial bitterness or strenuous defence that I would most willingly and by every means in my power give the person who might doubt or dispute my position the means of judging them fairly and fully. If I am wrong I will be the first to acknowledge it—if right the truth will speak for itself—

¹ William Monck Mason (1775-1859), historian, was engaged on a work similar to Chalmers' *Caledonia*, the first part of which, *The History and Antiquities of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, near Dublin, from its foundation in 1190 to the year 1819, &c.*, was published in 1819. It was dedicated to George IV. "A life which supplies Scott's defects in great measure was given by William Monck Mason, in 1819, in his *History and Antiquities of the Church of St. Patrick*. Monck Mason was an indiscriminate admirer, and has a provoking method of expanding undigested information into monstrous notes, after the precedent of Bayle. But he examined facts with the utmost care, and every biographer must respect his authority."—LESLIE STEPHEN, Preface to *Swift* (English Men of Letters). George Monck Berkeley, grandson of the philosopher and author of *An Inquiry into the Life of Dean Swift* and *The Correspondence of Dean Swift*, etc., had died in 1793.

in either case I should be sorry to be the means of shutting out conviction. Excuse me my good friend for pressing this warmly upon you who I know feel for my literary reputation much more keenly than I do. But that which is not founded on truth cannot stand and what is so founded has little reason to fear the closest investigation and ought in manly fairness rather to invite it. Pray add this to other obligations I owe you.

I cannot write to you any more at present being very busy with preparations for a grand football match at which we are to hoist the old Banner of Buccleuch which has been produced to the air for the first time this hundred years and more. Your young friend Walter is to bear it to the weapon show where we expect to muster many hundreds—Lord have mercy on their necks and legs, their shins are past praying for. We are to have sundry frolics on this occasion of which I may send you some notice next week. Yours truly,

W. SCOTT

EDIN 27 *November* [1815]

[*Brotherton*]

To JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—It was with very melancholy satisfaction but still with satisfaction that I received your letter. To know from yourself that you are well in health and resigned in your affliction to the will of heaven is all I could have hoped to hear.

Our social affections are given us to animate our duties while we are here and their objects are withdrawn from us that we may be taught to reflect that this transitory scene is not our resting place. If yours my dear friend are now so severely wounded your present suffering is in proportion to the domestic happiness which you have enjoyed for many years. And thus even the excess of your calamity carries with it a motive for resignation.

I am happy to hear that you have with you a friend upon whose affection you can rely and confide securely in that strong sense of duty which forms so marked a point in your character that you will shortly find in active exertion some relief from the intensity of your present feelings. It is needless to say how deeply Mrs. Scott and my young people sympathise in your distress honord as they were by the kindness of the excellent person whom you lament. It is no small satisfaction to me as a father to see with what warmth my children retain remembrance of these circumstances.

Lady Hood is here just now and I left her yesterday shedding many tears over her own family distresses and yours. It occurd to us both that some time hence and before you are obliged to go up to parliament you might find mental relief by spending some time in this place. I would find you comfortable lodgings very near me so that you would have a sort of home of your own while I hope you would live as much in family with me as possible and we live so very quietly that you would feel yourself under no constraint. Your advice too and assistance would be of the most material consequence to Lady Hood and I know that holding out a prospect of serving a friend is to you always the most powerful motive that can be proposed. I propose this as a plan not to be immediatly executed but to be kept in view when your inclinations prompt and your business permits you to leave Rokeby. Do think of this and if possible bring Mr. Meyrick down with you. We will love him for your sake and learn to do so for his own.¹ I am sensible that at first you will feel repugnance at the idea of seeking to divert your thoughts by exterior objects from the feelings which now wholly

¹ In Morritt's pathetic letter of the 23rd November, he had mentioned that "Mr. Meyrick a very old school friend of my own & what is still dearer to me one long esteemed & valued by her whom I have lost is coming to me. It will also comfort me for he too has had a similar affliction. . . . I feel my mind revive in those affections which she cherished. . . . Amongst our mutual friends few were so valued as yourself."—*Walpole Collection*.

occupy them and which will long hold the upper part in your mind. But it is our duty as early as human frailty will permit to hold ourselves open to such consolation as we may receive from change of place and of objects, and although we at first feel constrained and hurt by such a change yet the exertions which it naturally requires become gradually their own reward.

Mrs. Scott begs her kindest and most affectionate remembrances and I am ever my dear Morritt but more especially at the present moment Yours most truly and kindly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 28 *Novr.* 1815

[*Law*]

TO MR. JAMES BAILEY

SIR,—I was yesterday favoured with your letter and take a most sincere interest in the subject which with your permission I will enter upon without preface as I happen to be a little hurried at present. In the first place I must say that the life of a man of letters is of all others the most precarious unless he is bred to some profession. He must depend either on patrons or booksellers and the former will be regulated by their own caprice the latter by their interest and the caprice of the public. The chance of gaining a situation in the public offices is at present peculiarly uncertain because they are retrenching on every point and doubtless where vacancies arise these will in most instances be filled from among the persons who are now to be turned adrift. Predominating interest will no doubt get the better of these claims but doing all that I could in your favour I could only hope to act through the influence of others having none of my own and therefore the chance of my being able to assist you must necessarily depend upon their engagements or disposition to attend to my recommendation. On the

first point I need not point out to you that almost every man in power has friends of his own to oblige and serve & on the second I am now turning something older than I have been and many of those who honoured me with their regard have passed from the scene in various ways & with others (as I am now seldom in London) my connection has been broken off by time and distance. So that unless I happened to be upon the spot at the time to solicit in your behalf I should fear that my application would meet with little attention and you in the mean time would be exposed to a state of uncertainty and distress. Without therefore something like a rational prospect of provision to leave your college where you[r] own merit has secured you kind regard, interest and friends would be a desperate action. You would lose in a manner all the progress you have already made in gaining friends and establishing a character and must necessarily encounter all the distress of a precarious and doubtful existence in London so much to be deprecated both on account of feelings & morals.

It would be nothing but cruelty to point these things out to you without assisting to remove the pressing reasons you urge for leaving college on the 16 Decr. I therefore enclose a cheque for £20 which I entreat you to consider as your own untill better fortunes shall enable you with convenience to accomodate in the same manner any young man of Genius in temporary distress. The sum is small for I have been something of an unthrift lately with whims of planting and building and it shall be reinforced hereafter as circumstances may require. In the meantime I would advise you to try to make your literary talents efficient to assist your income. I have received a specimen of the Aristophanes¹ which I thought

¹ This may have been one of Bailey's many contributions to *The Classical Journal*, or a MS. paper which was perhaps later incorporated in his *Passages from the Greek Comic Poets*, which had been translated into English by R. Cumberland, Fawkes, and Wrangham, with notes (1840).

excellent. I am however (to my shame be it spoken) no Grecian having in my youth neglected the language which I now bitterly regret. Still I may give my opinion as one of the unlearned & I think it excellent. I am morally convinced either Gifford or Jeffrey (who you are aware conduct the Quarterly & Edinr. Reviews) would be glad of your occasional assistance on classical subjects and their remuneration is ample and liberal. I could throw in a word of recommendation for you to either of the Aristarchs. I have particular interest with the publisher of the Annual Register of Edinr. a man of great good taste & liberality and I am sure he would be grateful for communications in prose or poetry and make such a recompence as his situation admits. Then there is your teaching and various other chances in your favour. If your objections to the church are not absolutely insurmountable I would entreat you to struggle with them. The difficulty of providing for a mere man of letters having no professional character is extremely great whereas when he is once invested with such a qualification his literary character brings him into notice & soon (unless there is misconduct or unusual bad luck) procures him a provision probably a handsome one. If you allow me to quote my own case I will add that I myself detested the profession of the bar to which I was bred up. Yet had I resigned it what could my friends have done for me but get me some paltry sinecure—but remaining at the bar gave them the power of providing for me to the extent of my wishes. It is the same with the church—if in orders you will one day be provided with a living—out of them probably your friends can only afford you barren praise & regret. Tutors are also selected from this class of society and I should imagine you would like to travel for two or three years with an intelligent young man. It is an employment which has often [been] the foundation of independance to men of letters.

There is likely one day soon to be an opening for a librarian in the Advocates Library here and I believe our body will proceed as far as they can on the principle of *Detur digniori*. A friend of mine whose wishes I am much inclined to favour has had views on the situation which I think will not be effectual. But at any rate there can be no impropriety in your keeping the matter in your view. The collection is a most princely one and we talk of making the emolument £300 or £400. Close attendance is however required in the morning. The worst is that the place is not vacant as yet though soon expected to be so.¹ The nomination lies with the Faculty of Advocates—in other words the corporation of Barristers in Scotland. The most particular testimonials as to morals temper and literature will be expected & as there will be many candidates success will probably turn on those who can produce the most numerous & most respectable. Should this be likely to suit you I will put you in the way of placing yourself in the ranks as a candidate. I have only to add that your being in orders should you have taken them before the place is vacant would be rather a recommendation than otherwise—I have no time to write more or even to read what I have written. I can only add that I am honoured by your thinking of me in the way you do & that you do me but justice in supposing that my will to assist a young man of genius in your situation is only

¹ Mr. Alexander Brown was librarian of the Advocates' Library 1766-94. Mr. Alexander Manners, his assistant, succeeded him in 1794. In the middle of February 1818 Manners resigned office owing to ill-health. The election of a new librarian was postponed and the post remained vacant until 1820. The reasons for the Curators postponing further communication to the Faculty on this subject were, to provide "full time and opportunity" for the presentation of candidates, who "might be resident at a distance or on the Continent"; that their "real and comparative merits" should be "deliberately canvassed and ascertained"; and that an appointment should not be made until the new library was completed. Eventually, on 5th June 1820, Dr. David Irving was elected librarian.—*Faculty Minutes*, 1814-22.

bounded by my power. I am Sir your most obedient
Servant

WALTER SCOTT

[No date or address.]

[Nov. 30 1815 Postmark.]

Mr. James Baillie,¹ Trinity College Cambridge.
[*Fitzwilliam Museum*]

TO LADY COMPTON

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—A number of trifling things have hitherto prevented my telling you how very much I was obliged by the trouble you took to marry my verses² to immortal notes. The music was much admired by all who had an opportunity of hearing it but I had no time to train a ballad singer or two to sing our joint minstrelsy upon the field. It was really a most gallant weapon-showing, not less than two thousand men assembled and I think about seven or eight hundred playd for seven hours with the most desperate exertion on both sides—At the dead of night of the preceding evening they proclaimed from the steeples that there was to be no law in the country for 24 hours luckily they were perfectly good humoured and not disposed to abuse this license. You remember the situation of the larger plain at the junction of Yarrow and Ettricke—that was the scene of action and after the day it looked almost like the field of Waterloo from the mode in which it was trampled and torn up—

My boy Walter carried the Dukes standard and as he was dressed in forest green and buff with a green bonnet and an eagles feather in it, a large gold chain with a medal, and otherwise gallantly armed and mounted he really made a very handsome figure—He is you know a good horseman and really became the old banner well looking more like an Esquire of old days than a high school boy.

¹ Spelt thus in the original.

² *i.e.* "The Lifting of the Banner." See page 125.

Our game was not well arranged. We had not reckoned on half the numbers that came and found grave difficulty in settling which should play on each side. Selkirk and Yarrow were the districts named but all the other dales-men joined. In the first game Selkirk overpowered Yarrow by force of numbers—In the second Torwoodlie meaning to restore equality caused the Galashiels men about fifty in number to change sides during the action whereby Selkirk lost after a struggle of four hours : this gave great offence to the Souters who burn'd Torwoodlie Toftfield and others in effigy the next night— After some dispute about the terms of a third game it ended in a solemn challenge between Lord Home and me to play it out on a future day 100 heather-bonnets against a hundred fir-tops and not a man more on each side.¹ This was agreed to by tossing up hats and exchanging gloves as is our custom. So we were to take the field between Christmas and the N. Years day with our hundred knights of a side and each others gloves in our hatbands and he that wins it wears it— You can hardly conceive the sort of spirit which the people showed. Many came twenty miles and bivouacked in the heather all night. In the meanwhile our sport is gone off for Lord Home has just received orders to join his regt. at Tipperary where I doubt he has “ other sport to bide.”— If he could carry a thousand foresters with him they would show Paddy good play— I am much disappointed for my merry men were very confident. I had chosen four captains two for Selkirk one for Robertson parish and Berwick Water one for Ale-water and one for Abbotsford and neighbourhood. Each was to bring 19 picked men with him and the Abbotsford Captain who

¹ “ It appears from the account of this football match in the *Edinburgh Journal* that Scott took a lead in proposing a renewal of the contest. This, however, never occurred ; that it ought not to do so had probably occurred from the first to the Duke of Buccleuch, who is mentioned as having alone abstained from laying any bets on the final issue.”—LOCKHART, *Life*, c. xxxvi.

is the best player in the country declared that for his band they should play holding hailes i.e. goals between Carlisle and Berwick which would require both strength of limb and good wind— The worst of this is playing against my old friends the Yarrow lads in whose parish I lived so long but there is no help for it. They talk of a bet or challenge coming from the Kelso gentlemen to play *Up the country men* against *Down the country men* which is our usual provincial division and embraces all our political feuds. But I doubt they will not try us. In the mean while much fun is passing. The Selkirkers have got a song which if it be not borrowed from Burns (as I think it is) runs away cleverly enough

Buy broom besoms
Ranking in a ra
Buy heather bonnets
Lost on Carterhaugh
Buy the truth of Toftfield
In a needle's ee
Buy a reputation
Tint by Torwoodlie.

The shepherds have one or two very good ones too— We are you know a land of improvisatori and they were really singing some good squibs before they left the field. The Souters of Selkirk has been clouted in all sort of ways that the old single might be made to serve the . . . of the modern players and their patrons.

Lord Home looks the Chief so well and is so kind and frank and good humoured that he was quite the person to bring rural sports to an amicable conclusion. The ladies had their ball at night as we had ours in the morning and we had a very joyous party at Bowhill. Your Ladyships friend Sophia danced till six in the morning as did the Banner bearer.

So concludes the full true and particular account of the Great Match at Carterhaugh.

The like of which was never seen
Since the days of Tam-o'-lean.

N.B. Lane would not rhyme being a long lane which has no turning.

My best respects attend Lord Compton—Ever my dear Lady Compton your faithful and affectionate friend

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 12 *Novr.* [*Decr.*¹] [1815]

I have this instant a letter from Anna Jane—All well in the lonely isle.

[*Northampton*]

To JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—While you know what satisfaction it would have given me to have seen you here I am very sensible of the more weighty reasons which you urge for preferring staying at Rokeby for some time.² I only hope you will remember that Scotland has claims on you whenever you shall find your own mind so far at ease as to permit you to look abroad for consolation and if it should happen that you thought of being here about our time of vacation I have my time then entirely at my own command and I need not say that as much of it as could in any manner of way contribute to your amusement is most heartily at yours. I have at present the melancholy task of watching the declining health of my elder brother Major Scott whom I think you have seen.³ Without having any very great intimacy which indeed was precluded by the difference of our habits and pursuits we have always lived in great harmony & concord and it is with no small grief that I now see him gradually giving way under complaints from which I cannot hope for any thing like perfect recovery.

¹ This conjectured month has been determined by the date of the football match which was 4th December. See note, p. 128.

² "I have duties and business of different sorts which indeed are at this time better for me," Morritt wrote on 7th December.

³ The "veteran officer," introduced into *Paul's Letters*, whose health had been failing throughout this year.

My literary occupation is getting through the press the letters of Paul of whose lucubrations I trust soon to send you a copy. As the observations of a bye-stander perhaps you will find some amusement in them especially as I had some channells of information not accessible to every one. The recess of our courts which takes place tomorrow for three weeks will give me ample time to finish this job and also the second volume of *Triermain* which is nearly finishd—a strange rude story founded partly on the ancient northern traditions respecting the Berserkars whose peculiar habits and fits of martial frenzy makes such a figure in the Sagas of Scandinavian origin. I shall then set myself seriously to the *Antiquary* of which I have only a very general sketch at present. But when once I get my pen to the paper it will walk fast enough. I am sometimes tempted to leave it alone and try whether it will not write as well without the assistance of my head as with it—a hopeful prospect for the reader. In the mean while the snow which is now falling so fast as to make it dubious when this letter may reach Rokeby is likely to forward these important avocations by keeping me a constant resider in Edinburgh in lieu of my plan of going to Abbotsford where I had a number of schemes in hand in the way of planting and improving. I believe I told you I have made a considerable addition to my little farm and extended thereby my domains towards a wild lake which I have a good prospect of acquiring also. It has a sort of legendary fame for the persuasion of the solitary shepherds who approach its banks, is that it is tenanted by a very large amphibious animal calld by them a water-bull and which several of them pretend to have seen. As the dimensions greatly exceed those of an otter I am tempted to think with *Trinculo* “this is the devil and no monster.”¹ But after all is it not strange that in almost all the lakes both lowland and highland in Scotland such a belief should prevail and the description

¹ Stephano says this, not *Trinculo*.

popularly given uniformly corresponds with that of the Hippopotamus. Is it possible that at some remote period that remarkable animal like some others which have now disappeared may have [been] an inhabitant of our large lakes? Certainly the vanishing of the Mammoth and other animals from the face of creation render such a conjecture less wild than ¹ I would otherwise esteem it. It is certain we have lost the beaver whose bones have been more than once found in our Selkirkshire bogs and marl-mosses. The remains of the wild bull are very frequently found and I have more than one scull with the horns of most formidable dimensions.

My new dominions possess peculiar interest for me as they include a hillock calld popularly Turn-again on which spot it is said the Clan of Scott rallied after the battle of Melrose which they fought against the Earl of Angus—they halted on the shoulder of this hill after having been driven from the field of battle about a short mile off[f] and the Knight of Cessford and several of his followers were killd following the chase too far. Which circumstance makes the spot very interesting to me. About a fortnight ago we had a great football match in Selkirkshire when the Duke of Buccleuch raised his banner (a very curious and ancient pennon) in great form. Your friend Walter was banner-bearer dressd like a forester of old in green with a green bonnet and an eagle feather in it and as he was well mounted and rode handsomely over the field he was much admired by all his clansmen and the spectators who could not be fewer than two thousand in number.

I have thrown these trifles together without much hope that they will afford you amusement but I know you will wish to hear what I am about and I have but trifles to send to those friends who interest themselves about a trifler. My present employment is watching from time to time the progress of a stupid cause in order

¹ "That" is the word actually written.

to be ready to reduce the sentence into writing when the court shall have decided whether Gordon of Kenmore or MacMichan of Meikleforthhead are legal Superiors of the lands of Tarschrechan and Dalbeattie and entitled to the feudal casualties payable forth thereof which may amount to twopence Sterling once in half a dozen of years—marry Sir they make part of a freehold qualification and the decision may wing a voter.

I did not send the book you received by the Selkirk coach. I wish I could have had sense enough to send any thing which could afford you consolation. I think our friend Lady Louisa was likely to have had this attention. She has God knows been herself tried with affliction and is well acquainted with the sources from which comfort can be drawn. My wife joins in kindest remembrances as does Sophia and Walter. I keep Walter for this year at the High school but I am some what uncertain what to do with him next year. I sometimes think that two years of a good English school would found him well in classical learning. But more of this in some other letter. Ever yours affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 22 *December* [1815]

[*Law*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

[29th Dec. 1815]

DEAR JAMES—I'm done, thank God, with the long yarns
Of the most prosy of Apostles—Paul ¹ ;
And now advance, sweet Heathen of Monkbarns !
Step out, old quizz, as fast as I can scrawl.

[*Lockhart*]

¹ *Paul's Letters*, published early in January 1816. Scott is now embarking upon *The Antiquary*.

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE

MY DEAR ERSKINE,—I have a boon to ask of your learning. You know I am no Grecian but I want to quote the original of Homer upon an occasion which you will find on p. 291. The line occurs where Achilles is intreated for mercy by some poor Devil a son of Priam if I recollect right in his first carnage after Patroclus' death. Will you mark it in very legible Greek Characters on a separate slip of paper & inclose it to me. I send you the double proofs (they are uncorrectd) as you wishd to see the progress of the Apostle. Please return them at leisure. Yours ever

W S

[1815¹][*Miss Erskine*]

¹ The quotation wanted was for *Paul's Letters* : “ The death of Duhesme had something in it which was Homeric. He was overtaken in the village of Genappe by one of the Duke of Brunswick's black hussars of whom he begged quarter. The soldier regarded him sternly, with his sabre uplifted, and then briefly saying, ‘ The Duke of Brunswick died yesterday,’ bestowed on him his death wound :

κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων.”

Letter VIII.

1816

TO JOHN MURRAY

[1816]

DEAR SIR,—I enclose the sheets corrected being loth to stop press—I have written the corrections as distinctly as I can & am obliged to you for giving me the opportunity of doing it upon a large scale for no printer can strive against the difficulties of unknown phraseology a cramped hand and little space.

I will write more largely by next sheets—Paul has succeeded well here. Constable has but six hundred left of his two thousand. Yours truly W. S.

Take the trouble to send the inclosed letter with a copy of Paul to Mr. Loftly Swift Author of a poem on Waterloo. I have lost his address but his publishers will find him. I will send a copy to Blackwood on your account to replace it.

[*John Murray*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

[1816]

MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad you like the article. With all my exertions I have not got through the correction to save this post, and I wish to avail myself of the admirable letters of Croker and Malcolm to round the reflections on Waterloo. Tomorrow is no post but you will have the remaining sheets on the first post sans faute. I am writing during a long and confused pleading. Yours truly

[*Sir Alfred J. Law*]

W. S.

To [JAMES BALLANTYNE]

[1816 ?]

DEAR JAMES,—I return your bills accepted. Beg to observe that in the plan you proposed £1500 on Constable & £1500, on me which with £3000 of Constables bills was to make up the deficiency. But instead of this you have drawn on me for the full £3000. I dare say you have good reason but when there is any departure from our arrangements I wish you would always mention them.

I hope to call today when I leave the Court—Still cannot get the Hum Fum out of my head. Your anger against the French reminds me of the resentment of the Queen of Lilliput at the mode in which Gulliver extinguishd the conflagration & is much as reasonable.

Yours truly

W. SCOTT

CASTLE STREET.

I quite approve of the inclosed plan if it can be executed.
[Signet Library]

To CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

[1816]

DEAR CHARLES,—*Primo*. I hope you have not forgotten that you dine here on Friday at five.

Secundo. I send you a curious tract upon fairies.

Tertio. I have discoverd for you some curious particulars respecting Scottish Quakers particularly of my mothers great grandfather John Swinton in the article Barclay in Kippis new Editn. of the *Biographia Britannica*.¹ If you have not the book I will send it—On consideration I will send it on chance.

Lastly & to conclude Beloved I want your assistance in planning a silver cup for the Sutors of Selkirk to be given to the knaves by the Duke. He wishes to have

¹ See article on Robert Barclay (1648-90), pp. 589-602, vol. i. of *Biographia Britannica*, Second Edition with Corrections, Enlargements, etc., by Andrew Kippis, 5 vols., fol., 1778-93.

the birss¹ (a bona *fide* birss) disposed somehow as an ornament on the top on't. Now as the arms of the town are picturesque being a female figure with a child in her arms seated on a sarcophagus—I thought the birss might be put into her hand—but on trying it looks as if she was just going to flog the wean—then I thought of disposing it at the end of a sort of silver handle or sceptre—But that lookd like a broom & showd as if the poor woman had undertaken to be housemaid & child's maid at once—Pray aid me with your wit for mine is pumpd dry. Ever yours

W. SCOTT

If you are to be at home tomorrow I will call.

With two Books.

[*Hornel*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

[1816]

DEAR CHARLES,—As I am flattered by so good an antiquary looking at anything belonging to my forbears, I have looked up a letter² from Lord Cranstoun to Sir Gideon Scott of Highchester, the first Raeburn's elder brother. The poor lord seems to have been in sad trouble at the time. I have many, very many letters from people of note, but they are confused with the mass of my father's professional papers, which fill a whole garret. I send you Elphinstone.—Ever yours,

W. S.

CASTLE STREET, *Wednesday*.

[*Sharpe's Letters*]

¹ Birse, birs, byrss = a bristle. "To lick the birse" is to pass a small bunch of hogs' bristles through the mouth—as is done on being made "a souter of Selkirk."

² The letter is not enclosed, but the following Memorandum is sent.

[1816]¹

Walter, 1st. Laird of Raeburn, was the 3d. son of Sir William Scott, said to be tenth Laird of Harden : see article "Scott of Harden," in Douglas's Baronage. This Walter of Raeburn married Isobell Makdougall, daughter of Sir William Makdougall of Makerstoun, by Margaret, daughter of Auld Wat of Harden : they were therefore cousins-german.

I have heard that this Walter Scott was a man of learning, and skilled particularly in the Oriental languages ; and in the old family mansion-house at Lessudden there is a room called the library, where, it is said, his books were kept, until the collection was dispersed by his grandson. I presume he was like the mad fanatic in the song—

"In the holy tongue of Canaan
I placed my chiefest pleasure,
Till I pricked my foot
With a Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure."

The persons chiefly concerned in taking the children of Walter Scott from under his care were his elder brother, Sir William Scott (called Little Sir William, to distinguish him from his father and his wife's father or brother—I am uncertain which), the Laird of Makerstoun for the time. It is also said that the mother followed the children from the house of Lessudden to that of Makerstoun, and being there excluded from entering, sate down on her knees, and in her agony prayed that those who thus forcibly separated the child and parent might have no heir-male to succeed them ; and, in truth, the male line of Little Sir William Scott became extinct, and the house is now represented by the representative of his brother, Sir Gideon, and an heir-female succeeded to the estate and honours of the very ancient family of Makerstoun.

Walter of Raeburn had two sons and a daughter. The last died unmarried.² William, the eldest son, married Anna, eldest daughter of Sir John Scott of Ancrum, by Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Scott of Mangertoun. He had one son, Walter, who was killed in a duel near Selkirk, in October 1707, by one of the Pringles of Crichton : the place where they fought is still called the Raeburn-meadow-spot—an odd end for the grandson of a Quaker, and a sign the principles of non-resistance were pretty well purified out his veins.

The second son to whom the Order of Council refers was called Walter, after his father, and was my great-grandfather. He married a Miss Campbell of Silvercraigs, by which we are related to Blytheswood, and still call cousins. He was a scholar, and a great companion of Dr. Pitcairn. They agreed also in political principles : my ancestor having sworn never to shave till the Stewarts were restored—a vow which only ended in the saving soap and razors. These vows had not been uncommon in the 17th century. In Cowley's play mention is made of a rakehell cavalier, who, having no money to get his beard trim'd, affected to wear a beard for the King. My father had a good picture of this old gentleman given to him by the last Lord Kellie, to whom it came by his mother, the daughter

¹ The original MS. of this memorandum is at Barnbougle Castle.

² Scott is wrong. The daughter married her cousin, Capt. Wm. Anderson, son of Provost Wm. Anderson of Glasgow, and had a large family, all of whom, however, predeceased her.

of Dr. Pitcairn. There is another good one at Makerstoun. He bore arms in 1689, and was at Killiecrankie with Dundee,—also, I believe, in 1715 ; at any rate, he was imprisoned, and in danger, during that time.

The conversion of John Swinton of Swinton was an event of more political importance, as he had played a great part under old Noll. My mother, who is his great-granddaughter, says that his conversion to Quakerism was merely political, to avoid the fate of Waristoun and Argyle. My grand-aunt, Mrs Keith of Ravelston (*née* Miss Joan Swinton), was his granddaughter, and remembered a little of him. She said it was a common phrase of the time that if Swinton had not *trembled* he would not have *quaked*. Notwithstanding what is said of Lauderdale coveting his estate, I believe they were nearly related or connected. I will ask my mother how this stands ; for I remember a curious anecdote of hers upon the subject of conventicles. My grand-aunt aforesaid, but more especially her sister, Mrs Margaret Swinton (who was strangely murderd by her own maid-servant when I was at the High School), were both very rich in ancient tales and traditions. They said that Swinton never announced his conversion to his son, their father, afterwards Sir John Swinton, but that the first intimation he had of it was by finding the laced clothes, peruke, and sword, which he had taken off the night before, removed from his bedside, and a plain suit of Quaker garments laid down in their stead. There are some curious particulars in Fountainhall concerning the proceedings against Swinton. I had in the persons of my forbears a full share, you see, of religious persecution in the end of the 17th century, for all my great-grandfathers were under the ban, for one cause or another, and I think there were hardly two of them out of jail at once. My maternal great-grandfather, John Rutherford, a son of Hunthill, was also persecuted ; and my grandmother's family, on the father's side, Haliburton of Mertoun and New Mains, came off still worse, the son being killed before the eyes of the father by two or three of Monk's dragoons. But I am glad I escaped the honours of the stiff-rumped Quakers, which threatened to descend on me from two different channels. In George Fox's Journal, p. 451, vol. i., he gives an account of his journey to Scotland in 1651. He abuses the Scots as a "dark carnal people" ; yet he promises great increase there. "For when I first set my horse's feet upon the Scottish ground I felt the seed of God to sparkle about me like innumerable sparks of fire. Not but there is abundance of thick cloddy earth of hypocrisie, that is a top and a briary brambly nature, which is to be burnt up with God's Word, and plowed up with His spiritual plow," &c., &c.—like Obadiah's process for stubbing the Oxmoor.

Of all these conversions, Sir Gideon Scott's, of Highchester, strikes me most. He was Raeburn's elder brother, and ancestor of the present Mr Scott of Harelaw. From many letters of his I conceived him to be a very sensible, sound-headed man, a good politician and man of business ; but these delusions were universal at the time. I have little doubt that he converted Raeburn.

I may add to this notable string of trash that the famous Richard Cameron was once my g.-g.-grandfather¹ Sir W. Scott the elder's chaplain ; but they differed in doctrine, and he was expelled. Yet Sir W. was most cruelly fined and imprisoned because his wife haunted conventicles : see Fountainhall.

[*Sharpe's Letters*]

¹ Should be g.-g.-grandfather.

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

[1816]

DEAR SHARPE,—I return Kirkton for the chance of the Spirit moving you during my absence. Moreover I send you an old paper of accounts by the unfortunate Quaker of Raeburn. You will observe that his Nephew (the unhappy Walter Earl of Tarras) had been married to the eldest of the Buccleuch Heiresses & I suppose my Grannie had got this factorship as his part of the prize— But upon the union between the Duchess of Buccleuch with the D. of Monmouth he was obliged I suppose to render up his stewardship—Ever yours

W. S.

As for your prediction of the Quaker inspiration reviving among us after my day I can only answer with the bard

Says the Old Jackdaw to the young Jackdaw
Lord Damn you if you do.

[? 1816]

[*Hornel*]

TO REV. MR. POLWHELE, KENWYN, TRURO

1816

DEAR SIR,—I am very much flattered indeed by your obliging letter, and the praises which it contains, which, coming from you, are very valuable. I did not forget that I had some title to request your acceptance of a copy ; but the booksellers I suppose thought my list of my friends too numerous, as they curtailed it in one or two instances. Truly glad am I, that you are so kind as to give me an opportunity to make amends for their negligence ; and the first opportunity that occurs to send such a thing to London, I will beg your acceptance of a copy somewhat superior to those generally sold to the public.

I will not fail to persecute Messrs. Cadell and Davies, until they are pleased to obey your obliging order. Perhaps I may dun them in person, as I believe I shall be in London in the course of a week or two ; my motions, however, are rather uncertain. It would give me great pleasure were I to have any hope of seeing you while in town. I cannot close my letter without inquiring after Mr. Carlyon, whom I met very accidentally on the Banks of the Tweed, and was much pleased with. There is another friend of mine at present in Cornwall, the Rev. Mr. Marriot,¹ lately tutor to young Lord Scott, my little chieftain ; but obliged to leave a situation equally eligible and pleasant, and where he had a friend in every member of the family, from a tendency to pulmonary complaints. Should you meet him, may I hope you will give him a minstrel greeting for my sake ; but, if he happens to be already known to you, I am sure further introduction will be unnecessary.

The Editor of the Edinburgh Review is my particular friend ; but he and I often differ in points of criticism.

¹ John Marriott (1780-1825) was a poet and a divine. After graduating M.A. at Christ Church, Oxford, he went in 1804 to Dalkeith as tutor to George Henry, Lord Scott, elder brother of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. He remained there till 1808, "and during this period of his life he was on very intimate terms with Sir Walter Scott." He was ordained priest in 1805, "and was instituted on 28th April, 1807, to the rectory of Church Lawford in Warwickshire, a benefice in the gift of the Buccleuch family, which he retained until his death." On account of his wife's ill-health he was forced to live in Devon, where he served the curacies of St. James, Exeter, St. Laurence, Exeter, and Broad Clyst. "Scott addressed to him the second canto of 'Marmion,' with allusions to his store of classic and of Gothic lore, to their poetic talk, and to Marriott's harp :

'Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung :
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious man of woe.'

These poems were contributions to the third edition of the *Border Minstrelsy*, which consisted of "The Feast of the Spurs," "On a Visit paid to the Ruins of Melrose Abbey," and "Archie Armstrong's Aith." His best-known composition is "Marriage is like a Devonshire Lane," which appears in Joanna Baillic's collection of poems (1823). Sets of verses and many letters by him are in *Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Correspondence*.

If I find he views your poems with the same eye that I have done for many years, I am sure he will give them an honourable niche in his temple of Fame, or rather his theatre of Anatomy. I have myself long ceased to write in a work, the political sentiments of which do by no means correspond with mine ; indeed, I never did touch upon any poetical production, conscious that either my praise or censure might be easily misconstrued. The articles I used sometimes to furnish had chiefly relation to antiquities. Most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Letters of Sir Walter Scott, 1832*]

To JAMES BALLANTYNE

[1816]

DEAR JAMES,—I can by no means engage to give these gentlemen all future editions of this work which would be something more unfavourable to me than selling it. You can only say that you mean to annex no further condition to it on *your own part* & that you have no reason to think the author will change his publishers without some good reason. They have no reason to doubt our good faith but as they say a bargain is a bargain, I will keep Stuff in hand and I give you no power to bind me either directly or indirectly. If they will not trust to good usage I know others who will. I wish my own bills at 6 mots. in future but to accomodate Blackwd they may be renewable 6 mot. more at *his* expence. I inclose the bills.

W S

[*Glen*]

To JAMES BALLANTYNE

[*Early 1816*]

DEAR SIR,—The £100⁰⁰ received—& the Memorial found—with great difficulty— Could you bring Mr.

Hogarth¹ here at $\frac{1}{2}$ past four it would be the best time to sign & seal. We go to Sir Giles in the evening. I think you should write Murray yourself there is no use in letting Blackwood be the agent of a thing he has nothing to do with & I would mention to him distinctly that if Mr. B. declined the $\frac{1}{2}$ he should have it all himself if he liked—Yours &c.

W S

[Glen]

TO JAMES FERRIER²

[1816]

MY DEAR SIR,—Agreeably to your permission & assistance I start tomorrow to take a little breath after a good deal of hard work. You will receive in the course of a few days some letters on the present state of France and I heartily wish the perusal may give you a little amusement in attonement of the trouble you are now taking.

¹ “George Hogarth, Esq., W.S., brother of Mrs. James Ballantyne. This gentleman [was] well known in the literary world; especially by a *History of Music*.”—LOCKHART. He was father-in-law of Charles Dickens.

² James Ferrier (1744-1829), the father of Susan Ferrier, the novelist, was trained in the law office of Mr. Campbell of Succoth, “by whom he had long been treated as one of his own family and with whose son, Islay (afterwards President of the Court of Session), he formed a friendship which lasted for life.” He became a W.S., married Helen Coutts, daughter of a farmer near Montrose, who had come to live in Edinburgh with an aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Maitland, widow of a younger son of Lord Lauderdale. Ferrier managed the Argyll estates and became a friend of John, fifth Duke of Argyll, who enabled him to be appointed a principal Clerk of Session. In this office he had Scott as colleague, and he knew all the literary society of Edinburgh. After Mrs. Ferrier died in 1797, Susan Ferrier kept house for her father till his death. “Honest old Mr. Ferrier is dead at extreme old age,” writes Scott in his *Journal* on 20th January 1829. “I confess I should not wish to live so long. He was a man with strong passions and strong prejudices, but with generous and manly sentiments at the same time. We used to call him Uncle Adam, after that character in his gifted daughter’s novel of the *Heiress* [*Inheritance*].” On the 23rd he writes: “Went out to old Mr. Ferrier’s funeral, and saw the last duty rendered to my old friend, whose age was

‘—like a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.’

I mean in a moral as well as a physical sense.” See Doyle’s *Memoir of Susan Ferrier* (1898), pp. 6-13.

I hope to be in town on Sunday at farthest & in the course of next month I will have great pleasure in scribbling my hieroglyphicke for your handsome signature. Yours affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

CASTLE STREET *Sunday*

[*S. K. Ferrier*]

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

[*January* 1816]

MY DEAR LORD,—I have proceeded in my commission about the cup. It will be a very handsome one—But I am still puzzled to dispose of the birse in a becoming manner. It is a most unmanageable decoration—I tried it upright on the top of the cup—it lookd like a shaving brush & the goblet might be intended to make the lather—Then I thought I had a brilliant idea—The arms of Selkirk are a female seated on a sarcophagus decorated with the arms of Scotland which will make a beautiful top to the cup—so I thought of putting the birse into the lady's other hand—but alas it lookd so precisely like the rod of chastisement uplifted over the poor child that I laughd at the drawing for half an hour—Next I tried to take off the castigatory appearance by inserting the bristles in a kind of handle—but then it lookd as if the poor woman had been engaged in the capacities of housemaid & child-keeper at once & fatigued with her double duty had sate down on the wine-cooler with the broom in one hand and the bairn in the other—At length after some conference with Chas. Sharpe I have hit on a plan which I think will look very handsome if tolerable executed namely to have the Lady seated in due form on the top of the lid (which will look handsome & will be well taken) and to have a thistle wreathd around the sarcophagus and rising above her head and from the top of the thistle shall proceed the birse. I will bring a

drawing with me & they shall get the cup ready in the mean time. I hope to be at Abbotsford on monday night to stay for a week.

I have found several other Buccleuch papers chiefly relating to their quarrels with the Kerrs—in one I am told for I have not perused it entirely the Laird of Cessford becomes bound to give his sword drawn holding it by the point with the handle to the Laird of Buccleuch in the Church of Melrose & thus make the amende honorable for the slaughter of his father in Edinburgh. I read & partly copied another long deed on the same subject where attonement was to be made in the Kirk of St. Giles & measures were taken for allying the families: the contracting parties were the tutors of the young Laird of Buccleuch on the one hand & the Knight of Cessford on the other. Thomas Thomson our Depute Register to whom I pointed out these deeds thinks they contain the most singular picture of border manners ever exhibited—some of them will be essential to General Kerr in proving his pedigree should that ever be essential to him. I have got a very steady & careful man to make accurate copies of these for your Grace & Lord Montagu & also one for myself so the damage will not be great and I think your Grace would wish the research to be as exact & full as possible. I found a very singular record of my own ancestry vizt. an order from the privy council (a sort of *Lettre de cachet*) to take the bodies of William & Walter Scotts (the last was my great grandfather¹) out of the custody of their father Walter Scott of Raeburn & their mother, upon petition of Sir William Scott of Harden Raeburns brother who states that Raeburn & his wife were infected with the heresy of Quakerism. Poor Raeburn stands committed to Jedburgh jail with directions to admit no quakers to see him. He had been a denizen of Edinr. Jail for some time but it seems the quakers combined to get at him there—the children

¹ *i.e.* "Beardie."

are allowd £2000 Scots for education & maintenance which must have been a horrid oppression being much more than the little estates of Raeburn & Eilrig [?] could afford. The sons turnd out no quakers to say the least—one was a desperate duellist & was killd¹ near Selkirk by the late Mark Pringles grandfather—& the other a keen jacobite would have been hangd in 1715 but for Duchess Anne of Buccleuch who begd or bought him off—But I now see to what I have been indebted for my singular gravity & decorum of conduct as well as the present Raeburn for the upright rigidity of his spine—good blood will out—All this is very little to Your Grace but the spirit moved me to tell it you—you [see] sir I have got an admirable excuse for all my voluntary escapades in future—

The hawk deserved his fate being caught flagrante delicto—My cat has eat two or three birds while regaling on the crumbs that were thrown for them—this was a breach of hospitality—but oportet vivere—and *Micat* inter omnes with which stolen pun and my respectful compliment to Lord Montagu and the Ladies I am very truly your Graces most faithful & obliged Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. *Thursday*

May all the good things that a New year can bring attend your Grace & your family—

I send under another cover what I have just received the two drawings of the front & reverse of the lid of proposed Cup—Your Grace will be so good as understand that the thistle—the top of which is garnishd with the bristle—is entirely detachd in working from the figure & slips into a socket. The following lines are humbly suggested for a mottoe being taken from an ancient

¹ I am told that this is a mistake. It was the son of one of the brothers referred to who fought the duel and was killed—that is, it was Beardie's nephew, not his brother, who was the duellist.

Scottish Canzonette—unless the Yarrow committee can find any better

*The Sutor gae the Sow a kiss
Grumph ! quo' the Sow, its a' for my birrs—*

[*Buccleuch*]

TO LORD BYRON

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I had an early visit from a fair lady this morning who was in great anxiety lest a paragraph, which had appeared in one of our papers should appear to Lady Byron or you to have been inserted with her knowledge, or with the presumptuous purpose of converting your kindness into the foundation of a theatrical puff— Mrs. Henry Siddons, who thinks on this and other subjects very like a lady, seems particularly distressed at the indiscreet zeal of the friend, who, in a sincere wish to serve her, has injudiciously and, as she thinks, indelicately brought into view circumstances of private attention, which, while she feels the honour attending them, are not proper to be paraded before the public. I had no hesitation to say that I thought it impossible your Lordship or Lady Byron would attach any consequence to this blunder of a good friend of mine, who is a zealous admirer of Mrs. Siddons and the Drama as well as of your Lordship, and would, to my knowledge, be the last man upon earth to be guilty of disrespect to you or indelicacy to her.

Having thus far pleaded my cause like a good Advocate before I was in possession of facts, I have just got the paragraph which I enclose, and unless the thoughtless mention of Lady Byron's name, I think you will not find much to complain of, since it only represents your Lordship as anxious to do your duty in securing to the public of London an actress of Mrs. H. Siddons' eminence.¹

¹ During 1815-1816 Byron took part in the management of Drury Lane Theatre. Lady Byron, and later Byron himself, had asked Mrs. Henry Siddons to accept an engagement there. On account of "her respect for

However, she is unhappy lest your Lordship should misinterpret this unlucky paragraph into an abuse of Lady Byron's goodness and yours, and you will do a great kindness in reassuring her on the subject by a few lines addressed either to her or to me.

I have got a most enthusiastic letter from our Irish tragedian,¹ almost mad with gratitude to your kindness. Hogg, after playing a great part in the grand drama of football, which was enacted in the open air by 2000 performers, has returned to his cottage among the hills, and is there, again, I suppose, *smooored*² up with snow and living beneath the wreaths like an Esquimaux.

Edinburgh and some highly valued Friends there," she politely declined the offer. The following passage is an extract from the paragraph in a Scottish newspaper to which Scott alludes and which he enclosed with this letter to Byron: "We observe, with deep interest, that Mrs. HENRY SIDMONS is to make her first appearance, since the death of her husband [12th April 1815], in the character of 'Viola,' in *Twelfth Night*, on Saturday next. The choice of this character, which is one of the sweetest that Shakespeare has drawn, or the drama contains, is honourable to the taste of Mrs. SIDMONS. We know well that people are not to be goaded or coaxed to go to the theatre unless they like it; but we must really say, that we do earnestly trust this lady will not find the sacrifice she has made to the Edinburgh audience wholly thrown away. The sacrifice we allude to is this, and we pledge ourselves for the minute accuracy of the statement in every particular. When Mrs. SIDMONS was last in London, she was applied to by the committee of management for Drury Lane Theatre, in which her absence has long been heavily felt, to engage in that theatre upon certain terms; and before her answer could be obtained, she was again applied to, with the offer of a *carte blanche*; that is, she was requested to accept an engagement for one season, or for more than one, or for any number of nights she might fix; the pecuniary remuneration, in all and each of these cases, being left wholly to herself. To give this invitation all the grace it could possibly receive, it was made, in the first instance, through Lady BYRON, and, in the second, through her Lord. Mrs. SIDMONS received these applications as became her; but, decisively, though respectfully, declined them, 'because she could not accept them without failing in the duty which she felt herself to owe to the public of Edinburgh.' This statement requires no comment; and we repeat that we pledge ourselves for its accuracy in every particular." See Prothero's *Letters and Journals of Byron*, iii. 233-38, and Appendix VI, 424-26. The paragraph was probably written by James Ballantyne on information received from Scott.

¹ i.e. Maturin, whose play, *Bertram*, was, on Scott's introduction and by Byron's influence, accepted at Drury Lane, where it was acted on 9th May, 1816. Byron had sent Maturin £50.

² i.e. smothered.

Jeffrey is well, drinking champagne and writing criticisms. I don't know any other person here that your lordship cares for.

My best respects attend Lady Byron and I am always,
my dear Lord, most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 5 *January* [1816] all good things attend you
through 1816¹

Should you meet Lady Compton in Society pray be acquainted with her—it is worth while for she is a very clever young woman and skilled in legendary lore—

The Right Honble Lord Byron etc. etc. etc.

Piccadilly London

[*John Murray*]

To JAMES SKENE

EDINBURGH, 7th *January* 1816

MY DEAR SKENE,—I would long since have written to you on the subject of your journal,² but I waited for Constable's return from London. He seems well disposed to enter into the transaction upon the footing of his taking upon him the whole risk and expense and dividing the full profits. To understand this, however, you must be

¹ There is a touch of irony in this postscript. On 6th January Byron sent a note to his wife requesting her to leave home with her child as soon as it was possible to do so.

² "He was still desirous to have my drawings published with letterpress from the corresponding parts of a journal, which I had been in the habit of keeping when engaged in any foreign travel, but my reluctance to that ordeal was not easily overcome, so that the project did not take effect."—SKENE's *Memoirs*, p. 42. Skene had told Scott in his letter of 26th December 1815 that it was from Colin Mackenzie he had learnt of Scott's kind offer to help to brush up the journal. But what is being arranged does not satisfy Skene. "An idea you once suggested was more conformable to my notions and if it was thought worth while to have any particular series of drawings etched (Switzerland for instance) a few explanatory & perhaps interesting enough extracts might be obtained from my journal, or other sources, garnished with tasty vignettes which I could easily etch, might produce a pretty enough drawing-room-table Book."—*Walpole Collection*.

aware that first the publisher subtracts from the gross sum about £27 or £28 per cent. as the allowance to the retail booksellers, so that the calculation is made upon what they call sale price. From what remains there is deducted the expenses of print, paper, engraving, etc., and something in the way of incidents or advertising. All these, speaking roughly, come to more than a third of the gross amount, the rest is considered free profit and divisible. Upon the best calculation I can make, an author gains generally about one-sixth part of the whole, or half a guinea upon three guineas. I believe upon the whole it is the fairest mode of transacting business, and at present, when capital is ill to be come at, it is perhaps the only eligible one.

But the most difficult thing is to arrange the mode in which the engravings are to be executed, which I need not tell you I am totally ignorant of. Stroke engraving is intolerably expensive, and one is by no means sure of having it executed well even by employing the best engravers and paying the highest price. These gentlemen's temptation to make money is so great that they do not hesitate to employ their pupils on works to which they give their own name. Constable seems to incline to a sort of etching or *aqua tinta* affair, which looks showy enough and can be executed, he says, for five or six guineas a plate. As I wish you to judge for yourself, I caused him to send you a copy of Sir George Mackenzie's *Travels*¹ as a specimen of the style in which he thinks your journal should be published. He proposes one edition of five hundred copies of one of the volumes should be published, and would prefer the Tour through Sicily and Malta, though I believe he would take either you recommend. I have sent the volume of Mackenzie to Miss Skene, who will forward it by the first conveyance. As

¹ *Travels in the Island of Iceland during the summer of the year 1810.* By Sir George Stuart Mackenzie, Baronet [assisted by H. Holland and R. Bright]. Edinburgh, 1811, 4to.

we must hope for your coming up in the spring, if you do not like this style of etching, which appears to me slight and a little too sketchy I own, I think you had better put off a settlement till you come up, for although I could take it upon me to act for you in matters of literary concern, yet I am by no means qualified to do so in point of *vertu*.

I cannot express to you how much I was disappointed by finding you had left Edinburgh just two days before my arrival. I was obliged to stay till I had completed a small purchase¹ in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, which lies convenient for me, and being the property of a country body I did not know what sort of *pigs* might have seen through the bargain if I had left it before signing and sealing. Indeed, it was well I stuck by it, for twenty-four hours after, I had the offer of £600 profit on my bargain, which was more than an eighth part of the whole purchase money.

I have looked over the journals, and think them, as I always did, excellently fitted for publication; though the language may here and there want a little combing, it is plain, distinct, and impressive upon striking subjects. Whatever I can do to help the matter through as corrector of the press or otherwise, believe I will do it with pleasure. But still, if you are to come up in two or three months, as I hope and trust you will, I think the matter will be more satisfactorily set a-going under your own eye and little or no time lost. Should you, however, entirely approve of Mackenzie's book and plates, there can be no occasion for delay.

I hope you will have no objection to take a scamper to the Continent one of these days. I think of it seriously either this year or the year after, for as my children are getting up and my household can go on as well in my absence as presence, I would willingly, while I have some stamina left, take a view of the Rhine and Switzerland and as far in Italy as I could, returning by Spain and the

¹ *i.e.* Kaeside.

South of France. Should you think of this seriously we will go together, for you, like me, are I know of opinion with the old song :

“ A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Go through the wide world, brave boys ” ;

and are not therefore disposed, when out of England, to bother themselves for want of English comforts.

My best and kindest compliments attend Mrs. Skene and the young people, and believe me ever, my dear Skene, most truly and affectionately yours,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Skene's Memories*]

To JAMES BALLANTYNE

Abt. 10th Jany, 1816

MY DEAR JAMES,—I am quite in keeping with the period.¹ Look at old John Dowie or Daniel M'Intosh. They are not men with the education of the present day, but men who bring the manners of our father's age into ours. Wattie Richie at Peebles played the *very* trick of the claret in my presence. If I wrote every-day-manners who would read them. I send the books, the sheet, the MS., and eight pages for Bishop. I am quite aware of what you mean. You must give my interest time to evolve itself.

W. S.

[*Rosebery*]

To CHARLES ERSKINE

[*12th January, 1816*]

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have today struck a bargain with Mr. Nicol Milne for certain acres of his Abbotslee land which squares my late acquisition very handsomely. Mr. Milne has behaved very well in the transaction &

¹ This letter refers to the progress being made on *The Antiquary*.

has not I think made me pay very much for accomodation. Something you know is reasonable.

Now I wish you of all loves to dine here on Saturday and close this matter with a sheet of your infallible Stamp paper. Come at three o'clock if possible—Compliments to Mrs. Erskine. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Thursday*

[*Curle*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—Inclosed is the article upon Emma.¹ I have been spending my holidays in the country where besides constant labour in the fields during all the hours of daylight, the want of books has prevented my completing the highland article. It will be off however by Tuesday first as I must take Sunday to Monday into the account of finishing it. It will be quite unnecessary to send proofs of Emma, as Mr. Gifford will correct all obvious errors and abridge it where necessary.

I have obtained a promise of a pension for poor Archie Park : pray say so with my best respects to Mr. Wishaw.²

¹ This appeared in No. XXVII of the *Quarterly Review* for October 1815, pp. 188-201. Murray had suggested this. "Have you any fancy to dash off an article on 'Emma'—it wants incident and romance or imagination—does it not—none of the Author's other Novels have been noticed & surely *Pride & Prejudice* merits high commendation."—*Walpole Collection*. The "highland article" is the review of *The Culloden Papers . . . published from the Originals in the possession of Duncan George Forbes, of Culloden, Esq. ; to which is prefixed an Introduction, including Memoirs of the Right Hon. Duncan Forbes, many years Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland*, which appeared in No. XXVIII of the *Quarterly* for January 1816, pp. 283-333.

² For Mr. Wishaw see Lord Jeffrey in Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, ii. p. 53 : "We were sitting in homely ease by the fire, ourselves four, when the house-bell rang, and something that sounded like 'Mr Fisher' (Wishaw it should have been) was announced as waiting downstairs ; the emotion about whom on Mrs Jeffrey's part, and her agitated industry in sorting the apartment in the few seconds still available, struck me all the more when Mr Fisher himself waddled in, a puffy, thickset, vulgar little dump of a man whose manners and talk (talk of cholera then threatened or almost

I have sent a commission to Wurz & Fruttel to procure me the Benedictine edition of the French historians. If they should advise you that they have succeeded and draw upon you for the price please advise me that I may put you in funds. I desired them to draw at a month's sight.

I wrote Lord Byron a few days since.

But I must to the Highlands in great haste so this is all at present from Yours truly

W. SCOTT

19 *January* 1816 EDINBURGH

[*Sir Alfred J. Law*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—My article is so long that I fancy you will think yourself in the condition of the Conjuror who after having a great deal of trouble in raising the Devil could not get rid of him after he had once made his appearance. But the highlands is an immense field and it would have been much more easy for me to have made the sketch twice as long than to make it shorter. There still wants eight or more pages which you will receive tomorrow's or next day's post but I fancy you will be glad to get on.

I sent you a few days since the Article on Emma. Inclosed is a letter from Mrs. Scott to her friends in Whitehorse Street which I beg you will have the goodness to forward. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

EDIN. 25 *January* 1816

come) struck me as very cool, but far enough from admirable. By the first good chance I took myself away; learned by and by that this had been a Mr Wishaw whose name I had sometimes heard of (in connection with Mungo Park's Travels or the like); and long afterwards, on asking old Stirling who or what this Wishaw was. 'He's a damned old humbug; dines at Holland House,' answered Stirling readily. Nothing real in him but the Stomach and the effrontery to fill it, according to his version: which was all the history I ever had of the poor old man."

Elphinstone's book is by far the most interesting of the kind that I ever read.¹

[*Sir Alfred J. Law*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

26th Janry. 1816

DEAR TERRY,—I am very glad you have been able to suit your effort to the taste of those who are arbiters of public pleasures. For my share in it Duple it as you list so it pleases the public & serves you. It was a very rough combed thing & I had no time to make it better. I will be delighted to have the sketches. Pray let me know when convenient whether Mrs. Terry proposes to teach this season. If you will send the Gentlemen's recreation² to Murray Albemarle Street or Longman in Paternoster Row they will take care to forward it to me : it will rather overpower Mr. Freeling's omnipotence of franking : I am much obliged to you for picking it up. I am sorry I cannot see your jolly party which I dare say will give no small pleasure. James Ballantyne gives us his last Bachelor dinner tomorrow & then moves off in all typographical state.³ We had yesterday a wine tasting dinner for the Pitt meeting, & I think my head is somewhat muddled this morning. If the prophecies of *Daniel* are correct he will be obliged to come down now & then to Tweed side to seek advice & cooperation on future occasions. But we must not reckon our chickens &c. I fear the effects of a twice told tale. A great deal depends upon your keeping your own secret which is

¹ Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone's *An account of the kingdom of Caubul, etc.* 1815. See note to letter to Morritt (February-March 1816). See p. 185 and notes.

² Listed in the Abbotsford Library Catalogue (p. 232) : *The Gentleman's Recreations, in 3 parts. Part I. Introduction to all the Liberal Arts and Sciences. Part 2. Horsemanship, Hawking, Hunting, Agriculture, &c. Part 3. Compleat Body of all our Forest, Chase, and Game Laws, &c.* 2d edit. fol. London, 1710.

³ He married Miss Hogarth on 1st February 1816.

no deception after all for you have only received a very ugly lump of a thing. You will let me know how you get on. I think you should apply for a song to Mrs. Baillie : she would be flattered with the request. Make my best respects to Mrs. Terry in which Mrs. Scott joins & believe me Very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO LADY COMPTON

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—I am much obliged by your kind letter lately received. We are mistified by the disturbances which have spoild our sport by carrying off my noble antagonist Lord Home and I was very much disposed to say like Falstaff “ Out you villains play out the play ”—I assure you I would have taken the field at the head of a very fine band of young fellows as Scotland can turn out. But as this Bet cannot be decided for the present we are busy [? reviving] an old Border establishment of a rural sports and athletic exercises. The gentlemen associated for this purpose have agreed to take the hills in the course of next summer pitch tents by some of our wild lakes and live like Robin Hood of England making war on the fowls of the air and the fishes in the Mere and giving prizes for running leaping wrestling pitching the Bar and so forth that the commoners may have their share of fun. If Lord Compton and you will do us the honour to come and see us we will give you hunters’ wellcome. If the Duke keeps his health as he is the pin that holds us together we shall have very fine sport.

I have taken your Ladyships name (not in vain I trust) but in some degree of freedom : for I have ventured to put you down as a subscriber for a collection of Scottish

and particularly highland tunes collected by a man named Alexr. Campbell a regular musician with a good deal of taste, a furious highlander, and I believe a very good man. I must give you a sketch of his history. When I knew him first he was organist to a non-juring Chapel in Edinburgh, attended by the scattered remnant of those folks called in derision Jacobites. My mother engaged him in the hopeless attempt to teach my brothers and me a little church music but as the noise we made was so fearful as to alarm our neighbours in Georges Square you may imagine he had not much credit by his pupils. He also taught in Lady Keppoch's family who chose to the great offence of her husband to unite her fortunes with the said Mr. Campbell.¹ This proved an ill-fated union—poverty came in at the door and Love flew out at the window—and my friend A. C. who was entitled to be at least half mad in his double capacity of a fidler and a poet was in danger of becoming wholly so by a train of the most distressing calamity. An accident about this time renewed my acquaintance with Mr. C. and I had the good luck to recover a sum of money from a swindling bookseller who had cheated the poor fellow and which set him out of all pressing distress. He has since got encouragement from the Highland Society and some money to enable him to travel through Scotland and collect music which he has done with great success and fidelity. He is to give the simple tunes with no other accompaniment than a few notes of symphony which he has executed with great taste. I have promised him words of a simple and legendary kind for some of his tunes in hopes that may help him out. Now what I have to beg of you dear Lady Compton is to get the poor man a name or two in your circle besides your own for which I have ventured to pledge myself. There is one most beautiful and to me an entirely unknown Scottish air that I would give a silver sixpence to hear a certain fair

¹ The widow of Ranauld Macdonald of Keppoch according to the *D.N.B.*

friend of mine sing it as she was wont to do. The words are as far as preserved

Why weep you by the tide Lady
 Why weep you by the tide
 I'll wed you to my youngest son
 And you sall be his Bride
 And you sall be his Bride Lady
 Sae comely to be seen—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 Fer Jock of Hazeldean.

I give these words because if you dont know the tune I will send it you and your singing it will be the best recommendation of Campbell's collection. I will make out the legend—Another thing is do you think there would be any harm in giving him your translation of Allan Muidyart—it cannot go to the tune of Achen fome.¹ But I think we could find a beautiful highland air for it. It is a great card for him to have good words.

I am very sorry that the C. family continue to [give] ground of vexation. I was in hopes they had just brought the matter to a downright quarrel in all the forms and if they plague you by keeping up a harassing intercourse merely to have the pleasure of vexing you I think it will be for you and Lord Compton to consider whether you may not let it drop—for what says our ancient proverb—*better a finger off as aye wagging*—I think it was very wise of Lord Compton to break off the treaty about the trees when it was in my apprehension only used as the means of taking a very undue advantage.

I will not fail to enquire at Miss Clephane concerning the Mermaid affair but I make you aware that I am much scandalized that there should be any such a similarity as should render in any circumstances a Mermaid liable to be mistaken for a Porpoise.

¹ In the *Songs of the North* this refrain is given to the song "Sound the Pibroch," and the spelling is "Tha tighin fodham," pronounced "Ha cheen foam," and, with the "eirigh" in the last repeat, means, "It comes upon me to arise"—i.e. for Prince Charlie.

Adieu my dear Lady Compton remember me kindly
to Lord Compton and believe me very truly,
Your affectionate friend and very humble servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 6th Feb. 1816

No late news from the lonely isle.

[*Northampton*]

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

MANY thanks my dear Sir for your unceasing tokens of recollection,—I think your Counsellor O’Gorman has got into a very foul scrape, and illustrated what I have always suspected, that those who are apt to be peculiarly and clamourously loud in the assertion of supposed public rights, do not always feel quite so acutely at the infringement of those which subsist in Society between Man and Man— It is one of the worst consequences of popular discontent, that mouthing and violent men almost always excite the passions of the disaffected, and feeling no tie of principle themselves, are indifferent to the crimes and follies to which they urge their followers— As to what concerns Mr. Mason, you will I am sure comprehend that the first point which you have to consider is your own opinion of that Gentleman’s character ; if he is such a man as may with propriety ask and receive assistance in a literary undertaking, I should feel hurt that any chance of his combating my opinions should through the partiality of my Friends stand in the way of his researches, but of course I have neither the title or the wish to push Mr. Mason’s cause further than Mr. Mason’s character would have carried him, if there had been no such edition of Swift’s Works as that which I have ventured to offer to the Public. So that all I entreat of Mr. Steeles increasing kindness and of your’s is that you will lay me entirely out of the question, unless just thus far, that

I would rather Mr. Mason saw the papers than that he had to complain that they were withheld from him. I send you a work on the present state of France, or rather as matters stood in Sept. last. I think you will like some part of it. It has sold here very rapidly, and has received the flattering approbation of many officers of distinction who were present at Waterloo— I have been busy, notwithstanding the roughest weather I have ever seen, superintending my new operations at Abbotsford. I think I told you I had extended my wings nearly as far as the Loch at Caldshiels where you may remember Walter sailing his little Frigate, which nearly trebles the extent of my little property—and furnishes me with no small prospect of future amusement— I assure I was out every day from ten in the morning till four in the evening looking after what Mr. Shandy might call the stubbing of the Ox moor— The *Reliques of the Melodino*¹ do the greatest credit to the Translator, I was really at a loss to discover whether I was to suppose that the circumstance of their being translated, from the Spanish was not an assumed one— I am very sorry for Mr. Lawson, and should be happy were it in my power to be of use to him, which is not however very likely. Curry's *History of the Civil Wars*² is like Lord Castlehaven's work, a good deal of the *Memoire justificatif*— I am much obliged to you for it—If you have any Musical Friends who would like a real and most extensive collection of Scottish and Highland Airs, there is one now making under patronage of the Highland Society by Mr. Alexr. Campbell, who is to give them in their genuine simplicity, with no other accompaniment than a few notes of symphony, which Campbell's taste and

¹ *Relics of Melodino* [i.e. Francisco Manoel de Mello] translated [into verse, from the Spanish and Portuguese] by E. Lawson. . . . From an unpublished Manuscript, dated 1645. 8vo. London, 1815.

² Dr. J. Curry's *Historical and Critical Review of the Civil Wars in Ireland, &c. With the State of the Irish Catholics*. New edit. 8vo. Dublin, 1810. Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 244.

knowledge of that particular stile of composition have enabled him to execute with great success. If you think you are likely to get two or three names I will send you his proposals—he has been harshly treated by fortune, which is a reason for lending him a lift—indeed I think the most of the work will speak for itself and make him easy— Mrs. Scott and the young people beg kind remembrances and I remain most sincerely your's

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 8th February, 1816.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO MISS CLEPHANE

February 10th 1816

MY DEAR MISS CLEPHANE,—I am glad that you are safe in your lovely isle during this tempestuous winter, which I do assure you made me not a little anxious about Mrs. Clephane and you while on the sea. I have never seen severer weather although I contrived to be at Abbotsford for ten days in the vacation after Christmas, and kept the moor gallantly from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, working away at my new territories, which now embrace all the beautiful bogs and springs which we passed so wearily upon one Sunday forenoon in the last Autumn. It promises me as much work as ever the bog of Balley Galley etc. gave to the successive Lords of Castle Rackrent.¹ Only, God forbid I should have a lawsuit about it. I would not for a penny that people in general knew how much I would give up rather than defend myself at the Law. But I shall be half ruined with drains dikes and planting accompts only that by good luck my farm on the verge of Parnassus has been so

¹ In Maria Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent* Thady Quirk informs Sir Kit Rackrent's lady on her arrival at Castle Rackrent that she "must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarricko' shauglin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family; we would not part with the bog of Allballycarricko' shauglin upon no account at all."

productive as to make amends for the losses which I must sustain by my possessions on *terra firma*, for by good luck like the nobility of Laputa I have possessions both in the flying Island of imagination and the bogs and brambles of earthly mainland. I have a letter from Lady Compton who bids me charge you to send me a new Factor's garland¹ on the lamentable blindness of the President of the Royal Society who cannot, it seems, see the difference betwixt a mermaid and a porpoise, a mistake which must be allowed very dishonourable either to the optics of the said President, or to the charms of the sea-nymphs, who must have fallen off very much since the days of yore, if indeed there is any similarity between a mermaid and a pellock.² Pray satisfy my curiosity in the matter, with your best convenience.

It was I believe during your absence from Mull that Alexr. Campbell the publisher of a new and ample collection of Highland and Scottish tunes made his rounds in the Western isles. He has been very successful

¹ On 11th January 1816 Lady Compton had written to Scott: "I heard from Cousin Jane two days ago and she sent me a true Ballad of a factor which made me laugh not a little and which I wish you would insist on her sending to you. It is a true history of the Duke of Argyll's factor going to fish for mermaids and sending the bones of a porpoise to Sir J. Banks mistaking them for the object of his search—and he still persists in asserting the bones of the Mermaid were genuine and that Sir J. Banks was an 'auld blind doited deevil' that could not see—Do tell her to send it. . . . Of course she will not say anything of her ballad except among friends."

In her reply of 5th March Miss Clephane writes that when Allan returns she will send Dunaverty and "the old Factors new Garland by him. . . . By the bye, I hear the poor factor is likely to be unkenelled: they say the Duke of Argylls lands in this Island [Mull] are for sale. . . . If I can be of any use to your protégé Alexr. Campbell, I shall be very happy. Sir John Sinclair came to us in Edinr. last summer about him, but Sir John is not the best canvasser, & had we had time to attend to the matter . . . the queer *blarney* with which he contrived to mix it, would have revolted the vanity of a stock-fish. Thank you much for putting down my name among the subscribers, for I have since been ashamed that Sir Johns nonsense should have swayed our determination one way or other. I am glad Campbell does not mean to encumber his songs with over-accompaniments, with which (low be it spoken) Haydn has badly spoilt Thomsons great collection. I have a number of Gaelic songs, & if Campbell comes here he shall benefit thereby."—*Walpole Collection*.

² *i.e.* a porpoise.

and has recovered some beautiful airs which he gives nearly as you would sing them, that is in their own simplicity with no other ornament than the taste of the performer can give and a few notes of characteristic symphony. I have taken the liberty to put your name down as a subscriber as I think you would like to encourage the undertaking. Campbell is half musician half poet and in right of both capacities half mad. He is however a very good though an unfortunate and in worldly matters an imprudent man. If he travels again this year I will send him to Torloisk. I assure you he travels like a highland Bhaird in his complete tartans "with dirk and pistol by his side" like Master Frog when he went awooing. I wish you very much to give him your advice and assistance in his labours—that is if you approve of what he has already done. He is a thorough bred musician, and can take down music readily from hearing it sung. Some of his tunes are really very prettily arranged and I am beginning to give him words for them. One tune I am quite engoué about—it is decidedly an old Scottish air but is entirely new to me.¹ The only words which were remembered by the young woman (a Miss Pringle) who sang it were these—I write them down that I may know if you have heard them.

Why weep you by the tide, Ladie,
 Why weep you by the tide,
 I'll wed you to my youngest son
 And you sall be his bride.
 And you sall be his bride, Ladie
 Sae comely to be seen—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

I have not yet got the view of Dunnaverty² in which I would have been highly interested. I hope my right

¹ No more of the old song was recovered and Scott supplied the well-known verse which follows.

² A quondam castle in Southend parish, near the Mull of Kintyre, Argyllshire. It was once a stronghold of the Lords of the Isles, and said to have given shelter to Robert Bruce.

feal friend Allan MacLean has not stuck fast in the snow with it— I have a book to send you called Pauls letters which has occupied my time and made me a shameful correspondent. I will send it to Manners & Miller unless you will teach me a shorter road to convey it to you.

Our party at Ball went off capitally and Walter in his Forest green mounted and armed capapee with a large gold chain and medal around his neck bore the banner with a good grace. The day ended in a formal challenge between Lord Home and me to try a match each bringing 100 chosen men to the field. I am sorry to say the match is likely to go off for Lord Home's regiment is ordered for Ireland. But at all events we are to take [to] the hills in summer, and pitch tents by one of our wild lakes and live for a week like Robin Hood in merry Sherwood, the gentles to take all sports of hill and stream and the commoners to have prizes for leaping running pitching the bar and all other rural pastimes.

In the meantime you will be surprized to learn what a *following* I could turn out for from the offers I have from different leaders among the commons I have reason to think my backing would not be much less than Allan-a-Sop¹ himself might have chosen to lead.

Mrs. Scott and my young people send their kindest and best remembrances to Mrs. Clephane, Miss Williamina and you, and regret sincerely the great distance which separates us and the circumstances which render Edinburgh a less pleasant head-quarters for you than it ought naturally to be. All good things attend you. I fancy these words will blow your warrant of Admiralty some good, for we hear of nothing but wrecks. Believe me always, my dear Miss Clephane Your affectionate friend

WALTER SCOTT

MISS MACLEAN CLEPHANE, TORLOISK, BY AROS

[*Northampton and Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ Probably the same as Allan-a-Dale of the Robin Hood ballad and of *Ivanhoe*.

TO CLARKE WHITFELD

EDINBURGH 22 *Feb.* [1816]

MY DEAR SIR,—You are heartily welcome to the song from the French, and to another which is in a work called “Pauls letters” if you think it worth while ; and as they are my own property I have it in my power to authorize you to publish them as composed for your work. The other is I think the better of the two.¹

I will give you two songs at least, but I cannot find time to write poetry until our Courts rise upon the 12th of next month, as I am doing my own duty & that of one of my brethren who is unwell ; mighty unpoetical matter I promise you. If you were near me to suggest tunes and hum them over till my stupid ear had got some hold of them I would write as many songs as you could desire, in fact in that way they compose themselves. I did something like this for an old Highland acquaintance who fell back in the world, & I hoped it would serve him in some stead. They form a sort of songs of the clans, being words to the pibrochs or gathering tunes of the principal Highland families. That of the Camerons is a very fine one, and I will send you a set when he gets forward. The bagpipe itself is a horrid instrument unless in the open air, but some of the tunes are very good and I think Alaster Campbell will make a very complete collection, the object being to get a national repository of our old music before it is altogether forgotten.

I beg to be remembered to Mrs Whitfeld & your daughter. Pray be so kind as to give me an idea of the stanza which you would prefer & believe me Very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ There are three songs from the French in *Paul's Letters*—“Chanson,” “Romance de Troubadour,” and “Chanson de la Folie.” Scott had them translated into English, as he says in the text, “by meeting at Paris with one of our Scottish men of rhyme.”

TO MISS CLEPHANE

[Jan.-Feb. 1816]

MANY thanks my dear Miss Clephane for your kind two letters.¹ Do not suppose this an answer to either of them, as I am in town for a very few days, and much pressed for time. I beg your and Mrs. Clephanes acceptance of two books. Paul has been generally liked especially the battle, about which I have had many compliments from military people. I send you also the two political poems with a few additional lines. Item, for this is a mere bill of lading, some sheets of music of Campbell's intended work, which we trust will thrive. Caduill gu la has taken immensely in Covent Garden. I gave it to our friend Terry to ornament a farce or opera or melodrama of his derived from Guy Mannering, which has had good fortune. I am answerable for the words of three of these (the full words will be given separately) and we wish much to have your opinion.

The Factor's Garland is admirable and worth a mermaid's skeleton at any time. No news here but that we are all well, and that I have got a deer-hound or blood-hound, or wolf-hound that is the most magnificent creature ever seen for height and strength. All Edinburgh is agape at him. I got him from Glengarry. He is descended of the Blue Spanish wolf-dog, and the real dør grey-hound, and might have followed Johnnie Armstrong for size and dignity.

Remember me most kindly and faithfully to Mrs. Clephane and also Miss Williamina. Ever yours,

W. S.

All my copies of the Ballad at Carter-haugh are *gone abroad*, but I will get one for you.

[Northampton]

¹ These letters are not in the *Walpole Collection*.

TO THE REVEREND DR. LEE, ST. ANDREWS ¹

[*End of February, 1816*]

SIR,—I am honoured with your letter acquainting me with the decease of my learned and venerated friend professor Fergusson ² whom I have known and looked up to for thirty years and upward and who was the last survivor among the distinguished literary characters who adorned Scotland during the last century. I am

¹ John Lee (1779-1859) was born at Torwoodlee Mains, in the parish of Stow, Midlothian. Educated at Edinburgh University, in 1804 he acted as amanuensis, at Inveresk, to the Rev. Alexander Carlyle ("Jupiter Carlyle"), who left to Lee's care the MS. of his autobiography on his death in 1805. Lee became Professor of Church history at St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, in 1812, and was chosen rector of the college. From there he was transferred to the Professorship of moral philosophy in King's College, Old Aberdeen, where he remained till 1821. He was then presented to the first charge of the Canongate Church, Edinburgh, after which he filled the successive positions of principal clerk of the General Assembly, minister of St. Giles, Edinburgh, principal of the United College of St. Andrews (in 1837), dean of the Chapel Royal, Stirling, principal of the University of Edinburgh (in 1840), and moderator of the General Assembly (in 1844). "He was accomplished in almost every branch of knowledge, and in Scottish literary and ecclesiastical history had accumulated most minute and curious information. He collected a library of twenty thousand volumes, and is described by John Hill Burton in the *Book Hunter* as Archdeacon Meadows the bibliomaniac, who would buy a book of which he had several copies already, and then, not being able to find any of his copies, would have to borrow the same book from a friend for reference."—*D.N.B.* His chief works are : *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland* (1860) and *The University of Edinburgh from 1583 to 1839* (1884).

² Adam Ferguson (1723-1816), father of Scott's friend Sir Adam Ferguson, successively chaplain to the Black Watch, with which he was present at the battle of Fontenoy ; librarian in succession to David Hume of the Advocates' Library ; professor of natural and then of moral philosophy at Edinburgh University. He wrote an *Essay on Civil Society* (1766) which won the praise of Thomas Gray and Baron d'Holbach. It reached a seventh edition and was translated into French and German. He travelled on the Continent with the Earl of Chesterfield, visiting Voltaire at Fernay, and in 1778-9 acted as secretary to the Commission sent out by North to arrange the dispute with the colonies. In 1785 he was succeeded in the professorship by Dugald Stuart. It was at his house, Sciennes Hill House, on the north side of the Meadows, that Scott met Burns in 1786-7. He resided later at Hallyards in Peeblesshire, at Neidpath Castle, and finally at St. Andrews. The sender of the letter tells us Ferguson died on 22nd February and other letters were sent from Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, etc.

very much obliged to you for the details with which you have favoured me and regard my late excellent friend as highly fortunate in having survived to see and enjoy the triumph of his country over her enemies in the unparalleled struggle she had to sustain during the last years of his life. In the affection of the ladies he had everything that could render happy the evening of his life and drawn as it was beyond the usual span of existence we could but wish for him continuance of his mental powers untill it pleased God to remove him by an easy and peaceful change. The monuments which he has left behind him of his philosophical & historical researches will protract his memory long after we and ours shall be as he now is.

I am aware the Miss Fergussons must for some time be in great affliction. The duties which they so unremittingly and affectionately rendered to their father became in a great measure the business of their lives and the want of that ruling motive will long remind them of their loss. They have the sincere sympathy of this family and more particularly my own as I have been so long & so intimately connected with all the members of Dr. Fergusson's household. Mrs. Scott will take an early opportunity of expressing the interest which we feel so deeply. I could have wished that Adam or John Fergusson had been with their sisters on this occasion but their duty has ordered it otherwise. I beg to repeat that I am much obliged by your attention on this occasion & remain Sir Your most obedient servant

WALTER SCOTT

[*William J. Lee*]

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

[*Feb.-March 1816*]

I WAS most particularly obliged by your late letter my dear Morrith acquainting me with your arrival in

London where ones attention is at least distracted if not amused & where you in particular are calld with other good men to your post at a moment when things look rather gloomy on us. For my own part I will have no fear if ministers are just to themselves and to the country and do not suffer themselves to be bullied out of a system of finance deliberately adopted as best calculated to maintain the credit of the country. The vacillation concerning the income tax last year gave rise to the corn-bill riots and if they now give way again to a similar clamour they will do themselves and the country incalculable harm. The fact is that Britain suffers most by a fever upon the spirits of the people carefully excited and maintained by the deleterious cordials with which state quacks are continually dozing us. We have the experience of ages that there must be an occasional ebb and flow in all worldly affairs—the commercial interest suffered most three years ago and now it is rising and agriculture has received a corresponding check. If people will wait a little the thing will come round for the pressing part of the evil consists in farmers having argued that as land had been gradually rising in value for twenty years it was impossible there should ever be a decline of the balance. So on they went bidding over each others heads not with any reference too often to the real value of the subject but to some theoretical idea of what it would be worth if the progressive value of land continued to rise. This was obviously a bubble and it cannot burst without wetting some of those who have been blowing it but better sooner than later and if the monied interest afford support to the creditable & substantial part of the tenantry so as not to compell them to send their produce at once into the market the country will weather the storm quite well. But an unreasonable outcry like the agitation of a terrified mob seldom fails to augment tenfold the mischief which occasions it.

I am very sorry for what has taken place between

Lord Byron and his Lady¹ for I was in great hopes that the comfort of domestic society might tame the wayward irregularity of mind which is unfortunately for its owner connected with such splendid talent. I have known Lord Byron do very great and generous things and I would have been most happy to find that he had adopted other and more settled habits. But I should be afraid that is hardly to be hoped for now for the very circumstances of éclat which have attended the separation will prevent them ever uniting again for such breaches made up are like a china dish clasped it has an appearance of union but has lost its value and must always be precarious and insecure.

I augur very different things of our friend Lord [&] Lady Compton. She says she has seen you and I hope you will look after them now and then. She has a great fund of good sense along with her accomplishments and conducted herself with great delicacy and propriety in the very painful family discussions which preceded her marriage and with which you are partly acquainted. I will be happy to learn when you write how they are going on—they have not much of the world's goods which one thinks odd in the circumstances of an only son heir to a Marquisate & a free estate of £20000 a year. But they must battle the world like other folks and take out the odds in prudence and affection.

What is Heber doing in this best of possible worlds? buying books I suppose and eating turbot which will now be burthening the tables of the Londoners. I am looking forward anxiously to Abbotsford as our Session rises on the 10th and I have a great deal to do. I believe I told you that I have made a considerable addition to my property there and intend the improvement of it to be a great source of amusement if it please God to grant me health and strength to superintend it. But our

¹ On 2nd February 1816 Sir R. Noel had proposed an amicable separation to Byron.

weather has been severe to an unheard of degree. A few mild days which succeeded the long frost have again given place to an iron-bound black frost varied by a slight occasional powdering of hail and on Sunday we had a tornada of wind with lightning and thunder glancing along the streets.

I would advise you to read Elphinstones Cabul¹ if you have not already done so. It is the best account of shepherd tribes which we have had for a long time & drawn with a discriminating and spirited pencil. Sir John Malcolms Persia has been also part of my winter reading. The succession of so many hard named tyrants through a course of events not strikingly varied unless when the turbulent tribes emigrated and like a migration of the Solway Moss overran and ruind Indostan does not sound [?] a very varied or amusing subject. Yet I found it very interesting and I think Sir John has succeeded very well : his own remarks are always naturally and aptly introduced and show knowlege of mankind both in theory and practice.

Pray remember me to young Mr. Stanley²—it is long to be laying plans for six months hence but I cannot help hoping that you and he may take a trip to Scotland. I would have especial pleasure in going to any part of it with you which might have some chance of showing you any thing new or interesting. My family are all well & join in love. Walter is as tall as I am and carries breadth and strength along with him. I think I would be desirous that he should spend perhaps two years at

¹ Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone's *An account of the kingdom of Caubul and its dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India ; comprising a view of the Afghaun Nation, and a history of the Dooraunee Monarchy.* London, 1815. 4to. Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia* had been published in July 1815. Listed in the *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, pp. 239 and 241 respectively.

² Mrs. Morritt was the second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Stanley, rector of Winwick, Lancashire. Her brother, James Stanley, barrister, died in 1810. This is his son and heir, Edward Stanley of Cross Hall, who on 3rd September 1819 married Lady Mary Maitland, second daughter of James, eighth Earl of Lauderdale.

some good English school to compleat his classical education. Do you happen to know any such that can be recommended with attention to his health and morals & at a moderate rate. I do not mean so much with respect to immediate expence which could make no great object but I would not like my son to mistake his own situation & early mixing with those of his own age who are heirs to fortunes is apt to generate habits similar to theirs in those who are least entitled to indulge them. I am quite impatient to see Bullocks labours and greatly obliged to the kindness that thought of setting him to work in my behalf. Yours ever most truly

W. SCOTT

[*Law*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

ABBOTSFORD, *Tuesday, March* [1816]

DEAR JOHN,—I sent James a lot of copy on Monday, which I hope he had per Melrose carrier, Ballantyne. I now send another, and he will have all the 2d vol.¹ this week, so if I have health I have no doubt all will be in his hands by the 12th April. He had better throw off title pages, etc., during the necessary delay occasioned by my residence here, when there must be some interruption as to proofs.

I have written to Murray on the subject of “ Paul ” to prevent any risk of *miffs*.

The weather here has been stormy to an inexpressible degree. Give my love to John Kemble and tell him I hope I shall see him before he leaves Edinburgh. The rest of your news is very acceptable, and I am yours, etc.,

W. SCOTT

¹ Of *The Antiquary*. It “ seems to have been begun a little before the close of 1815. It was in correcting the proof-sheets of this novel that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication.”—LOCKHART.

I come to town Monday, and bring your pony, which you may send for on Tuesday morning.

[Rosebery]

TO HENRY WEBER, TOP OF UGGLEFORD,
NEAR THE MINSTER, YORK

DEAR WEBER,—I was very glad to hear from you once more as I had concluded you were wandering over the continent according to a plan which you intimated to me last year. Our booksellers here are as dull and unenterprising as possible, nor is it much in their power to be otherwise untill the monied men shall open their purses more liberally & renew the facility of discount. I shewd your plan to Constable but I could not make anything of him and indeed unless Longman's house were to take it up I do not know who would or could do it with success.¹ Money is more awanting here than you can possibly conceive and the fall of the rents of the landed men of course tends to shake general credit and tell more. But there is little doubt it will all come round again in a year or two for the quantity of real capital is very great, bullion to be had very cheap, and all that is wanted is the degree of confidence which the settlement of the budget will probably tend to establish. I will be very glad to have the fruit of your researches in the Minster Library.

¹ In his letter of 28th February Weber had informed Scott that the scheme of travelling with his cousin Barham Livius on the Continent had been abandoned owing to the unsteadiness of his cousin's character. Weber is wanting to prepare for the English press a work "published at Berlin by Professor Stein in 1811. . . . It contains a concise, but correct, account of the Geography and the Statistics of the four quarters of the World." This was probably an earlier edition of Christian Gottfried Daniel Stein's *Handbuch der Geographie und Statistik*, etc., 3te Aufl., 3 Bde., 8vo, Leipzig, 1817, listed in the Edinburgh University catalogue. Weber then mentions he is to be introduced to the librarian of the Minster Library [York], "and tho' four hours are allotted twice a week to the examination of MSS. & Books I shall be happy to give you any account of those you would think interesting." He also remarks he is in the society of talented professional men and agreeable female acquaintances. "My brother in law Captain Fawsett has also settled here for the present, so that we are a family party."

Should you find the access difficult I might be able I should think to assist it through my friend Archdeacon Baillie.

I have a bundle of papers belonging I think to your mother which you left with me—Should I send them to you or how?

You would hear probably that I have been strolling on the continent where I was highly amused particularly at hearing the highland pipes play in the place Louis Quinze. I saw many of your countrymen very fine looking soldiers indeed and as I followed the armies pretty close I repeatedly entered towns which had been just stormed. I do not see there is anything here that could greatly tempt you to a change of abode, especially as you have the advantage at present of residing with friends to whom you are attached. I will be glad to hear your further views & occupations & am always Dear Weber very much yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 5 *March* [1816]

[*South Kensington Mus.*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

EDINBURGH, 5th *March*, 1816

DEAR SIR,—I would have dined with you with great pleasure, but we go to the country on Friday in order to meet Lord Succoth, who takes a day with me before the Circuit. I leave *all* my matters clear behind me.—

Yours truly,

W. SCOTT

[*Rosebery*]

TO JOSEPH TRAIN

DEAR SIR,—I delayed answering your letter till I should know what my motions are like to be this summer, as I have been of late a good deal of a wanderer. I find

I will [be] at my farm of Abbotsford from Monday till the 26th and in town from 26 to 12 April, after which I will be again at Abbotsford for a month and then in town during our summer session of two months. I presume your visit to Edinburgh will be about summer when you will be sure to meet me as I always am obliged officially to attend the sittings of the Court and shall be glad to make your personal acquaintance.

Rorie Gill is quite a stranger to me and I am glad to be made known to him in the modern dress in which you clothed him with considerable spirit.

I will have an opportunity before I leave town to put your communication under the eye of Mr. Earle, Chairman of the Board,¹ with whom it may be of service to you. I have made Mr. Earle's acquaintance lately, and he seems a very [agreeable and] gentlemanlike man.

I will be particularly gratified by your writing down at leisure such traditions as you mention having picked up in your late tour—nothing interests me so much as local anecdotes. I am, Dear Sir, Your obedient Servant,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH, *7th March*, 1816.

[*Barr*]

¹ As a supernumerary Excise officer Train had been sent to the Highlands in 1810 to suppress smuggling. The result of his investigation led him to write an essay on Smuggling, in which he pointed out the defects and abuses of the Excise statutes and suggested remedies. The sudden death of Scott's friend, Mr. Porter, Commissioner of Excise, prevented Scott's bringing this essay under his notice, but a few months later, as this letter indicates, he gave it to Mr. Earle, chairman of the Board. Train's suggestions were finally adopted. Evidently the first time Scott and Train met was in May of this year. According to Train's letter of 12th February, when he called at Scott's house in Edinburgh in June of the previous year he was so disappointed to find he had not returned from London that he could not think of "remaining even a single night in Edinburgh. . . . The hero of the bagatelle was the Robin Hood of Galloway of whom many an extraordinary story is yet related. It is not worth sending you was it not for the sake of introducing Rorie to your notice as I see you have nowhere mentioned him in your works."—*Walpole Collection*.

TO JOHN BELL

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for the marks of your kind remembrance which I received a few days since. I perceive with great pleasure that you are still going on with putting on record such lyrical fragments as fall in your way. Since I had your letter I have been inquiring after the songs you mention. The Jacobite words of the white cockade run thus

My Love was born in Aberdeen
The bonniest lad that ere was seen
But now he has made our hearts fu' sad
He has ta'en the field wi the white cockade
I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow
My gelding and my hackit cow
And buy mysell a tartan plaid
To follow the lad with the white cockade.¹

There is more of it which may be recovered for it is a favourite song and sung many different ways. There is also a "Black Cockade" of more modern date to the same tune, as for example

Charlie Gordon's a bonnie lad
He wears a red coat and a black cockade
He's the bonniest lad that ere was seen,
He's son to the Countess of Aberdeen,
He's over the hills and he's over the main
To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain.
The King commands and we'll obey
And he's over the hills and far away.

I have a collection of Jacobite songs which I beg your acceptance of. They are in general poor stuff. I even thought of making such a collection as you mention but the best of the Jacobite songs are already in print in

¹ This fragment of a Jacobite song was published in Herd's collection, vol. ii., p. 170, printed in 1776. The verses, with music, in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* were retouched by Burns. A more complete version of the song, however, appears in the second volume of Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. Mr. O'Keefe selected this air for one of his songs in the opera of "The Highland Reel," first performed at Covent Garden in 1788. Scott's quoted lines differ slightly from the versions in both Johnson and Hogg.

every collection, and any additional ditties which [I] have been able to collect are of very small merit. If you should wish to go on with your purpose I will send you a list of what songs I have. There are some good Jacobite songs in Johnson's Musical Museum, all of which have been touched by Burns, and some also in a book called Nithsdale and Galloway Minstrelsey published by one Cromek—the words which are very pretty are by Allan Cunningham as I believe. In Ritson's Scotch Songs the old ballads of a historical cast are well given and illustrated. I have the original broadsides of many of them and could collate them if you wish it.¹

“Charley fond of Popish Blessing” may perhaps be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1745-6 where there are some good *Hanoverian* songs, particularly one for the Corps of Yorkshire Hunters. I think “As Charley he walked up the street” is in Johnston [*sic*].

“Sir John Fenwick's the Flower amang them”: I have heard words somewhat similar alluding probably to some Election business

They voted twice over and so did they wrang him
They voted twice over and so did they bang him
They voted twice over and so did they wrang him
But Fenwick of Byewall's the flower amang them.²

¹ James Johnson's *The Scots Musical Museum*. 6 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1787-1803; Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, &c.* 8vo. T. Cadell and W. Davies: London, 1810; and Ritson's *Scotch Songs (With the Airs, an Historical Essay on Scotch Song, and Notes.)* 2 vols. 120. London, 1794, are listed in the *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, in which is also noted *Rhymes of Northern Bards; being a Curious Collection of old and new Songs and Poems, peculiar to the Counties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham.* Edited by J. Bell, Jun. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1812. 120.

² In Bell's reply (12th May) he says this was “an Election Song in the Great Contested Election for the County of Northumberland in 1774. But the Sir John Fenwick, on whom the original song was written, was head of that Name in Northumberland, and was put to death in 1697.” In the same letter he is trying to persuade Scott to edit a collection of such songs. If he did, “it would be a work of value—especially at a time when the different accounts of the late Rebellion (as it is called) by Patten, Ray, Henderson, Graham, &c, &c, bring such prices amongst Book Collections.” —*Walpole Collection*.

But you know how common it is for new words to be written to any popular tune. The air to which these words were sung is "Noble Squire Dacre he dwells on the Border." The Dowager Lady Clerk of Pennycuik (a sister of noble Squire Dacre) tells me that when any of the family were buried the bag-piper played that tune at the funeral as they play the family lament to this day in the highlands. I am going to the country for a fortnight but return about the 26th. If you will let me know what songs you want I will look them out on my return and be happy to assist any plan which you have in view, being very much Your obliged Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDIN 7 *March* 1816.

[*Sir Alfred J. Law*]

TO JOSEPH TRAIN

SIR,—In addition to what I wrote yesterday, I have since had some communication with Mr. Earle who seems much to approve of your zeal and to be convinced of the accuracy of your information. I think it would be well taken were you to detail your information and views as quickly as possible and send it to him for the matter is under anxious consideration at present both here and in London. I trust that the result may be serviceable to yourself and indeed have no doubt that it will. It shall not want my helping hand for though I cannot undertake to pull you up by my single strength yet I am convenient for giving you a good shove. I am just setting off for Abbotsford, so remain in haste, Your obedient Servant,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH, *Sunday*. 10 *March*, 1816.

You may use my name as an apology for intruding on Mr. Earle as having understood from me that he had considered your information as worthy of some attention.

[*Barr*]

TO JOHN SCOTT, CHAMPION OFFICE, STRAND,
LONDON¹

SIR,—I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of thanking you for the fair & true interpretation you have given of the word *amiable* as applied to the French people in Pauls letters. I certainly meant only that degree of the power of pleasing which arises from a scrupulous attention to the petite morale as they themselves call it & I was innaccurate in using the English word which certainly signifies deserving of love & affection. I am very happy to recognize in you Sir a politician on a broad & English system who ventures to square the opinions both of ministry and opposition by general principles of right and wrong instead of party feeling of any kind. It is very rare to see such an independent spirit in a journalist who are usually the mere mouth-pieces of one or other political faction. In some cases I might probably disagree with you on the application of the principle but I think never on the principle itself. As this letter is for

¹ This is the John Scott who in 1821, as we shall see, became embroiled in a duel with Lockhart's friend, Mr. J. H. Christie, barrister. Scott (1783-1821), a schoolfellow of Byron, was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen. At first he started a weekly paper called *The Censor*. He became editor of *Drakard's Newspaper*, "a folio sheet of political and general news," which appeared on 10th January 1813. By January of the following year its title had been changed to *The Champion*, still under Scott's editorship. This paper was sold in 1816 to J. Clayton Jennings. Scott travelled on the Continent during 1814-1819. In 1815 he published *A Visit to Paris in 1814* and in 1816 *Paris revisited in 1815 by way of Brussels, including a walk over the Field of Battle at Waterloo*. On these volumes and their author Bishop Heber wrote in 1816: "Who is Scott? What is his breeding and history? He is so decidedly the ablest of the weekly journalists, and has so much excelled his illustrious namesake as a French tourist, that I feel considerable curiosity about him." Thackeray described the books in *The Newcomes*, chap. xxii, where Clive Newcome writes to Pendennis from Paris and tells him "we brought Scott's 'Visit to Paris,' and 'Paris Revisited,' and read them in the diligence. They are famous good reading." Of the second of these books Wordsworth declared: "Every one of your words tells." Scott returned to London to edit the newly established *London Magazine*, which first appeared in January 1820. Sir Walter was not so charitable later towards his namesake. See letters of 1821.

the individual not for the Editor I subscribe instead of the fictitious name of Paul that of your namesake & reader

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD NEAR MELROSE 11 *March* 1816.

[*Marchbank*]

TO ADAM FERGUSSON

MY DEAR ADAM,—I received yours yesterday and highly applaud your resolution to hang the trumpet in the hall & study war no more. But you must have something better than the 7/- per day to help you out.¹ I imagine the loss of your excellent father & my venerable friend will rather strengthen your resolution than otherwise. The literary patriarch had attained the last verge of existence with the full enjoyment of his faculties & [*MS. torn here*] state of health on the whole than is usually [*MS. torn here*] humanity. But as his last years were rendered [*MS. torn here*] [toler]able by the unremitting attention of your sisters & [*MS. torn here*] time was so much employd about his person we must necessarily suppose that they will feel his loss more severely than those members of the family who residing at a distance & knowing his extreme old age cannot be quite so much affected. Your society and the prospect of enjoying it during the rest of life must be a great comfort to them.

¹ Ferguson's letter from Birr Barracks, King's County, Ireland, of 4th March, had informed Scott that "we red coats have nothing in prospect but a long *dull dreary peace*. . . . We may expect some fine day to receive a sudden order to hold ourselves in readiness for the West Indies, N: America or some other foreign station." But he has made up his mind to avoid any such trip. He has instructed his London agent "to look out for some dashing young Captain in one of the 2d Batts about to be reduced, who might perhaps be inclined to give me a few cool £100 for an exchange, & when reduced I should be put upon the encreased half pay of 7/- per day, whereas if I now retire of my own free will, I should be put upon the old half allowance of 5/3d. It seems that J. Bull is so compleatly out of humour about that everlasting thorn in his side the Income Tax, that he will not hear of any farther Brevet promotion, either on the approaching happy occasion of the Princess Charlotte's marriage or any other, so that waiting for that now is compleatly out of the question."—*Walpole Collection*.

With respect to profitable views your interest being so excellent with Adam on the one hand & the Chief Baron on the other it is scarce possible but you must get some snug thing to help out the half pay.¹ I have often & bitterly regretted not pushing the Jury Clerkship—these fellows have £600 a year & the Baronet no annoying controul over them—But we must try what can be done. Anything would be better than being knocked about the world in the way you are like to be in your present situation besides being out of the way of all your friends here.

I have had often a delightful vision about you—You must know I have added to Abbotsford a good large farm on which there is a mansion about the calibre of the *Lairds ain house* or rather larger commanding a most beautiful prospect of the Eildon hills & Melrose or where as the poet² has it

Soft sleeps the mist on cloven Eildon laid
And distant Melrose peeps from leafy shade.

The ground about it is bare at present bleak & bare en[ough] but [*MS. torn here*] kale yard pleasantly exposed to the South & [*MS. torn here*] making plantations all round it which will [*MS. torn here*] very snug. Now your sisters & you might most comfortably inhabit this mansion during summer and it would be admirable shooting quarters near enough to us and others to be quite sociable & distant enough to be perfectly independant. This is a plan for future consideration but it affords us a prospect of laying our auld grey pows together as we used to do our young rattlepates. The house will only cost you

¹ About 1800 Ferguson had entered the army, and he served in the Peninsular campaign under Wellington. He communicated to Scott his idea that, should he survive the campaign, he might “try his hand ‘on a snug little farm’” in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford. During the retreat from Burgos in 1812 he was taken prisoner, and was not released till the peace of 1814. On 8th October 1816 he went on half-pay. Two years later he and his sisters took up residence in Toftfield, recently purchased by Scott, and which was renamed Huntly Burn. The MS. of this letter had suffered even before the Abbotsford copies were made.

² Rev. Robert Morehead, see Vol. III, pp. 255 and 283.

paying the window tax (about 50 shillings) and if you want a paddock for a cow & horse you shall be handsomely dealt by. I hope you will keep this in your recollection when you think of a summer settlement. The Blucher flying coach sets you down within half an hours walk of the spot. There is an old man in the place whom I will not disturb for a year or so ; so we will have enough of time to think of it. At all events we will see you at Abbotsford this summer and I trust you will like Kaeside which for the more grace we will call Castle Studs cottage—I counted thirteen Black cocks in the field beyond it.

Your lawsuit will of course lie over for a little while—but that also will be subject of chat for our next meeting [*at this point the MS. is torn and then resumes thus*]

Remember me kindly to my old friend & fellow-sportsman David Walker. The last place we met was in our *fat friends* in Pall Mall.

EDINR. 12 March 1816

For Abbotsford ho !

To-mor——ro—— to-mirro——to-mo,—— ro——

To be spoken after the mode of Abbé Gian.

[*Bayley*]

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUGHT¹

April fool ²

EDINBURGH March 31 1816

MY LORD DUKE,—Knowing your Grace has numerous Nurseries of Oak of Oak Beech & other Trees, we take the liberty of informing your Grace that a very curious publication will shortly come out, treating on a new and

¹ So spelt here.

² These two words, in the Duke of Buccleuch's hand, express the reception His Grace gave to Scott's joke of writing a letter in a feigned hand. The Duke also wrote "April fool" on the top right-hand corner of the address side. On another sheet, addressed to J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Sussex Place, Regent's Park, the Duke of Buccleuch has written : "The enclosed ought to

excellent System of raising them. It consists of 2 octavo Volumes to be published by Subscription. The acorn instead of being deposited in the Ground as is the usual custom should be laid for the space of 3 months in wet straw and to prevent the plant from shooting up to[o] quick and thereby becoming delicate and Slender it should be always kept exposed in the coldest Weather of Feby. March and April. In June it will most likely have attained the height of 6 inches, & will have about 3 leaves. It should then be transplanted into very moist Earth not much exposed to Sun, & the midsummer Shoot will make its appearance 3 weeks before the usual time & it will have 3 inches additional stature by the autumn Season. It is impossible, my Lord Duke, to give in so small a Compass all the reasons, & recommendations to this new System. It is only necessary to add that many noblemen & nurserymen have adopted it in preference to the old custom, & have met with the most perfect success. In confidence to his Lordship I took the Liberty 3 years ago of disclosing the secret to the Lord Montagu who has met with such success that his Lordship graciously promised to recommend me to your Grace's favour in case I published my work which as I now have, I doubt not but his Lordship will remember his promise, at this critical Juncture of my reputation. If your Grace intends to honour me with your Subscription I shall be much obliged if your Grace will order it to be forwarded to me immediately being in great distress, & shall ever pray for Blessings to your Grace & remain your Grace's most Obedient Humble Servant

SANDERS McLAUGH

Mrs. Lawson Close High Street Edinburgh.

[*Buccleuch*]

have been put in the packet of Letters—He did not disguise his hand well—Among my collection Ld. M. and I particularly value No. I.” Which letter was No. I, I am not sure. It will be noticed that Scott seems to have tried to emphasise the disguise by punctuating this letter more than he was accustomed to do.

TO ALEXANDER MACDONELL OF GLENGARRY¹

[March-April, 1816]

MY DEAR SIR,—As I know you are curious about subjects of antiquity and especially such as relate to your own house and as I have great pleasure in doing whatever I conceive would be agreeable to you I beg to acquaint you that I have now in my possession among other original papers concerning that period an original letter from Charles II to General Middleton superscribed by the King in which he acknowledges himself bound by promise to give Glengarry the Earldom of Rosse but excuses himself on account of the Act of Annexation. He appears to have sent a gratification of some kind to Glengarry—it is called a warrant as an earnest of his favour but whether a grant of honours, lands, or money does not appear. The letter is dated Cologne 6 Jany. 1654/5 and says many polite things of Glengarry's services. I

¹ Alexander Ranaldson MacDonell or MacDonnell (*d.* 1828), of Glengarry, colonel and Highland chieftain. The Macdonald clan "was distinguished by the spelling of the name as Macdonnell, or more rarely Macdonnell." He lived in a feudal style and maintained the customs of the ancient Gael, wearing the Highland garb and having kilted retainers, popularly known as "Glengarry's Tail." He was proud and hot-tempered. "When George IV visited Edinburgh, Glengarry, his brother, Sir James Macdonell, and the principal gentlemen of his house . . . were in attendance, and the Glengarry retainers were sworn in as part of the royal body-guard at Holyrood." It was Glengarry who, in April of this year, presented Scott with the famous dog, Maida, thus named, as he writes to Scott on 3rd March, "out of respect for that action in which my brother had the honour to lead the 78th Highlanders to victory." In 1802 Macdonell married Rebecca, daughter of Sir William Forbes, Bart., of Pitsligo. Scott thus refers to him in his *Journal* (14th February 1826): "I had a call from Glengarry yesterday, as kind and friendly as usual. This gentleman is a kind of Quixote in our age, having retained, in their full extent, the whole feelings of clanship and chieftainship, elsewhere so long abandoned. He seems to have lived a century too late. . . . To me he is a treasure, as being full of information as to the history of his own clan, and the manners and customs of the Highlanders in general. . . . The number of his singular exploits would fill a volume." He entered into a hot dispute with Clan-ranald regarding the chieftainship of the Macdonald clan which Scott thought absurd, as the clan had already accepted a Tainsh, or Captain, as chief, though not in the direct line of succession. It is supposed that from Glengarry Scott drew most of the features of Fergus MacIvor in *Waverley*.

think it may be interesting to you to know that your family at all times maintained their claim to the Earldom and were not therein opposed by the counter claims of any other family but only by the State jealousy which would interfere to prevent the reestablishment of so great an authority as was possessed by the Earls of Ross. I was going to write out a copy of this curious document but I thought you might like to have it transcribed in some more authentic manner. There is no question of its authenticity as it bears the seal of Scotland as well as the signature of Charles. I am almost afraid to touch it, it is so frail and I would wish you or any one you may commission to see it before it is patched or repaired in any way.

If this should give you any interest or pleasure as tending to shew how early your family's claim was made to the title and estate of Rosse it will be great pleasure to
My dear Sir, Your faithful servant,

WALTER SCOTT

I have been beating my brains lately to make words to what is called the *Mime* or *set* that is the tune without the variations of some of the best Highland pibrochs. I intend to give the words to Alaster Campbell to whom they will be of use in his intended collection of Scottish music.¹ Can you tell me any person in Edinh. who is likely to give me the Glengarry gathering in genuine purity.

Alexr. Macdonald of Glengarry,
Garry Cottage, Perth.

[*Brotherton*]

¹ Alexander Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology, or a select collection of the melodies and vocal poetry peculiar to Scotland and the Isles . . . collected . . . by A. C. The modern Scottish and English verses, adapted to the Highland, Hebridean, and Lowland melodies, written by Walter Scott and other living poets, etc.* 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1816 and 1818. For further reference to Campbell's publication see footnote to letter to Croker of 8th July [1816], p. 259.

TO THOMAS CAMPBELL

ABBOTSFORD, NEAR MELROSE, *April* 12, 1816

MY DEAR TOM,—You will argue from seeing my unhallowed hand, that I have something to say in the way of business ; for I think both you and I have something else to do than to plague ourselves (I always mean the *writer*—for the receiver will, I trust, be no ways discontented in either case) with writing letters on mere literature. But I have heard, and with great glee, that it is likely you may be in Edinburgh next winter, and with a view of lecturing, which cannot fail to answer well. But this has put a further plan into my head, which I mentioned to no one until I should see whether it will meet your own wishes and ideas ; and it is a very selfish plan on my part, since it would lead to settling you in Edinburgh for life. My idea is this. There are two classes in our University, either of which, filled by you, would be at least 400l. or 500l., yearly¹ ; but which possessed by the present incumbents, are wretched sinecures, in which there are no lectures—or if any lectures, no students.—I mean the classes of Rhetoric and History. The gentleman who teaches the first is a minister of Edinburgh, and might be ashamed to accept of a coadjutor. But I think that the History class, being held by a gentleman who has retired for some years into the north country, and does not even pretend to lecture, (a mere stipend, often of a petty salary of 100l., being annexed to the office,) he would for shame's sake, be glad to accept a colleague. And were I certain you would be willing to hold a situation so respectable in itself, and

¹ In addition to a small endowment, the professor collected the fees of students attending the class. The Professor of Rhetoric at the time was the Rev. Andrew Brown, who had succeeded Greenfield. A drawing of him lecturing hangs in my anteroom. The Professor of History was William Fraser Tytler, the eldest son of Lord Woodhouselee, who had succeeded his father in the Chair of Universal History and later became Sheriff of Inverness. Like Gray at Cambridge he held the Chair but did not lecture. His brother Patrick was a more active and productive person.

which your talents and deserved reputation would render a source of very great emolument, I think I could put the matter in such a light to the patrons of the University, as would induce them to call on the present incumbent, either to accept you as his colleague, or come to discharge his duty in person, which he would not do for the salary. The alternative would be that he should accept the salary which he draws at present (in which case he would be neither better nor worse), relinquishing to you all the advantage of the class besides, which I assure you would be a very handsome thing. I have mentioned this to no one, and I request you will not mention it to any one (I mean in Scotland), until you have made up your mind about it. My reason is, first that there would be some delicacy in setting the matter in motion ; and besides, that the said incumbent is a gentleman whom I wish well to in many respects ; and though I censure, I do not derogate from my regard, in desiring the class he holds in my Alma Mater should be filled by such a colleague as you. Yet the story, in passing through two mouths, might be represented as a plan on my part, to oust an old friend, of whom I may certainly say, like the dog in the child's tale, "The kid never did me nae ill." If this should answer your views, write instantly, that is, in the course of a week or two. If not, wipe it out, like the work of the learned Lipsius, composed the first hour he was born, and say no more about it. Our magistrates, who are Patrons of the University, are at present rather well disposed towards literature ; (witness their giving me my freedom, with a large silver tankard that would have done honour to Justice Shallow,) and the Provost is really a great man, and a man of taste and reading ; so I have strong hope our point, so advantageous to the University, may be carried. If not the failure is *mine*, not yours. You will understand me to be sufficiently selfish in this matter, since few good things could give me more pleasure than to secure your good company through

what part of life's journey may remain to me. In saying, speak to *nobody*, I do not include our valuable friend John Richardson, or any other sober or well-judging friend of yours. Only it would be painful to me if our proposal should get abroad, being an imaginary notion of my own, unless you really thought it would suit you. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Campbell, and am ever, dear Campbell. Yours most truly

WALTER SCOTT

[*Beattie's Life of Campbell*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

[*Early April 1816*]

MY DEAR FRIEND I am glad you are satisfied with my reasons for declining a direct interference with Lord B[yron].¹ I have not however been quite idle and as an old seaman have tried to go by a side wind when I had not the means of going before it and this will be so far

¹ On 26th February Joanna Baillie writes to Scott and, after telling him of Lord Byron's brutal conduct to his wife, appeals to him to use his influence with Lord Byron to secure a generous settlement: "According to the marriage settlements the whole of Lady Byron's large fortune will go to him after her mother's death except three hundred a year which is her pin money. She wishes without bringing anything into public court to have a regular separation settled between them and to have wherewith of her own fortune to live upon respectably, for she is moderate in all her desires. Lord B. wishes most ungenerously to keep everything to himself. Now there is nobody whose good opinion he is more anxious to preserve than your own and he at the same time piques himself upon his generosity in money matters. Could you not write to him . . . and stir up his pride by telling him that the only way he can justify his character from the suspected meanness of having married from sordid motives will be by settling of his own free accord a liberal income on his wife, &c., &c., with what else your shrewd head and good heart may please to say. Pray my good friend if you have any regard for your old friend Joanna Baillie do not cast this service from you and say 'How can I meddle in such matters?' You can and may with powerful effect and punctilios are not to be regarded when so much good can be done. As a sworn brother-poet his good name must be dear to you and if you knew her as I do you would go through fire and blood for her sake. Manage this matter as you please but let it be done and done soon. He has a perfect fiend of an attorney at his ear to advise him to all manner of iniquity."

plain to you when I say that I have every reason to believe the good intelligence is true that a separation is signed between Lord and Lady Byron. If I am not so angry as you have good reason to expect every thinking and feeling man to be it is from deep sorrow and regret that a man possessd of such noble talents should so utterly and irretrievably lose himself. In short I believe the thing to be as you state it and therefore Lord Byron is the object of anything rather than indignation. It is a cruel pity that such high talents should have been joind to a mind so wayward and incapable of seeking content where alone it is to be found in the quiet discharge of domestic duties and filling up in peace and affection his station in society. The idea of his ultimately resisting that which should be fair and honourable to Lady B. did not come within my view of his character at least of his natural character but I hear that as you intimated he has had execrable advisers. I hardly know a more painful object of consideration than a man of genius in such a situation those of lower minds do not feel the degradation and become like pigs familiarized with the filthy elements in which they grovel but it is impossible that a man of Lord Byrons genius should not often feel the want of that which he has forfeited the fair esteem of those by whom genius most naturally desires to be admired and cherished. —I am much obliged to Mrs. Baillie for excluding me in her general censure of authors but I should have hoped for a more general spirit of toleration from my good friend who had in her own family and under her own eye such an exception to her general censure—unless indeed (which may not be far from the truth) she supposes that female genius is more gentle and tractable though as high in tone and spirit as that of the masculine sex. But the truth is I believe we will find a great equality when the different habits of the sexes and the temptations they are exposed to are taken into consideration. Men early flatterd and coaxd and told they are fitted for the higher

regions of genius and unfit for anything else, that they are a superior kind of automaton and ought to move by different impulses than others indulging their friends and the public with freaks and caprioles like those of that worthy knight of La Mancha in Sierra Morena. And then, if our man of genius escapes this temptation how is he to parry the opposition of the blockheads who join all their hard head and horns together to but him out of the ordinary pasture send him back to Parnassus and "bid him on the barren mountain starve"¹—It is amazing how far this goes if a man will let it go in turning him out of the ordinary course of life and into the stream of odd-bodies so that authors come to be regarded as tumblers who are expected to go to church in a summer-set because they sometimes throw a Catherine-wheel for the amusement of the public. A man once told me at an Election thinking I believe he was saying a severe thing that I was a *poet* and therefore that the subject we were discussing lay out of my way. I answered as quietly as I could that I did not apprehend my having written poetry rendered me incapable of speaking common sense in prose and that I requested the audience to judge of me not by the nonsense I might have [written for] their amusement but by the sober sense I was endeavouring to speak for their information and only expected them in case I had ever happened to give any of them pleasure in a way which was supposed to require some information and talent they would not for that sole reason suppose me incapable of understanding or explaining a point of the profession to which I had been educated. So I got a patient and very favourable hearing. But certainly these joint exertions of friends and enemies have forced many a poor fellow out of the common path of life and obliged him to make a trade of what can only be gracefully executed as an occasional

¹ Varied from "No, on the barren mountains let him starve."

—*I Henry IV.*, Act I, sc. 3.

avocation. When such a man is encouraged in all his freaks and frolics the bit is taken out of his mouth and as he is turnd out upon the common he is very apt to deem himself exempt from all the rules incumbent on those who keep the kings highway—And so they play fantastic tricks before high heaven—The lady authors are not exempt from these vagaries being exposed to the same temptations and all I can allow Mrs. Baillie in favour of the fair sex is that since the days of the *Afra's* and *Orinda's* of Charles II'd's time the authoresses have been chiefly ridiculous only while the authors have too often been both absurd and vicious. As to our feal friend Tom Campbell I have heard stories of his morbid sensibility chiefly from the Minto family with whom he lived for some time and I think they all turnd on little foolish points of capricious affectation which perhaps had no better foundation than in an ill-imagined mode of exhibiting his independence. But whatever I saw of him myself and we were often together and sometimes for several days was open quiet composed and manly. Indeed I never worried him to make him get on his hind legs and spout poetry when he did not like it. He deserves independence well and if the day which now awakes him merely to the recollection his possessing it happend formerly to disturb the short sleep that drownd the recollection of the want of so great a blessing there is good reason for enduring the disturbance with more patience than before.

But surely admitting all our temptations and all our irregularities there are men of genius enough living to redeem the mere possession of talent from the charge of disqualifying the owner for the ordinary occupations and duties of life. There never were better men and especially better husbands and fathers and real patriots than Southey and Wordsworth they might even be pitchd upon as most exemplary characters. I myself if I may rank myself in the list am as Hamlet says indifferent honest and at least

not worse than an infidel in loving those of my own house. And I think generally speaking that authors like actors being rather less commonly believed to be eccentric than was the faith fifty years since do conduct themselves as amenable to the ordinary rules of society.¹

This tirade was begun a long time since but is destined to be finishd at Abbotsford. Your bower is all planted with its evergreens but must for some years retain its original aspect of a gravel pit. But my things are on the whole mending in spite of the barest and most unkindly spring I ever witnessed. Positively things looked . . .

[“ *The first part of this letter I have laid aside.*”—Note in Joanna Baillie’s hand.]

. . . MORE forward in february than in the midst of April and I think if the weather does not soon become steady we shall be cured of our national grievance of plenty of cheap meal.

I have added a most romantic inmate to my family a large bloodhound allowd to be the finest dog of the kind in Scotland perfectly gentle affectionate and good-natured and the darling of all the children. I had him in a present from Glengarry who has refused the breed to people of the very first rank. He is between the deer greyhound and mastiff with a shaggy mane like a lion and always sits beside me at dinner—his head as high as the back of my chair. Yet it will gratify you to know that a favorite cat keeps him in the greatest

¹ Joanna Baillie replies : “ . . . I thank you for your last kind letter, and have been somewhat amused at your taking up so seriously the defence of the whole brotherhood and sisterhood of poets against the charge of eccentricity and selfishness. Mrs. B.’s remark was made in an untoward hour and we will not maintain it in all points. That most extraordinary poet who gave occasion for it is now gone abroad and will I hope return no more. The separation was signed before he went. After drawing back and refusing to sign it on various pretences, fear, that powerful agent ! was supposed to prevail upon him at last. Lady B., poor thing ! will now I hope have some peace. She has the advantage of having now no contrary or divided affection to contend with for she can feel nothing for him now but unmixed aversion and disgust. . . . ”

possible order insists upon all rights of precedence and scratches with impunity the nose of an animal who would make no bones of a wolf and pulls down a red-deer without fear or difficulty. I heard my friend set up some most piteous howls and I assure you the noise was no joke—all occasioned by his fear of passing puss who had standon himself on the stairs.

I am very glad to hear Terry's play is like to do him good service. He speaks highly of the setting of your beautiful song "The chough and crow" and if the music answers the words he cannot say too much for it. He is a very deserving man and a modest member of rather a forward and self sufficient profession. I am truly sorry at their using Sotheby so ill.¹ But in fact the present management of the London theatres ought to disgust as it has done almost without exception any person of taste or genius to write for them.

Charlotte & I are here alone the weather very ungenial. We join in kindest love to Miss Agnes Baillie to the Dr. and Mrs. Baillie and I need not say how much I wish to live in your memory As your sincere and affectionate friend

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD MELROSE 12 *April* [1816]

I shall stay here for nearly a month.

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ William Sotheby (1757-1833), author, tried his hand at various tragedies, but he possessed no real dramatic power. Only one of his plays, "Julian and Agnes," was given a stage production, and that received but one performance at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Siddons as the heroine. The other pieces were submitted to the Drury Lane management, but "the barbarous repugnance of the principal actors (according to Byron) prevented the performance." In 1816 Byron induced the management to accept "Ivan," but owing to "some tepidness on the part of Kean or warmth on that of the author," it was withdrawn. Kean could make nothing of the title-rôle. Sotheby immediately republished the play. "Byron insisted at the time that he was 'capriciously and evilly entreated,' but afterwards uncivilly expressed regret at having befriended Sotheby's 'trash.'"

TO LADY COMPTON

ABBOTSFORD MELROSE 16 *April* 1816

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—I owe you a long letter and between business and illness the two extremes equally fatal to a regular acquittance of our debts to our correspondents. But it is at present very unfashionable to pay debts of any kind for to be *distressed* is as much a point of etiquette in our times as it was in those of Master Stephen¹ to be melancholy and gentlemanlike. I am truly sorry that you have anything more pressing than mere fashion to interfere with your out set in life but with so many advantages of an exterior kind and with the internal comfort of peace and mutual affection much may be borne. Things will mend here certainly within what time it is impossible to say but they will mend. I am old enough to remember (though as a boy your Ladyship will have the goodness to take with you) the state of things at the end of the American war when land might have been bought as cheap as stale mackerel and when the country neither in point of skill nor capital nor actual agricultural improvement bore a tenth proportion to its present state. Yet with time and steadiness we weathered the changes of the period as we will weather those belonging to our own time. The fact is that the state of war induces a number of unnatural habits in our course of commerce and the application of our capital as well as in the necessary advance of all articles of life raised amongst ourselves and no longer kept down in their rates by importation from abroad. The merchant and the farmer and through them the capitalist and the Laird get used to this state of matters however unnatural and the bringing them back to their original state and habits

¹ *Step.* I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentlemanlike than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute, master Stephen !

BEN JONSON, *Every Man in His Humour*, Act I, sc. ii.

is like the reduction of a dislocated limb a most painful and trying operation under which a nation so irritable and impatient as our own behave far different from a certain fair lady of my acquaintance who displayed so much patience and fortitude under the circumstances to which I have assimilated those of the country. But all will be well for the sum of good property and good sense in this country is superior even to the susceptibility of its inhabitants and this like a slight furrish fit occurring in a good and healthy subject will rather help than injure the constitution. While I am on mutual similies I may as well add that Andw. Clephane is very unwell indeed and unable to go his circuit. I never saw an instance of so strong a man so suddenly broken up. I had a letter from Miss Clephane the other day in which she applies to Henry the exclamation of Caliban "This islands mine by Sycorax my mother which thou keepst from me"¹—There is an infinite merit in the application which made me laugh for about an hour. The factors Garland is excellent and entertained me the more as I had the pleasure to know a little of the Knight of the Mantle Green.

From the date you will perceive I am among my dearly beloved, peging oaks and birches—only of late however for I had some duty at the Register Office which kept me in trouble last Friday and then I had the circuit to attend which but for the recollection of the whys and wherefores with which a poor devil cannot afford to dispense I should be apt to turn a most insufferable bore. Our procession

¹ Cal. "This island's mine, by Sycorax, my mother,
Which thou takest from me."—*The Tempest*, I. ii.

"If I had the casting of characters for the *Tempest*, Harry Clephane should be Caliban, for he would give excellently the speech

'I must eat my dinner,
'This island's mine by Sycorax my mother
Which thou takest from me.'

And indeed his whole behaviour to Margaret has been a practical illustration of these lines."—Miss Clephane's letter of 5th March 1816.

reminded me literally of the annunciation of the Waiter to the Judger in the Justiciary Garland

If ye please Sir the Baillies and Trumpeters come
 Twal' permanent serjeants a fife and a drum
 Two sheriff wi' swords but they're peaceable men
 And twa or three more—and the clocks chappd ten ¹—

In which state we went and came for two days to decide whether two poor caitiffs who had committed some paltry thefts should be sent to Botany Bay or no. For you must know they petitioned for banishment in the words of the Pannel

Send me ower the long seas
 My ain dear Lordie O
 And its send me ower the long seas
 My ain dear Lordie O.
 Its send me east or send me west
 Or send me South or Nordie O
 But send me ower the long seas
 My ain dear Lordie O.²

And after all one of our victims was snatchd like a brand from the burning by a flaw in the record of conviction.

¹ Scott means "Songs in the Justiciary Opera," which is included in *The Court of Session Garland*, 8vo, Edinburgh, 1839, p. 32.

Scene.—An Inn.

Enter a Waiter.

Air.—*Hey Jenny come down to Jock.*

Waiter—The Baillies are waitin,—the Provost is come,—
 Twal permanent serjeants, a fife and a drum ;
 Twa Sherras, wi' swords, (but they're peaceable men ;)
 And some twa three mair,—and the clock's chappit ten.

² This is a continuation of "Songs in the Justiciary Opera," pp. 34-35.

Scene.—A Hall.

Air.—*The Lea Rig.*

Pannel.—O send me owre the lang seas,
 My ain kind lordie O ;
 O send me owre the lang seas,
 My ain kind lordie O.
 O send me east, or send me wast,
 Or send me south or nordie, O ;
 But send me owre the lang seas,
 My ain kind lordie O.

See how much Jedburgh is fallen off wherever¹ the criminals came in so fast that they were fain to execute them first and afterwards try them at leisure.

I do not know well what to say about your expedition to Florence and I still think reasons may occur to keep you at home. Lord Compton enters with such spirit and success into political discussion that he will probably be pressed to remain and there are many other chances that old England may keep hold on you unless as mere tourists. Perhaps I listen most to my own wishes when I hope you will not be transplanted for any length of time to a distant country and yet for aught I know we may meet sooner at Florence than in London for I am determined to go to Italy the season after next and I have no chance of being in London soon.

I heard from Morritt some days since—He proposes to come to see me in September which gives me much pleasure—I hope he will keep his word. It would be profanation in his opinion to hint such a wish but nothing would give me more pleasure than time and season fitting to see the said Morritt once more wedded. He is formed in an eminent degree to make an amiable woman happy and I think will not himself be happy without domestic society—but of this time and chance must determine.

I beg my best and kindest respects to Lord Compton and Charlotte offers hers to your Ladyship. Believe me ever my dear Lady Compton Most truly and affectionately yours

WALTER SCOTT

Glengarry has given me a large deer or wolf-dog the finest of the kind ever seen on the border since Johnnie Armstrongs time. His shoulder is near a span higher than any common dining table—Much attached and very gentle except at night—Pray tell Lady Francis Compton of my acquisition.²

[*Northampton*]

¹ *i.e.* where always.

² See footnote to letter to Glengarry (March-April of this year), p. 198.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

ABBOTSFORD 17 April 1816

MY DEAR SOUTHEY,—I was delighted some few days since to receive a token of your remembrance. I had begun a letter for you long ago but with the procrastination usual with those who have a good deal to write I took the liberty to postpone finishing it sometimes from business sometimes from idleness. It would have been indeed a meeting to have had your company on the field of Waterloo¹—the most decisive as well as the most glorious victory which was ever gained and in the most just cause. I do not know whether I admired most the skill of the General or the persevering & enduring bravery of the troops whom he led on that memorable day but between them they proved the truth of what we have often agreed upon as a leading principle that for victory it was only necessary to place British troops under a General in whom they had deserved confidence. Had this been done from the first what seas of blood might have been spared. I think much of the early loss in the peninsular war may be fairly traced to the want of confidence in the Ministry in the energy of the forces & their unhappy choice of

¹ Southey's last letter to Scott, dated 17th March 1816, apologises for not having used, while in Brussels, a letter of introduction given him by Scott to the Duchess of Richmond, and goes on: "How I should have rejoiced if we had met at Waterloo! This feeling I had and expressed upon the ground. You have pictured it with your characteristic force and animation. My poem will reach you in a few weeks; it is so different in its kind, that, however kindly malice may be disposed, it will not be possible to institute a comparison with yours. I take a different point of time, and a wider range, leaving the battle untouched, and describing the field only such as it was when I surveyed it. . . ." Southey goes on to describe the scenery of the Low Countries: "Of single objects, the finest which I saw were the market-place at Brussels and at Ypres, and the Town house at Louvain"—the last two a crueller war has destroyed. "Did I ever thank you for the Lord of the Isles? There are pictures in it which are not surpassed in any of your poems, and in the first part especially a mixture of originality and animation and beauty which is seldom found. . . . You will receive the long-delayed conclusion of my Brazilian history in the course of the summer." His own poem to which Southey alludes is *The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo* (1816).

Generals who were not unwilling to encourage an opinion which might furnish an apology for the bad success which they commenced so soon as they opened the campaign. The Duke of Wellington is a very different species of person who fairly fought himself into the confidence of the public & the Administrators of the public. The difficulties which he encountered in his outset would fill a volume and I cannot help thinking the better of myself that though totally unknown to Sir Arthur Wellesley and only judging of him from the spirit of decision with which he conducted the Indian campaigns I considered him long before the defence of Lisbon & in spite of the convention of Cintra as the only man we could send forth to meet Bonaparte. We have now other cares before us than the feverish yet not unpleasant agitations occasioned by the military events of the past years. I am glad for one that ministers have lost their income tax—not that I have any particular objection to the tax itself which with a few more equitable modifications is perhaps as just as any other or more so—but because it afforded a tempting facility of raising money which was scarce to be trusted to any ministers excepting when the vital safety of the state is in danger. To resist the numerous claims of individuals at this moment in favour of a general principle of *cold* economy was hardly to be expected of any set of public men considering the claims of hundreds & thousands who had fought & bled for us the petitions of friends suing for favour & the clamour of enemies complaining of hardship are all matters which press closely & intimately on the feelings the partialities & the fears of ministers & they must have been more or less than men to have treated them with indifference when contrasted with an abstract principle which carried in its first enunciation no individual interest though in its application it involved that of millions. They are now furnished with an answer arising out of the dire necessity of the case and with the stern humanity of our

friend Thalaba must e'en cut the throat of the friendly camel when there is no other alternative for extricating the caravan from perishing in the desert. There has been much alarm here but it begins to subside in consequence of the late exertions of ministry in the reduction of public expence. I am far from thinking that anything they can do will much affect the public distress unless in the very important point of alleviating public apprehension like oil spread on the waves. The placebo in politics is as important as in medicine. I long to see your pilgrimage. Pray let Longman's people or whoever are your publishers put my copy under a cover to Mr. Freeling General Post Office who will forward the same to this place. The former volume of Brasil history must ensure a good reception for that which is to follow as I trust without much longer delay. I do not know how much you have lost by not seeing the Duchess of Richmond for my own acquaintance with her is as slight as possible but I know many of her & his intimate friends. She gave me an interesting account of her ball which was broken up in so particular a manner.¹ I should have liked to have gone through Flanders & yet hope to do so. There is something in the character of the Walloons (not to mention their resemblance in figure & features to the Scotch) which greatly interested me & one cannot forget that Froissart the most picturesque of historians & Philip de Comines perhaps the most faithful both came from Flanders & that a thousand memorable actions have rendered the land classic. They are besides a good people & have some faith & honesty left among them much different in that respect from their neighbours the French whose sense of religion & morality is down at zero. I am busy here superintending some operations on a small property which I have acquired bordering with my own & which will find full occupation for my leisure for some time. I hope you will contrive a border excursion this

¹ Scott saw the duchess when in Brussels in August 1815.

next summer & bring Mrs. Southey with you to this least of all possible houses which however has a poet's corner for you & her. Think of this & oblige him who is always truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH

DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your letter and shall give directions for putting to press 1500 of the work you therein mention. Jo: Ballantyne will settle any particulars. About the price of the other you are better judges than I am, but I presume the three shillings additional free profit is not all to be given to the trade. It would seem to me fair that the retailer should have a third, the publishers another, and the poor author that which remains. On these conditions I have no objection to the experiment being made, but otherwise I should rather decline it, as, although it may be the means of transmitting the book more speedily from the publisher's warehouse to those of the retailers, yet it may operate against its getting abroad to the public in which last part of the transaction the author is chiefly interested, for untill the first edition is sold his interest is dormant.

I understand Longman & Co. have got all Murray's copies of "Paul" which sounds like a speedy dispersion. I should like to know in good time when there is a prospect of another edition,¹ as I have many errors to correct and additions to make.

I returned yesterday from the Circuit which occasioned some delay in answering yours. Here's a hopeful spring. Hailstones and coals of fire—luckily the hailstones are

¹ "The first edition was an octavo, of 6000 copies; and it was followed, in the course of the next two or three years, by a second and a third, amounting together to 3000 more."—LOCKHART. The B.M. catalogue cites, after the first edition, *Another copy with MS. Corrections by the author*, and a *third edition*: *Edinburgh*, 1816.

without doors, and the coals of fire within.—I am, Dear Sir, always your faithful Servant,

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, 18th April [PM. 1816]

[*Kilpatrick and Constable*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

ABBOTSFORD, 18th April, 1816

MY DEAR TERRY,—I give you joy of your promotion to the dignity of an householder, and heartily wish you all the success you so well deserve, to answer the approaching enlargement of your domestic establishment. You will find a house a very devouring monster, and that the purveying for it requires a little exertion, and a great deal of self-denial and arrangement. But when there is domestic peace and contentment, all that would otherwise be disagreeable, as restraining our taste and occupying our time, becomes easy. I trust Mrs. Terry will get her business easily over, and that you will soon “dandle Dickie on your knee.”¹—I have been at the spring circuit, which made me late in receiving your letter, and there I was introduced to a man whom I never saw in my life before, namely, the proprietor of all the Pepper and Mustard family,—in other words, the genuine Dandie Dinmont. Dandie is himself modest, and says, “he b’lives it’s only the dougs that is in the buik, and no himsel’.” As the surveyor of taxes was going his ominous rounds past Hyndlea, which is the abode of Dandie, his whole pack rushed out upon the man of execution, and Dandie followed them (conscious that their number

¹ Terry’s letter of 22nd March reports, among other things, upon Mrs. Terry’s state of health. “Her confinement which is expected the latter [end of] April will of course occupy her another month at which Time it is our intention to rem[ove] into a situation better calculated for her purposes & supplied with all the accomodations that her Art & her Teaching can require—apartments most admirably adapted—both in situation & convenience.”—*Walpole Collection*.

greatly exceeded his return), exclaiming "the tae hauf o' them is but whalps, man." In truth, I knew nothing of the man, except his odd humour of having only two names for twenty dogs. But there are lines of general resemblance among all these hillmen, which there is no missing; and Jamie Davidson of Hyndlea certainly looks Dandie Dinmont remarkably well.¹ He is much flattered with the compliment, and goes uniformly by the name among his comrades, but has never read the book. Ailie used to read it to him, but it set him to sleep. All this you will think funny enough. I am afraid I am in a scrape about the song,² and that of my own making;

¹ There have been several claims put forward for the prototype of Dandie Dinmont. Shortreed maintained it was Willie Elliot of Millburnholm. Lockhart merely observes: "There can be little doubt that he sat for some parts of that inimitable portraiture," and goes on to say "it is certain that the James Davidson, who carried the name of Dandie to his grave with him, and whose thoroughbred deathbed scene is told in the Notes to Guy Mannering, was first pointed out to Scott by Mr. Shortreed himself, several years after the novel had established the man's celebrity all over the Border." Lockhart seemed convinced, however, that Scott drew the characters of Dinmont and Ailie, his wife, from Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw of Blackhouse, and sketched the menage of Charlieshope from their circle. Other likely originals, put forward by Robert Chambers and others, are Mungo Park's brother, Archie of Lewinshope on the Yarrow, and John Thorburn, of Juniper Bank, near Walkerburn. Doubtless the character is a composite portrait and represents a type of farmer at that time common in the Borders. For further remarks on Dandie Dinmont's prototype and on James Davidson see Scott's note at end of chap. xxiii of *Guy Mannering*.

² On 12th March 1816 "Guy Mannering," a play in three acts adapted, with music, by Terry from Scott's novel, was seen for the first time on the London stage—"this appears to have been the first of Terry's adaptations from Scott." It was not performed at Edinburgh until 25th February 1817. The overture by Bishop was played and the cast included Mrs. H. Siddons as Meg Merrilies. It only ran for twelve nights in Edinburgh during its first season, but, with a change of cast later, its popularity increased. It "met with great success on the London boards," says Lockhart. . . "What share the novelist himself had in this first specimen of what he used to call 'the art of *Terryfying*,' I cannot exactly say; but his correspondence shows, that the pretty song of the *Lullaby* was not his only contribution to it. . . The casual risk of discovery, through the introduction of the song which had, in the meantime, been communicated to one of his humble friends, . . Mr. Alexander Campbell, editor of Albyn's Anthology . . will amuse the reader." The song is *Lullaby of an Infant Chief*, beginning

"O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight."

for as it never occurred to me that there was anything odd in my writing two or three verses for you, which have no connexion with the novel, I was at no pains to disown them ; and Campbell is just that sort of crazy creature, with whom there is no confidence, not from want of honour and disposition to oblige, but from his flighty temper. The music of *Cadil gũ lo*¹ is already printed in his publication, and nothing can be done with him, for fear of setting his tongue a-going. Erskine and you may consider whether you should barely acknowledge an obligation to an unknown friend, or pass the matter altogether in silence. In my opinion, my *first* idea was preferable to both, because I cannot see what earthly connexion there is between the song and the novel, or how acknowledging the one is fathering the other. On the contrary, it seems to me that acknowledgment tends to exclude the idea of farther obligation than to the extent specified. I forgot also that I had given a copy of the lines to Mrs. Macleod of Macleod, from whom I had the air. But I remit the matter entirely to you and Erskine, for there must be many points in it which I cannot be supposed a good judge of. At any rate, don't let it delay your publication,² and believe I shall be quite satisfied with what you think proper.

I have got from my friend Glengarry the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time. He is between the wolf and deer greyhound, about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion : he is quite gentle, and a great favourite : tell Will Erskine he will eat off his plate without being at the trouble to put a paw on the table or chair. I showed him to Mathews, who dined one day in

¹ This is the name of the air to which Scott's *Lullaby of an Infant Chief* was set in Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology* (p. 22)—

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lò,
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu là.

² "The play as it is represented will be shortly printed & will be instantly forwarded."—Terry's letter (22nd March).

Castle Street before I came here, where, except for Mrs. S., I am like unto

“ The spirit who bideth by himself,
In the land of mist and snow”—¹

for it is snowing and hailing eternally, and will kill all the lambs to a certainty, unless it changes in a few hours. At any rate, it will cure us of the embarrassments arising from plenty and low markets. Much good luck to your dramatic exertions : when I can be of use, command me. Mrs. Scott joins me in regards to Mrs. Terry, and considers the house as the greatest possible bargain : the situation is all you can wish. Adieu ! yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

P.S.—On consideration, and comparing difficulties, I think I will settle with Campbell to take my name from the verses, as they stand in his collection. The verses themselves I cannot take away without imprudent explanations ; and as they go to other music, and stand without any name, they will probably not be noticed, so you need give yourself no farther trouble on the score. I should like to see my copy : pray send it to the post-office, under cover to Mr. Freeling, whose unlimited privilege is at my service on all occasions.

[*Lockhart*]

To JAMES ELLIS

MY DEAR SIR,—I am greatly interested in your Index for Froissart if you will trust me with it about the 12 May enclosed under cover to William Kerr Esqr Post Office Edinburgh I will receive it safe and void of expence & can print a few copies of it which I can get done for a trifle or rather for nothing excepting leaving a very few for sale and get you as many as you wish to make presents of which must be very valuable to all antiquaries. There is a separate index of this kind to Wartons History of Poetry without which that confused mass of curious

¹ *The Ancient Mariner.*

matter can scarce be found useful since we might as well look for a needle in a Bottle of hay as for any particular passage. I mention the 12 of May because I return then to the Court. I should be glad to have a copy of the Alnwick work upon Allan whom I have often seen and heard particularly at the Kelso races. He was an admirable piper but a desperate reprobate. The last time I saw him he was in absolute beggary and had behaved so ill at my uncles house that the old Gentleman himself a most admirable piper would not give him Quarters though I interceded earnestly for him "the Knave" as Davie tells Justice Shallow "being my very good friend." He was then quite like a Pauper with his wife and an ass in the true Gipsy fashion. When I first saw him at Kelso Races he wore the Northumberland livery a Blue coat with a silver crescent on his arm.

I knew something of Allan's Grandfather or perhaps Great Grandfather. They were Yetholmers & retainers at one time of the Marquesses of Lothian. There was in the Reign of Charles II or James II^d living near to Fairniehurst,¹ the castle of the Marquess of Lothian three miles above Jedburgh a certain Bold yeoman called Rengan Oliver, one of the strongest men in our Country. This man was much irritated by the Marquess repeatedly hunting over his fields when the corn was growing & at length to mark his resentment of the injury he shot one of the Dogs. The marquess in revenge came to his house at Smailcleugh with a party, and among the rest Allan, all of them *boys of the belt* who were to do the Lairds bidding right or wrong. Rengan had secured his door and windows with withies fastened across them and fired out on the assailants while a Maid servant the only other person within the house loaded his guns of which he had two or three. He made good his defence till a shot killed the poor maid on which Rengan

¹ Fernieherst Castle, in Jedburgh parish, Roxburghshire, 2½ miles S. by E. of Jedburgh. It was the ancient seat of the Kerrs of the Lothian line.

cut down the withies and rushed desperately out on his assailants with an axe in one hand and his Broadsword in the other. His foot however being entangled on the withy he stumbled and ere he could recover himself Allan the tinker struck him down with a Mell or hammer. Rengan was made prisoner and sent to Edinburgh where he died. But his son was "upsides" with Allan to whom he gave a most dreadful beating at the pass above Inchbonny near Jedburgh. I had these particulars from James Veitch a very remarkable man a self taught Philosopher astronomer and Mathematician residing at Inchbonny & certainly one of the most extraordinary persons I ever knew. He was a connexion of Rengan Oliver & is in possession of his sword a very fine weapon. Said James Veitch is one of the very best makers of telescopes and all optical and philosophical instruments now living but prefers working at his own business as a ploughwright excepting at vacant hours. If you cross the border you must see him as one of *our* curiosities. And the quiet simple unpretending manner of a man who has by dint of private and unaided study made himself intimate with the abstruse sciences of astronomy and mathematics are as Edifying as the observation of his genius is interesting.

The lines on the North Tyne are highly creditable and record in easy verse much that one is willing to carry in memory. I hope Mr. Shepherd will continue his lay and introduce the other rivers Daughters. Polyolbion has always peculiar charms for me though many people tire of it and for the same reason I like your Reedwater Minstrel. Necessarily prevented from being prolix by the extent of his subject a poet labouring in such a theme often throws out little brief sketches of Landscape painting which perhaps like many other sketches would have been spoiled by finishing.

As for Golden Thos Lewes of whom Mr. Hedley tells some admirable stories we will "let that fly stick on the wall" and not disturb the eyes of the living by raking

up the ashes of the dead. But after all “if neat conveyance” were an unallowable crime I know few border Families but what have blots on their scutcheon. I understand Golden Thomas’s estate went to Collaterals. I have not printed the appendix yet but certainly shall do so for private dispersion only. Mrs. Scott joins in kind remembrances to Mrs. Ellis and I am always very much your obliged humble servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD MELROSE 25 *April* [1816]

I go to Edinburgh on 12th May.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

ABBOTSFORD, *April* 29, 1816

DEAR JOHN,—James has made one or two important mistakes in the bargain with Murray and Blackwood.¹ Briefly as follows :

1stly, Having only authority from me to promise 6000 copies, he proposes they shall have the copyright *for ever*. I will see their noses cheese first.

2dly, He proposes I shall have twelve months’ bills—I have always got six. However, I would not stand on that.

3dly, He talks of volumes being put into the publisher’s hands to consider and decide on. No such thing ; a bare perusal at St. John Street² only.

Then for omissions—It is NOT stipulated that we supply the paper and print of successive editions. This must be nailed, and not left to understanding.—Secondly, I will have London bills as well as Blackwood’s.

If they agree to these conditions, good and well. If they demur, Constable must be instantly tried ; giving

¹ Regarding the first *Tales of my Landlord*.

² James Ballantyne’s dwelling-house was then in this street, adjoining the Canongate of Edinburgh.

half to the Longmans, and *we* drawing on *them* for that moiety, or Constable lodging their bill in our hands. You will understand it is a four-volume touch—a work totally different in style and structure from the others ; a new cast, in short, of the net which has hitherto made miraculous draughts.¹ I do not limit you to terms, because I think you will make them better than I can do. But he must do more than others, since he will not or cannot print with us. For every point but that, I would rather deal with Constable than any one ; he has always shown himself spirited, judicious, and liberal. Blackwood must be brought to the point *instantly* ; and *whenever* he demurs, Constable must be treated with ; for there is no use in suffering the thing to be blown on. At the same time, you need not conceal from him that there were some proposals elsewhere, but you may add, with truth, I would rather close with him. Yours truly,

W. S.

P.S.—I think Constable should jump at this affair ; for I believe the work will be very popular.

[*Lockhart*]

¹ These are preliminary negotiations for the publication of the first *Tales of My Landlord*, 4 volumes (*The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*). “Messrs. Murray and Blackwood agreed to all the author’s conditions here expressed. They also relieved John Ballantyne & Co. of stock to the value of £500 ; and at least Mr. Murray must, moreover, have subsequently consented to anticipate the period of his payments.”—LOCKHART. But Lockhart’s account is inaccurate. “The only condition upon which the author would agree to [the terms] is, that the publisher should take £600 of John Ballantyne’s stock . . . deducting 25 per cent from the affixed sale prices.”—Blackwood’s letter to John Murray (Oliphant’s *Blackwood and his Sons*, i. p. 58). “As the last edition of the ‘Tales’ . . . is now nearly finished . . . I hasten to say that it will be delivered to you as soon as it can be got ready, on the single condition that you take the £200 additional from the stock of John Ballantyne & Co., which the error of their clerk prevented you from taking when the bills were granted in terms of the original bargain.”—Ballantyne’s letter to Blackwood (*Blackwood and his Sons*, i. pp. 79-80). That Murray anticipated payment seems also to be a mistake (see Smiles’ *Memoir of John Murray*, i. p. 468). The reference to Murray’s acceptances I take to be his bills granted for his share of the stock when the contract was made. For correct and full version of this letter see Vol. I, Appendix, p. 497.

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

ABBOTSFORD 30 *April* [1816]

DEAR SIR,—I observe from your letter this day received that your stay in London is likely to be short and therefore I will not lose the opportunity of sending you my best wishes on your foreign expedition which I trust will prove as pleasant as you have every reason to expect. It is possible that if you stay till next year on the continent we may meet there for I have serious thought while I have still strong health and active spirits to visit the classical scenes of Italy and perhaps of Greece. There is at present a distant prospect as I must stay in Scotland this year in order to make some arrangements about my little purchases of land which now carry me out as far as the lake where you may remember the stranding of Walters frigate when you were at Abbotsford. I wish to drain and plant and so forth to put my new territories, which may be likened to Mr. Shandy's Oxmoor, into some order and I think there is a probability that twelve months hence I may command from the month of March to that of November for my projected excursion.

Your account of the Ladies of Llangollen reminded me of a sentimental distress which occurred in the course of their first escape (I think they made two) from their friends in the Green Isle. It was told me by a female friend of theirs and I believe it to be strictly true. One of the Ladies I think Miss P. wore mans attire upon that occasion and acted as escort to the other. That part of her dress which in well regulated families the wife is never suffered to usurp was made of leather. They made part of the way on horseback and encountered a violent rain, before arriving at the inn. The Amazon ignorant of the mode of treating buckskins which have been thoroughly soaked was so imprudent when she laid aside these indispensable articles of clothing as to hang them to dry before a blazing fire. You who are an old yeoman like

myself will anticipate the direful consequences. The garments were in the morning perfectly shrivelled up and unequal to contain that part of the person which they were designed to receive. How she got out of the scrape whether by adopting the costume of a Scotch highlander or borrowing the breeks of the landlord I must leave to your imagination for the lady who told me the story left it to mine.

Now let me thank you for your curious Irish volume which I have read with much interest. It is a strange account of James's colonists that they were bound to maintain garrisons and to separate themselves as far as possible from their Irish fellow subjects. I acknowledge from the temper and impartiality displayed by both parties in the late debates in Parliament I hope something will be done to cure the internal wounds of your fine kingdom. How happy I should be to see ere I leave the stage the same system of order and impartial laws prevail through the whole united kingdoms.

I have also to thank you for Swifts verses on Chaucer, the tone and character of which remind one of his two celebrated prophecies on Marlboroughs successes and on The Peace of Utrecht and Lady Somerset¹; the first beginning "Seven and One added to nine" and the other I forget exactly how.

I was obliged by a long letter from the Edgeworths. You cannot doubt that I am greatly flattered by the approbation of those whom all most approve. I did not think of any particular persons in my Letters from the Continent and only assumed a fictitious personage in order to speak more decidedly than I felt intitled to do in my own and also because the supposing a certain number of correspondents of different tastes gave a good reason for treating of various subjects in separate letters. I might however have dispensed with this form and almost wish I had done so. Paul is gone again to press though

¹ *The Windsor Prophecy*, privately printed at the time.

the first edition consisted of six thousand. This will be two¹ and is all ordered which is far greater success than I dreamed of.

As your route to the Continent seems undetermined why should you not come by Edinh. We shall be there after the twelfth May when our courts meet and you could sail either to Hamburgh or Rotterdam very readily from Leith. I cannot offer night quarters because we have no spare rooms now our family are so much advanced but your friend and you would be our day-guests and I dare say I could shew you some things in Edinh. which you have not yet seen for want of so clever a guide as myself. As you have not Bluchers motive for moving Droit a Paris you might reach that capital from Holland seeing the Low Countries (not forgetting Waterloo) on your way and I believe the accommodations for passengers on board the traders are fair enough. Pray think of this. Lord Byron's is a melancholy matter.²

I have no domestic news to send you excepting that I have added to my menagerie the largest Dog in Scotland being a Highland Wolf dog just such as you see in the Boar hunts of Reubens and Schneiders. He is fully as large as a shetland pony and kills foxes most amiably.
Yours most truly, W. SCOTT

All here i.e. Mrs. S. and Walter, the rest being in town, send their regards.

[*Brotherton*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

[*May (?) 1816*]

DEAR JOHN,—I have seen the great swab, who is supple as a glove, and will do ALL, which some interpret NOTHING. However, we shall do well enough.³ W. S.

[*Lockhart*]

¹ i.e. two thousand copies. ² i.e. the separation of Lord and Lady Byron.

³ See Vol. I, Appendix, p. 497.

TO J. B. S. MORRITT

[*Early in May 1816*]

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I am glad to hear from you though you dont vote for the income tax. I have no special partiality for said tax myself & could find some hundred uses for the two hundred which it claws annually out of my pocket. But I stick to the old proverb seldom comes a better and I foresee the extreme shake which the rejection will give to public credit already staggerd. As I can observe here the distress of agriculture generally arises from the withdrawing the credit of the monied interest from that of agriculture. The tenant unable to procure credit the symbol of his actual possessions is obliged at all loss to force the ipsa corpora of his farm-yard into the market buyers are few & the fewer that ready money is demanded. Sellers are many and the more that speculative men have overrented their farms & from all this heavy perishable mass of produce being thrown into the market distrust arises and distress follows distrust. Our ministers are sadly put about for want of oratory. It is a shame to see any body use a poor dumb creature as Vansittart¹ is used among you. It is very singularly illustrative of the position that the English nation is governd by eloquence to see a set of ministers who by success of the most splendid kind might claim great influence both with the house and country fail in both in

¹ Nicholas Vansittart (1766-1851), afterwards Lord Bexley, Chancellor of the Exchequer. "On 12 Feb. 1816, in committee of supply, the chancellor of the exchequer presented his financial policy for a period of peace. This was to consist of a diminution of taxation and 'a system of measures for the support of public credit.' His proposal, however, to reduce instead of abolish the property tax was treated as a breach of good faith, the contention being that it was entirely a war tax. Numerous petitions strengthened discontent existing in the house, and the minister's motion for the continuance of the tax was rejected on 18 March. . . . In the debates on the consolidation of the British and Irish exchequers, Vansittart thought himself precluded from taking part as an interested party; he was strongly in favour of the consolidation, which was agreed to on 20 May 1816."—*D.N.B.*

a great measure for want of speakers. I do not say this in respect of the Income tax in particular although I still think that with a certain relief upon the agricultural interest which might be compensated by severer regulations to prevent the evasions of the commercial it might from its great amount and facility of collection stand instead of the less productive & equally oppressive taxes which may be put in its place. Besides loans will lead to new gambling in the funds and to a corresponding depreciation of public credit.—In the midst of all this there is dissatisfaction among the common people. The wages here have been for some years past from 22 pence to 2/ in winter and from 2/4 to 2/6 in summer—now at once these have fallen to 1/8d in summer which is too little I think even for the present cheap rates—but the farmer can afford no more. I had three workers engaged in planting &c through all winter & living in this little property who with the gratitude and moderation of the lower class modestly proposed raising their wages to the usual summer rate of 2/6 & I presented to them a *contre-projet* of 1/6 to which they have been obliged to submit but all this prepares for a spirit of effervescence which will be momentary if there is a sufficient military force on foot but may by assistance of the bellowses of our mud braind politicians turn into an inflammatory complaint if not treated with a proper mixture of steadiness and lenity—You may rely upon it we [are] awkwardly situated for the present and whatever the opposition orators may say or think an imposing military force will be necessary to preserve quiet in the country. However I hope and trust a thousand circumstances may happen to divert the consequences of this fermentation for I have always observed that we are like the fly on St. Pauls and seeing no more than is under our immediate observation make no sufficient allowance for the direct and indirect operation of a thousand complicated causes making an ensemble too great for our views to embrace. Once we

were to be ruind because bread was so high—another time because bullion was scarce—now bread is to be had for half nothing and the merchants have been sending back treasure from the Thames without deigning to break bulk and now when coin and corn are plenty we are to [be] ruind because they are so.

Of all I have lately heard nothing gives me such pleasure as that you think of coming to Scotland in summer. I have a nice chamber in the wall for you here and in Edinburgh you must establish yourself near us & be our daily guest though we have no bed to offer you. Many thanks for the great trouble you have taken about Walter. I think we will put it off till we talk about it for I always begin to weigh the risque of morals and habits against the advantages of a better manner & more solid classical learning and I doubt after all whether I shall not end by taking the best care of him I can in family with myself. He has at present a good candid and generous disposition much apt to attend to advice & to labour to please those whom he loves and I do not know whether a certain facility of disposition which is connected with these good qualities does not threaten him with more loss than advantage from a public school.

I have just heard from Southey who has spoke after long seeming dead like Rodrigo in Othello. He is like me tired of writing poetry¹ and I am tempted to echoe back his resolution to scribble no more but a poet is like a lover

If he swear he'll certainly deceive you—

The Antiquary will be out in a fortnight or so—would have been indeed but for the lethargy which the country

¹ "The laurel," Southey wrote on 17th March, "which it has pleased you, rather than any other person, to bestow upon me, has taken me in for much dogged work in rhyme, otherwise I am inclined to think that my service to the Muses has been long enough & that I should perhaps have claimed my discharge: the ardour of youth is gone by; however I may have fallen short of my own aspirations my best is done, & I ought to prefer those employments which require the matured faculties & collected stores of declining life."—*Walpole Collection*.

and the love of it always bring upon its admirers. I have walkd over my bogs and clay fields till my legs ache and persuaded myself that some hundred years hence they will be a desireable p[l]ace. In the mean time the operations necessary to this happy change give me what my sedentary life for half the year & some complaints of indigestion which it induces peremptorily require—exercise namely and health.—Lady Louisa Stuart dined with us one day in Castle Street with Lady Hood and was in excellent spirits.—We are told Mr. Wedderburn Webster¹ is to be our neighbour at a large house now for sale in the neighbourhood of Melrose—in that case we may hope to see the D. of Wellington for despite the verdict of the jury agt. the St. James Chronicle man he had greatly the appearance of *L'ami de maison*. I have taken your name in vain by putting it down for a guinea's worth of original & simple Scotch & Highland music made better or worse by half a dozen songs of mine which I wrote partly to gratify my own love for the native melody of my country partly to serve a poor fellow whom I knew in better case.

Adieu my dear Morritt—my light and eyes are failing me—I wish you could bring Rose down with you to Scotland. Yours ever

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Friday*

I go to Edinr. for a fortnight on my Register duty.

[*Law*]

¹ James Wedderburn Webster (1789-1840), grandson of Sir A. Wedderburn, Bart., was the author of *Waterloo and other Poems* (1816) and *A Genealogical Account of the Wedderburn Family* (privately printed, 1819). "He was with Byron, possibly at Cambridge, certainly at Athens in 1810. He married, in 1810, Lady Frances Caroline Annesley, daughter of Arthur, first Earl of Mountnorris and eighth Viscount Valentia. . . . Lady Frances was the lady to whom Byron seriously devoted himself in 1813-14. Subsequently she was practically separated from her husband, and Byron, in 1823, endeavoured to reconcile them. . . . In the Court of Common Pleas, February 16, 1816, the libel action of *Webster v. Baldwin* was heard. The plaintiff obtained £2000 in damages for a libel charging Lady Frances and the Duke of Wellington with adultery."—PROTHERO, *Byron's Letters and Journals*, ii. 2-3.

TO THOMAS SCOTT

EDINBURGH, 15th May 1816

MY DEAR TOM,—This brings you the melancholy news of our brother John's¹ concluding his long and lingering illness by death, upon Thursday last. We had thought it impossible he should survive the winter, but, as the weather became milder, he gathered strength, and went out several times. In the beginning of the week he became worse, and on Wednesday kept his bed. On Thursday, about two o'clock, they sent me an express to Abbotsford—the man reached me at nine. I immediately set out, and travelled all night—but had not the satisfaction to see my brother alive. He had died about four o'clock, without much pain, being completely exhausted. You will naturally feel most anxious about my mother's state of health and spirits. I am happy to say she has borne this severe shock with great firmness and resignation, is perfectly well in her health, and as strong in her mind as ever you knew her. She feels her loss, but is also sensible that protracted existence, with a constitution so irretrievably broken up, could have been no blessing. Indeed I must say, that, in many respects, her situation will be more comfortable on account of this removal, when the first shock is over ; for to watch an invalid, and to undergo all the changes of a temper fretted by suffering, suited ill with her age and habits. The funeral, which took place yesterday, was decent and private, becoming our father's eldest son, and the head of a quiet family. After

¹ "Throughout the year 1815 Major John Scott had been drooping." He left almost £6000. He was "a sober, sedate bachelor . . . who, after his retirement from the army, divided his time between his mother's primitive fireside, and the society of a few whist-playing brother officers, that met for an evening rubber at Fortune's tavern. . . . The payments made to each of the three brothers out of their father's estate must have, prior to 1816, amounted to £5000."—LOCKHART. Half of the £4000 which Scott paid for the original farm of Abbotsford was loaned to him by his brother the Major.

it, I asked Hay Donaldson and Mr. Macculloch¹ to look over his papers, in case there should be any testamentary provision, but none such was found ; nor do I think he had any intention of altering the destination which divides his effects between his surviving brothers.—Your affectionate
W. S.

[*Lockhart*]

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I have been occupied of late with scenes of domestic distress, my poor brother Major John Scott having last week closed a life which long and wasting disease had long rendered burthensome. His death under all the circumstances cannot be termed a subject of deep affliction and though we were always on fraternal terms of mutual kindness and goodwill yet our habits of life our taste for society and circles of friends were so totally different that there was less frequent intercourse between us than our connection and real liking to each other might have occasioned. Yet it is a heavy consideration to have lost the last but one who was interested in our early domestic life our habits of boyhood and our early friends and connections. It makes one look around and see how the scene has changed around him and how he himself has been changed with it. My only remaining brother is in Canada and seems to have an intention of remaining there ; so that my mother now upwards of eighty has now only one child left out of thirteen² whom she has borne for exile has removed the

¹ Hay Donaldson, W.S., who was an intimate friend of both Thomas and Walter Scott, and Macculloch of Ardwell, the brother of Mrs. Thomas Scott.

² This number does not tally with Scott's autobiography : " My father and mother had a very numerous family, no fewer, I believe, than twelve children . . . though only five survived very early youth." And Lockhart, in a footnote referring to a little packet found in Sir Walter's desk after his death, quotes a list of six children made out in his mother's hand and after which she has added : " All these are dead, and none of my present family was born till some time afterwards."

other who still lives. She is a most excellent woman possessd even at her advanced age of all the force of mind and sense of duty which has carried her thro' so many domestic griefs as the successive death[s] [of] eleven children some of them come to men and womens estate naturally infers. She is the principal subject of my attention at present and is I am glad to say perfectly well in body and composd in mind.

Nothing can give me more pleasure than the prospect of seeing you in September which will suit our motions perfectly well. I trust I shall have an opportunity to introduce you to some of our glens which you have not yet seen. But I hope we shall have some mild weather before that time for we are now in the seventh month of winter which almost leads one to suppose that we shall see no summer this season. As for Spring that is passd praying for. In the month of November last people were skating in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh and now in the middle of May the snow is lying white on Arthurs Seat and on the range of the Pentlands. It is really fearful and the sheep are perishing by scores Jam satis terræ nivis &c ¹ may well be taken up as the Song of Eighteen hundred and Sixteen.

I sent you some time since the Antiquary. It is not so interesting as its predecessors—the period did not admit of so much romantic situation. But it has been more fortunate than any of them in the sale for 6000 went off in the first six days and it is now at press again ; which is very flattering to the unknown author.² Another Incognito proposes immediatly to resume the 2nd Volume of Triermain which is at present in the state of the Bear and Fiddle.

¹ Horace, *Carmina*, I, 2.

² “We have had a most wonderful subscription among the Trade for ‘the Antiquary’ which we have just published, no fewer than 1120 copies, a number quite unprecedented. . . . One or two persons, who have read the Work, say that the Author is a greater Mystery than ever” (Constable to Scott, 4th May 1816).—*Constable MSS. Correspondence*.

So Lord Byrons romance seems to be concluded for one while and it is surely time after he has announced or rather they themselves have announced half a dozen blackguard newspaper Editors to have been his confidants on the occasion. Surely it is a strange thirst of public fame that seeks such a road to it. But Lord Byron wt. high genius and many points of a noble and generous feeling has Child Harolded himself and Outlawd himself into too great a resemblance with the pictures of his imagination. He has one excuse however and it is a sad one. I have been reckond to make a good hit enough at a pirate or an outlaw or a smuggling bandit. But I cannot say I was ever so much enchanted with my work as to think of carrying off a *drift* of my neighbours sheep or half a dozen of his milk cows. Only I remember in the rough times having a scheme with the Duke of Buccleuch that when the worst came to the worst we should repair Hermitage Castle and live like Robin Hood and his Merry men, at the expence of all round us. But this presupposed a grand bouleversement of Society. In the meanwhile I think my noble friend is something like my old peacock who chuses to bivouac apart from his lady and sit below my bedroom window to keep me awake with his screeching lamentation. Only I own he is not equal in melody to Lord B. for *Farewell for ever* is a very sweet dirge indeed—after all c'est genie mal logé and thats all that can be said about it.—I am quite reconciled to your opinions on the Income tax and am not at all in despair at the prospect of keeping £200 a year in my pocket since the ministers can fadge without it. But their throwing the helve after the hatchet and giving up the malt tax because they had lost the other was droll enough. After all our fat friend ¹

¹ “Shortly after Beau Brummell (immortalized in Don Juan) fell into disgrace with the Prince Regent, and was dismissed from the society of Carlton House, he was riding with another gentleman in the Park, when the Prince met them. His Royal Highness stopt to speak to Brummell's companion—the Beau continued to jog on—and when the other dandy

must learn to live within compass and fire off no more crackers in the park for John Bull is getting dreadfully sore on all sides where money is concernd. I fear we shall have riots which is a serious concern where there is so slender a military forc[e]. But if you deal with them properly in England the fashion will not come our length. I heard from Lord & Lady Compton lately. Adieu dear Morritt. Ever Yours
WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 16 May [1816]

Pray let your servant throw the inclosed into the 2d. post bag.

[*Law*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

[May 1816]

DEAR JOHN,—The author of a late popular novel understanding his second edition is getting fast on has requested me as his substitute to draw on our friends at the Cross for £350, to accompt of profits. As this venerable person has lately bought the Kaim of Kinprunes¹ & has had to pay the purchase money thereof

rejoined him, asked with an air of sovereign indifference, ‘Who is your fat friend?’ Such, at least, was the story that went the round of the newspapers at the time, and highly tickled Scott’s fancy. . . .”—LOCKHART.

¹ The Kaim of Kinprunes is, of course, the land bought by the Antiquary, because he thought it was the site of the battle between Agricola and the Caledonians. At this point in the novel he thus remarks to Lovel: “‘What would you think, Mr. Lovel . . . if the memorable scene of conflict should happen to be on the very spot called the Kaim of Kinprunes, the property of the obscure and humble individual who now speaks to you? . . . You shall peruse, upon your next visit to Monkbarns, my trivial Essay upon Castrametation, with some particular Remarks upon the Vestiges of Ancient Fortifications lately discovered by the Author at the Kaim of Kinprunes. I think I have pointed out the infallible touchstone of supposed antiquity. I premise a few general rules on that point, on the nature, namely, of the evidence to be received in such cases. Meanwhile be pleased to observe, for example, that I could press into my service Claudian’s famous line.—

Ille Caledoniis posuit qui castra pruinis.

For *pruinis*, though interpreted to mean “hoar frosts,” to which I own we

occasions his being thus importunate. I will draw the bill myself if you will send me a stamp—

I wish at the same time you would speak with Mr. Cadell about my Accompts. They [are] already numerous & many of them of a nature which we ourselves only can understand. Other voluminous transactions are on the point of commencing & I am a great freind to the short reckoning that makes long friends—always excepting when the reckoning involves payment on my own side—
Yours very truly

W. S.

I expect Mr. Constable & Mr. Caddell to morrow at five.

[Stevenson]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

DEAR CHARLES,—On the other side is a cheque on Sir William Forbes & Co. for George Moss's money which is £380 . . I having already advanced £20 . .¹ for his convenience in November last as he will well remember.

My poor brother John closed his eyes before I could

are somewhat subject in this north-eastern sea-coast, may also signify a locality, namely, "Prunes"; the *Castra Pruinis posita* would therefore be the Kaim of Kinprunes.'"—*The Antiquary*, chap. iv. The character of Jonathan Oldbuck, the Antiquary, is a composite of features from several originals, though he has been most closely identified with George Constable, an old friend of Scott's father (see *Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, i. 31; iii. 500), and with Alexander Gordon, who, a student at Aberdeen University and a keen antiquarian, wrote the *Itinerarium Septentrionale* (1726), the folio which Oldbuck carried in the coach to Queensferry. Andrew Lang maintains that the "words of Gordon in his 'Itinerarium,' where he describes the battle of the Grampians, have supplied, or suggested, the speech of Monkbarns at the Kaim of Kinprunes." See *Introd.*, xxix, *Border Edit.*, *The Antiquary*. Scott is here using the phrase jokingly for some purchase of land he has made himself—*i.e.* Kaeside.

¹ £400 towards the price of Kaeside, the balance of £3000 contained in a bond on the estate granted to Moss, and was only paid when, in 1825, at the instance of Cadell, Scott raised a sum of £10,000 on Abbotsford.

reach Edinburgh & the collecting & arranging his little succession has occasioned my neglecting the eternal Philiphaugh business. I will send it by next *Blucher*.

I beg you will keep a lookout after Ushers business. I want as much of the glen as he can give me the flat land I care not so much about. I trust to get about four or five days at Abbotsford about the Birthday when that matter can be put into some shape. The Major has left his little fortune about £5000 . . in the natural course of succession to my brother & me—no bad item for poor Tom.

There are a pair or two of good work horses to be sold at Leithheads sale. I wish you would get some one to buy a good pair for me. There were two young ones I liked very well & they cannot have been trashd or hard wrought. If you cannot do this let Tom know that he may see about it but if you can excuse the trouble it would be much better in your hands.

I hear Sibbald & Wedderburn Webster are sparring about their bargain already. Ever yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 16 May [1816]

[*Curle*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINBURGH 19 May 1816

DEAR TERRY,—I would not have been so long in thanking you for your kind intentions towards me & expressing my chearful wish to stand Godfather to the little heathen had it not been that a long illness of my brother Major Scott has been recently closed by his death which with the necessary arrangements which devolved on me has occupied my time for some days passed. You remember his health was always weak & it was matter of surprise to us all how he got through the winter. The separation however is always a shock when it comes cutting up by the roots many an old domestic remem-

brance which must now be forgotten because there is no longer an individual with whom they can be communicated. But the old & infirm must make room for those who are entering upon the stage & I sincerely congratulate you upon having acquired a new tie to existence with all the duties connected with it. In giving my name to the little fellow see you do not add an L to your own. Walter Terry/ would be a most ominous sound. I hope Mrs. Terry continues to do as well as you can wish & will soon be up & busy. I have safely received the play, music &c the scenes seem to hang much more cleverly together than in the original sketch & [it] is upon the whole incalculably improved. The songs are very good. I would have you make no alteration in the plates for the music. I have arranged with Campbell so that "Rest thee babe" will not in any shape interfere with the way in which they now stand. Mr. Howe has given with his piracy two clever sketches: the Counsellor¹ (who I hope will soon exchange that for a higher title) was exhausted with the representation & says that Emery in particular was inimitable. I hope you have safely received a certain novel in three volumes.² It is at press again 6000 having been sold in six days. It wants the romance of Waverley & the adventure of G. M. & yet there is some salvation about it too for if a man will paint from nature he will be likely to amuse those who are daily looking at it.

I inclose a list of books out of that which you were so obliging to send me. I have mark'd some of them with a cross + in order that you may have the goodness to give them a glance as they are unknown by me & not order them unless they appear to convey some useful information or anecdote.³ On the whole however I

¹ i.e. William Erskine.

² i.e. *The Antiquary*.

³ Terry's letter of 8th May states that "Mrs. Terry's moment of trial is well over . . . there never was 'cannier moment nor luckier fit'—on Thursday last . . . she presented me with a son. . . . It is my wish—and may I gratify that wish?—to call the little stranger 'Walter.'" There is reference to the publication of the *Guy Mannering* opera: "You will

would rather buy trash than run the risque of losing information. We have had the coldest season. Yours truly

W. S.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO SIR THOMAS LAUDER DICK, RELUGAS, NEAR FORRES

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in complying with any request of yours and can in the present case assure you that your conjecture is quite right.—Philiphaugh being heritable Sheriff of Selkirk-Shire or as it is still more commonly called Ettrick forest. I have seen a curious letter by Claverhouse (Viscount Dundee) on the subject

observe that the Composers took it for granted that I was the universal author & designated me as such. I have however requested that in the subsequent impressions the plates may be altered. I also enclose the three last Champions & the frontispieces of a little piracy from the novel which represent Meg — & Liston in the Dominic." The book list Terry sent was "Dulau's last list of French importations, many of which I think will bear very closely upon your object . . . if you will distinguish by your own mark, such as you desire should be procured for you they shall be instantly dispatched to Castle Street." This letter contains other interesting matters. He writes about "a new Tragedy announced at our house [*i.e.* Covent Garden] but from whose pen I am ignorant. Coleridge has I know offered one which has been some time in consideration & perhaps it may be that. I should fear for the Result if it be—Opium and mysticism however fine the poetry may be which accompanies them, I fear will find but little grace at an english playhouse." If Terry conjectured rightly then the tragedy was probably Coleridge's "Zapolya," for in June 1816 Murray, the publisher, advanced the poet £50 "for a play then in course of composition . . . the drama proved to be 'Zapolya,' which was not completed till the following year."—SMILES, *Memoirs of John Murray*, i. 304. Terry then proceeds to literary small talk. "The public have an odd story here of a Lady who sent a basket of the choicest & rarest fruits with a note addressed to you as the Author of Waverley—& that you carefully selected half of the fruit & tore the note in Two—returning the half of Each to the fair Offerer & thereby confessing yourself half entitled to the reputation of the Authorship. Such are the amusements of our literary Gossips." He has met Rogers for the first time and was amused by "his little neatly shaped sarcasms that he carefully pointed & polished & set in a fashionable handle of politeness & good manners & with which he somewhat slyly and humourously attacked his contemporaries—also by his peculiarly selfish care to avoid himself as a subject of observation or allusion—so peculiar, that a stronger proof could not be given of the perpetual object of his thoughts."—*Walpole Collection*.

of a soldier having committed a murder and being seized on by the Civil Authorities greatly to Claverhouse's displeasure. I think Philiphaugh is mentioned in it. I will endeavour to get and send you a copy.. The complaint against the four gentlemen for absenting themselves from the kirk at Bothwell Brigg could not apply to the North-country Heritors because they were not summoned on that occasion. The Philiphaugh named must be Sir James Murray afterwards Lord Clerk Register. My mother remembers him I believe so he must have lived long. At any time I will be most [happy] to elucidate your researches with your ancestors curious and most valuable Manuscripts with such hints as my local knowledge may supply, and am Dear Sir, Very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 28 May [1816]

The Murrays of Philiphaugh frequently represented Selkirkshire in Parliament.¹

[*Dick-Lauder*]

TO THOMAS SCOTT ²

[Extract]

29th May 1816

MY DEAR TOM,—. . . [*Statement of T. S.'s interest in Major Scott's Estate.*] This seems of particular consequence with respect to little Walter because, of course, though it may be very difficult for me to be useful to you, it is quite different the power of forwarding a young man's

¹ Sir James Murray, Lord Philiphaugh (1655-1708) of Philiphaugh, Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, was the eldest son of Sir John Murray of Philiphaugh. "As member for Selkirkshire he sat in the convention of estates which assembled at Edinburgh 26 June 1678, and he was chosen member for the same county in 1681." See letter to Robert Siminton Wilson (7 Dec. 1830).

² This letter and the one immediately following to Thomas Scott are possibly parts of one original but it is now too late to determine. I strongly suspect they are really extracts from one letter, but an attempt at amalgamation would have been too dangerous.

views on entering into life, and if he proves what we both would wish and hope, he can hardly select a line of life in which I could not be directly or indirectly of some service to him. There is a possibility also (though such expectations are of all others the most contingent) that my children may be much wealthier than I, in which case I would naturally wish to do something for yours, which I could do without injustice to my own. So that for every reason I would prefer your returning here, were it not for the limited income with which you now have to struggle. With between £300 and £400 a year economy may doubtless live without running into debt. And without consuming the capital, the interest joined to your annuity will amount at least to that sum, independent of what property you have remaining in the Isle of Man.

. . . Times here are not good, but mending. The farmers have been half ruined by the sudden fall of the value of produce, but I think it is now rising. In fact, great part of the panic was owing to the sudden and general retrenchment of the Bank credit throughout Scotland. The farmer who used to carry a bill to the Bank to pay his rent, was suddenly obliged to send his stock and crop to market, instead of that convenient representative of his wealth, "Please to pay," and so forth. Where there were so many sellers, buyers turned shy, and money became daily scarcer. But things are coming round again, after much individual distress. . . . Last year I was on the Continent for the greater part of the Autumn, and was at Paris within a very short time after the battle of Waterloo. It was something new to hear the bagpipes playing before the Tuileries, and to see the Highlanders broiling in the cuirasses of the French Imperial Guards their rations of beef and mutton. The Parisians were as gay as ever, notwithstanding this recent visit of Europe in arms, and all the apparatus of cannon turned upon the celebrated Pont Neuf and Pont Royal, with matches burning and a Prussian Artilleryman at

each longing for orders to fire it.¹ My wife and family are all well, and send best love to their aunt and you. . . .

[*Familiar Letters*]

TO THOMAS SCOTT

[Extract]

[29th May 1816]

DEAR TOM,—. . . Should the possession of this sum, and the certainty that you must, according to the course of nature, in a short space of years succeed to a similar sum of £3000 belonging to our mother, induce you to turn your thoughts to Scotland, I shall be most happy to forward your views with any influence I may possess ; and I have little doubt that, sooner or later, something may be done. But, unfortunately, every avenue is now choked with applicants, whose claims are very strong ; for the number of disbanded officers, and public servants dismissed in consequence of Parliament turning restive and refusing the income-tax, is great and increasing. Economy is the order of the day, and I assure you they are shaving properly close. It would, no doubt, be comparatively easy to get you a better situation where you are, but then it is bidding farewell to your country, at least for a long time, and separating your children from all knowledge of those with whom they are naturally connected. I shall anxiously expect to hear from you on your views and wishes. I think, at all events, you ought to get rid of the drudgery of the paymastership—but not without trying to exchange it for something else. I do not know how it is with you—but I do not feel myself quite so *young* as I was when we met last, and I should like well to see my only brother return to his own country and settle, without thoughts of leaving it, till it is exchanged

¹ See an account of these scenes in Paris in John Scott's (of Gala) *Journal of a Tour to Waterloo and Paris, in company with Sir Walter Scott in 1815* (London : 1842).

for one that is dark and distant. . . . I left all Jack's personal trifles at my mother's disposal. There was nothing of the slightest value, excepting his gold watch, which was my sister's, and a good one. My mother says he had wished my son Walter should have it, as his male representative—which I can only accept on condition *your* little Walter will accept a similar token of regard from his remaining uncle.—Yours affectionately,

W. S.

[*Lockhart*]

TO SAMUEL ROGERS

MY DEAR ROGERS,—Mr. Skirving¹ of Edinburgh an unrivalled artist as a painter in crayons, is going to London with the only good portrait of Burns. I think you will like to look at it, and perhaps you may be even disposed to purchase it, provided the artists intention of selling it holds good till he gets to London. Mr. Skirving is a man of great genius² in his art and is in circumstances of perfect independance although his dress unless he should rectify it when he gets [to] London would argue something very deficient. In fact both his dress and address require all the allowance which genius knows how to make for the caprices and eccentricities of its brethren. Do not give yourself any trouble with him beyond what is exactly in the way of a lover of art.

I am sure you will join with me in sincerely regretting this unlucky business of Lord Byrons. Who would have expected such a consummation not you when I was in

¹ Archibald Skirving (1749-1819), son of Adam Skirving, the Scottish song-writer and the author of "Hey, Johnnie Cope," was born at Haddington. After studying in Rome and London, he resided in Edinburgh, where he became famous as a portrait-painter. Scott is here referring to his best-known work—a red crayon portrait of Burns, "executed partly from Nasmyth's famous portrait, and partly from Skirving's recollection of the poet, whom he met, it is said, at Edinburgh in 1786. This portrait was acquired by Sir Theodore Martin. . . . Skirving was eccentric, and did not pursue his art industriously."

² So spelt in the copy.

town? It is an unlucky business since it gives stupidity a momentary triumph over genius—and talent. I trust this will find you well in health, and enjoying yourself in a milder climate than ours has been this year. believe me dear Rogers Always most truly and affectionately yrs

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR 30th May [1816]

I should think Mr. Sharpe would like to look at the Ayrshire ploughman. If Skirving *does sell* it, which appears to me very problematical, I wish this unique representation of our great poet to fall into good hands. If I had not been buying a sort of Oxmoor like Tristram Shandy and building hedging ditching & draining, Rob should not have crossed the Border.¹

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ On the day of Sheridan's funeral (13th July 1816) Rogers sends his thanks for the "introduction to Robert Burns, & to the Magician who has raised him again to life. To speak seriously, the Portrait is admirable, tho' I confess it would have affected my mind still more, if he had sat for it. The Artist too struck me exceedingly. Such simplicity of manners I never saw; & he has great genius!" Touching on the Byrons' separation, he says it was "to me quite unexpected. In the summer & autumn I observed no alteration; tho', I believe, they were then unhappy. After the separation I saw him every day, & he was on all occasions anxious to do her justice. 'Wherever the wrong lies,' he used to say, 'it does not lie with her: she is perfect in thought, word, & deed': & whenever a syllable dropped from another that seemed to reflect upon her, he instantly checked it. It is, as you say, a sad calamity, & another triumph for mediocrity over genius. He is just now on the lake of Geneva. Venice is a City he has long wished to see; and, after a rapid journey thro' Italy, he talks of paying another visit to his old friend in Albania" [*i.e.* Ali Pasha—see PROTHERO, *Letters and Journals*, i. n. 246-48]. Coleridge, now at Highgate, is printing, he says, "some letters to his friend Wordsworth on his theory of Poetry, a theory certainly very assailable; & also a Play written last year for the Drury Lane stage . . . Sharp[e] is now at the foot of the Alps. . . . I am just returned from Sheridan's funeral. Such a catalogue of Mourners! And yet he was suffered to die in the hands of the Sheriff. In a letter written to me from his bed—the last I believe that he ever wrote—I can just decypher these words—'I am absolutely undone & broken hearted. They are going to put the Carpets out of window & break into Mrs S's room—& take me.'"—*Walpole Collection*.

TO LADY COMPTON

EDINR. 30 May 1816

MY DEAR LADY COMPTON,—You will I think readily believe that something particular has prevented me from answering your kind letter— In fact it has been of a melancholy nature being the death of my elder brother John Scott. He had been long so very unwell that death was only a release to him and as I hope and trust an exchange for a better place. Our habits of life and society were different and although we entertained a sincere affection for each other yet we did not live very much together. . . .

I got the factors garland which is very funny. The fair authoress has a great deal of wit and I think the division of the Torloisk family has produced to me two inimitable correspondents instead of one—like the conjurer who used to dress up the bar of the door and send it ~~out~~ to draw water—his servant caught the talismanic words and tried the experiment at first with success but finding he was unable to reverse the spell he tried the *charm* of an axe and split the water-bearing bar into two pieces a division which only increased his difficulties for both began to bring pitchers full of water till the house was full— What was an inconvenience to the inexperienced conjurer has multiplied my resources against the evils and deprivations of advancing life by giving me two kind friends instead of one speaking in the name of both. Your sister made an excellent application from Shakespeare though a little *mechant* to your cousin Harry—proposing that he should say like Caliban—

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine by Sycorax my mother
Which thou takest from me—

I must tell you when I am on this subject that there is a most capital letter of a Lady Compton in Winwoods

Memorials¹ on the provisions and establishment which she expected or rather demanded from her husband—As it is an inimitable specimen of the manner of a lady of rank in her days when she was disposed to take *high ground* on such subjects I recommend you to read it without loss of time. It would have been of great use to me to have learned the language of matrimonial diplomacy used in the Northampton family and the terms which it inferred on such occasions before I acted as plenipotentiary for the Lady of the Cairn and the Scaur in the treaty of last summer—I *must* and *will* have—are the mildest statements of her claim and the demand of twenty new gowns is conferred by the special condition that twelve are to be excellent good ones—pray look at the letter—the wisest words is an admonition to her husband to complete Ashby House and a caution that he would lend no money to the Lord Treasurer.

Campbells² first No. is nearly out price one guinea and binds no one to take any succeeding number—He is not very tractable or rather he is what is vulgarly called pig-headed and has stuff'd in some execrable trash of his own which he calls poetry. Still however the collection will prove unique for the extensive quantity of original and unpublished musick which it contains and some part of it exceedingly beautiful although doubtless the best national tunes are always first published. I have made him a present of the [frontispiece] which represents my large wolf greyhound with a slaughtered deer a harp a bugle horn with other emblems of highland sport and song. This wolfhound is a most splendid animal and the admiration of the populace of Edinburgh who crowd round him whenever he trots out along with me or with the carriage. Glengarry gave him to me—Pray tell

¹ Right Hon. Sir Ralph Winwood's *Memorials of Affairs of State in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I.*, collected (chiefly) from the original papers of . . . Sir R. W., etc. [including their despatches]. Edited by Edm. Sawyer. 3 vols. fol. London : 1725. But see next letter, p. 249.

² i.e. Alexander Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, see pp. 199, 259.

Lady Francis Compton of him. His shoulder is higher considerably than a dining table and he has a most amiable and generous disposition—I think next year of crossing the Alps for two or three weeks—Many circumstances which joined to the general state of Europe have made me a sort of prisoner at home are now removed—My family is grown up and decently provided for and I don't see why I should not have a frisk as well as all around me—How odd if we should meet on the Brenta or the Arno ! I cannot tell how much I shall be grateful by receiving the honoured Volume¹— You have contrived one way to make me proud of my works as these witness—I will enclose this in a few lines to Lord C. Ever my dear Lady Compton Your respectful and obliged friend

WALTER SCOTT

[*Northampton*]

TO LORD COMPTON

MY DEAR LORD,—Nothing can be more agreeable to me than the flattering mark of kind remembrance which you have destined for me and which I expect to receive very soon. You have given me much reason to be vain of one copy at least of my numerous literary labours. The intervention of the Birthday and another holiday permits me to go to the country tomorrow and I hope when I come back I shall find your valued gift

¹ In her letter of 12th May Lady Compton told him she had sent a parcel “containing a Lord of the Isles illustrated as best we might by Compton Lady Elizabeth & myself—though the two last had a very small proportion in the business as you will see. . . . I am really glad you liked Anna Janes Factor's garland. I have told her to send you the Collector's Ovation a ridiculous story about a Collector of Customs & two boxes of Eggs. She has a deal of art, & now that she is forced to exert herself, she shews what she really has in her, which she never could be brought to do while like Boney fast & pretty fast she could hide behind the curtain (If you do not know that story, ask little Charles for it, & I dare say he does).”—*Walpole Collection*. Anna Jane was one of the unmarried sisters in the Clephane family. According to Florence MacCunn, she left with Sir Walter, in MS., “a very clever comedy in the old style, which was very happily imitated.”—*Sir Walter Scott's Friends*, p. 99.

safely arrived. Summer is only begun with us about a week since and Spring we have had literally none such a course of severe weather has not been known in the memory of man. When I left Abbotsford in May not only the hills but even the sheltered valley of the Tweed was covered with snow and the sheep dying by scores. I fear this will soon prove more than an adequate relief to the opposite grievance of too cheap grain and that it will become some question where we are to find the grain. But yet if we have a steady good summer the crop may not fall so far short as it threatens to do at present. I own I am not one of [those] that are disposed to croak very much over the state of the country. It is bad for the present no doubt because all the channells of commerce which had been [*indecipherable*] out during the long war have been at once stopd up and it is some time before capital can be withdrawn from them for the purpose of occupying those outlets which the peace naturally opens. I am old enough to remember the distress which followed the conclusion of peace with America and the rapid progress made by the reviving industry and commerce of Britain during the first years of Pitt's administration. So that I am not doubtful of the relief which the new arrangement of things will naturally produce. But it is clear that there has been and must be much endurable distress and many a family ruined.

I hope our new Prince George of Denmark gives satisfaction—he has rather difficult cards to play in a situation where he must be necessarily supposed to have much influence although without possessing any ostensible authority—I saw him frequently when at Paris and I thought him a sensible pleasant man—he draws by the bye very well so I suppose has a taste for the fine arts which the Brunswick family have hitherto wanted.

I had proceeded thus far when the newspapers put me in possession of an event which I hail with particular

pleasure adding another sacred tie to your Lordships union with my fair and kind friend.¹ You my dear Lord who know so well the value of domestic affections will prize these blessings of providence as the sources of the purest pleasure which our mortal pilgrimage affords and I rejoice in the hope that in this pledge of mutual affection you will find a new subject for the exercise of these feelings and duties which soften at once and ennoble our nature.—What a contrast to the state of another noble acquaintance of mine² who has dashed those comforts from his lips in wantonness or insanity. Accept my warmest and best congratulations and oblige me when you have a moments leisure by letting me know that Lady Comptons recovery is favourable. I enclose a letter for her Ladyship written before I heard the good news. It is hardly necessary to say that it will keep cold. I go to Abbotsford tomorrow for a week only and am delighted like a schoolboy at obtaining this sort of half holiday—Courts of Justice are abominable places in summer being hot enough at all times at least if the litigants feelings can be trusted— I mentioned in my letter to Lady Compton a curious epistle from a Lady Compton of yore to her husband which I erroneously quoted as being in Winwoods Memorials³ but I cannot find it there nor exactly recollect where I read it. Believe me very much My dear Lord your Lordships truly faithful and obedient servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 31 *May* 1816.

[*Northampton*]

¹ Charles, third Marquess of Northampton, was born on 26th May 1816. In 1831 he took the surname of Douglas before that of Compton and quartered the arms of Douglas with those of the latter. He was succeeded by his brother William, born 20th August 1818, grandfather of the present marquess.

² *i.e.* Byron.

³ See pp. 245-6.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—I cannot any longer resist the temptation of intruding myself on your Grace to enquire how your London journey has agreed with you. I am informd this will most likely find you at Bath if so I hope you will not leave it too soon for I am sure the use of the water for a proper time will give a decisive turn to the gout which flew about your Grace last year. I have made a start of three days to this place to see the Great Babylon which I have built the bog which I have draind or rather attempted to drain and the trees which I have planted. Babylon I found about as broad & long as I left it but as there is no certainty in human affairs the bog has proved not so soft as that to which the bard likend his dear Molly Mogg¹ but on the contrary hard-hearted or in vulgar phrase surrounded by a good stomacher of whin-stone rock—and the trees poor dear creatures suffering under the influence of a dry cold blighting wind which if it last will cure us of our complaints of cheap meal for one while. To recreate myself under the[s]e disappointments I was under the necessity of accepting the honour done me by the Souters who requested me to lay the foundation stone of a sort of barn which is to be calld a Free Masons Hall. There was a solemn procession on this occasion which that it might not want the decorum of costume was attended by weavers from Hawick shoemakers from Jedburgh & pedlars from Peebles all very fine in the scarfs and trinkums of their respective lodges. If our musical band was not complete it was at least varied for besides the town drum & fife which thunderd in the van we had a pair of bagpipes & two

¹ The reference is to Gay's Molly Mog, but Gay's comparison is with the Will o' the Wisp, not the bog :

Will-a-wisp leads the traveller a-gadding
Thro ditch and thro quagmire and bog ;
But no light can set me a-madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

fiddles—And we had a prayer from a parson whom they were obliged to initiate on the spur of the occasion & who was abominably frightend although I assured him the sanctity of his cloth would preserve him from the fate of the youngest brother alluded to by Burns in his address to the Deil.

I wish I could by a corner of Prince Ho[u]sseins tapestry pay your grace a visit at Bath. I resided there the sixth year of my life and have a strong recollection of the Abbey Church the Orange Grove the Avon & a statue of Neptune which then stood at the Ferry which led to Spring Garden. I recollect the river as dark & yellowish at least to my northern eyes—

I have got for your Grace three very handsome transcripts from the records—of the testament of the Knight of Branksome who gives us also a list of his substance and debts (many of which were partly compensated by *bullocks* deliverd in part payment). Also two leagues between the Scotts & Kerrs which like those upon a more extensive scale seem to have been wonderfully short in duration. I fancy I had better keep them till your Grace comes down.

I beg to be most kindly rememberd to Lady Anne & the young ladies—the fir & heather Chieftain & all the friends around your Grace—I hope your Grace will be at Bowhill early enough in the season to make out the proposed fishing for the monster¹ at Cauldshiels Loch—Believe me my dear Lord Duke ever your truly honourd & obliged

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 5 June [1816]

What a smash Camiston² has made of it—£70,000 of debt besides character & all—but that was gone before.

¹ Scott's pet superstition, the water-bull. See the letter to Morritt of 22nd December 1815, pp. 145-6.

² William Riddell of Camiaston, an estate in St. Boswells parish, Roxburghshire. In 1807, on the death of Colonel Edgar Hunter, he succeeded to the estate of Lenthill, on the other side of Bowden Moor from Abbotsford,

After all honesty is the best policy—There are a few old gold coins here—none very curious—but they may be bought for little more than the value of the gold. They are in Andrew Langs hands. If your Grace would care to have any of the best of them I will buy them for you.

[*Buccleuch and Familiar Letters*]

TO LORD MELVILLE

MY DEAR LORD,—Amid the changes which are likely to take place in our court I am sure you have better advice than I could presume to offer (had I title to offer any) respecting the judicial appointments which are likely to take place upon the death of poor Meadowbank now hourly expected. I cannot help availing myself of the privilege of so old a friend to throw in a hint in favour of my particular intimate friend William Erskine who is not a person who in such a case would solicit for himself and whose near connection the Lord Register Elect may perhaps for that reason feel less intitled to press his claims. That Mr. Erskine is a most steady friend upon the firmest political conviction your Lordship well knows & how far his legal knowlege and excellent sound sense calculate him to fill the situation of a judge your Lordship may easily learn from persons whose testimony is much more valuable than mine for if the publick voice & publick wish of our whole profession can be admitted to have any weight these have already pointed out Mr. Erskine as certain of this promotion.¹ But there is a point of view which comes so immediatly under my own observation

and we shall have Scott's comments on him later. The details of his failure are unknown to me. "I cannot tolerate that man : it seems to me as if I hated him for things not only past and present but for some future offence which is as yet in the womb of fate." See Vol. I, note, pp. 94-95. Possibly Scott refers to Riddell of Camieston here by mistake for Riddell of Ridell. See Lockhart, c. xxiv.

¹ This appears to be the beginning of Scott's unwearied exertions on Erskine's behalf. See letter to Erskine and note, 30 April [1819].

that I cannot help submitting it to your Lordship aware that you will give me credit for taking both the interest of the country the court of justice & my own profession into view instead of being exclusively biased by partiality for a valued friend. Indeed if I know myself at all I would not hazard what I am about to say unless from the confidence that my testimony would be received as that of an impartial witness in which view from the opportunities of observation which I possess it may possibly be of some little value. There has long been a systematic scheme in this country having its assistants in England to degrade and run down the Court of Session and to pave the way for various alterations & plans of individual advantage and preferment at the expence of our judicial establishments. For this purpose every rash expression is carefully caught up, wrested beyond its meaning exaggerated and distorted and it occasionally happens that some of our elder judges however excellent men & good lawyers have about them a little too much of the old-world roughness of manner which gives scope and advantage to the persons I have mentioned. And I own that on many occasions I would have had great pleasure in seeing among them a person so well acquainted as Erskine I do not say with English law but with the manners & habits of judging peculiar to English lawyers and who is therefore remarkably capable of counteracting this growing disposition to misrepresent the Court of Session by checking the circumstances which give scope to it. A judge may often want only to know how & in what light what he says or does will be regarded elsewhere to prevent his giving advantages which are eagerly caught at. I cannot help thinkg. that Erskine's remarkable correctness and sense of decorum joined with his excellent temper and his deep legal knowledge cannot fail to add respectability to this court and to do the highest honour to his Majesty's ministers for Scotland.

Once more I beg a thousand pardons for interfering in

a matter in which my voice has so little title to be heard. But I begin to have Dogberry's title for being troublesome "an old man Sir—he will be talking"¹—I hope you will get the play a little while this year and that Lady Mellvill[e] & you will in going or coming make a pilgrimage to Melrose Abbey. I have got a cell for you in my least of all possible hermitages. Ever my dear Lord Your truly faithful & obliged

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 14 *June* 1816

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I wrote you an idle letter a few days since & am now obliged to be troublesome in the way of business. There are great changes to take place in our court both by promotion of Lord Advocate to be Clerk Register which will of course be followd by Mac-Conochie getting the Advocates silk gown & by Wedderburn or some one else succeeding him as solicitor. Moreover Ld. Meadowbank² is at the point of death after having shewn how long an active mind can keep itself alive in despite of a decayd frame & whoever shall be promoted to his situation will probably vacate some beneficial office. Now as your Grace entrusted me with the office of your remembrancer on behalf of good &

¹ *Dog*. A good old man, sir ; he will be talking : as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out : God help us ! it is a world to see.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, III, v.

² Allan Maconochie, Lord Meadowbank (1748-1816), Scottish judge, was one of the founders, with William Creech, John Bruce, and Henry Mackenzie, of the Speculative Society in Edinburgh. He was appointed professor of public law and law of nature and nations in Edinburgh University on 16th July 1779, and on 18th December following was elected treasurer of the Faculty of Advocates. He took active measures in procuring the rejection of Henry Erskine as dean of the Faculty in January 1796. He took his seat on the bench as Lord Meadowbank on 11th March 1796. He died on 14th June 1816.

steady friends I venture to put Robert Bruce¹ under your eye as well deserving of your patronage. He has lately shewn himself in a very good light while acting as crown-council on the last Glasgow circuit when he discharged that duty with an uncommon degree of talent sense and legal knowlege which leaves no room to doubt that his preferment will do honour to your Graces exercise of your patronage. And independent of the handsome & gentlemanlike manner in which both father & son conducted themselves upon a late occasion I must say I expect the greatest & most important assistance from R. Bruce's sound legal knowlege at Head courts & so forth. But I need say nothing more on that subject because it has not been for want of your Graces active interference in his behalf that he has not hitherto got forward. In the present uncertainty of arrangement all I can ask is that your Grace will have the goodness to keep him in Lord Mellville's view, to be dealt with according to circumstances. I should prefer for him the situation of an Advocate Depute and should there be a vacancy in that department I am convinced that MacConochie would most willingly attend to any wish which your Grace may be pleased to express. But should there be no vacancy among the Advocates Depute (whose nomination is in the Lord Advocate personally) there will still be Sherifffdoms & other good things flying to and fro and if your Grace could fetch down one of the covey whenever they are sprung we would be perfectly contented with that which lay most convenient for your aim. Excuse haste as I must get this letter off with the post. The silver cup for the Suters is finishd & looks very handsome. I am with great respect My dear Lord Duke Your Graces truly obliged & faithful

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 16 *June* 1816

[*Buccleuch*]

¹ Who accompanied Scott on his expedition to Waterloo. An account of it in MS. is in the possession of Mr. Francis Steuart.

TO LORD COMPTON

MY DEAR LORD,—Nothing could have been more obliging than your Lordships kind attention in letting me know the issue of Lady Comptons confinement and the happy progress of her recovery. Your Lordship has already received my congratulations on an event so interesting to your family and which forms a double link to the ties which already unite your Lordship with my fair friend. I must not be silent on another topic of gratitude afforded by the safe arrival of the volume—which Lady C, Lady Elizabeth and your Lordship have thought worthy of your joint illustrations. I can only say it is the only volume of the same author on which I shall set a very high and peculiar value and that I am alike flattered as a poet and gratified as a friend by the taste and elegance of the drawings and the kindness which directed the friendly artists in their choice of subjects.

I trust this will find Lady Compton continuing to recover as well as the writer could wish her. As an old and experienced person I hope she will not exert herself by seeing company too soon or running the risque of cold. This is the anniversary of Waterloo and from the noise about my ears which has continued since six this morning I think the whole grammar-school boys of Edinburgh have been fighting the battle over again in this house—nothing to be seen but flags bonnets and blue cockades—We made a short visit to Abbotsford last week but lack-a-day such villainous weather I never saw—the country is farther back than is usual in the month of April— I beg my kindest and best remembrances to Lady Compton and am ever My dear Lord Your truly obliged and faithful servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 18th *June* 1816

[*Northampton*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

To Archibald Constable Esq
 Care of Messrs. Longman & Co
 Pater Noster Row London

EDINR. 18 June 1816

DEAR SIR,—I am making rapid progress in the history for 1814¹ but having finishd the history of the campaign in France I am anxious to get full information upon the other topics of the year. I must therefore request of you to have the goodness to enquire about any publications respecting the following transactions only observing that original books or pamphlets in French Spanish German or Italian will be more valuable than translations & that I am particularly desirous to see works on both sides.

Spain. The reception of the King—the disputes between him & the Cortes—the insurrection of Mina in Navarre &c—Mina is himself in London & perhaps may have publishd something.

* *Italy.* The wars between Murat & Eugene Beauharnois—our occupation of Leghorn & affairs on the Italian coast & at Genoa. I think there must be some things publishd on this part of the campaign.

Norway. Any thing concerning its cession to Sweden and the short struggle that preceded it—any good pamphlets on the cession in general & any thing that can throw light upon the tardiness of Bernadotte's movements in the campaign against France.

Our foolish war with America. Anything relating to its rise & progress—

Any thing illustrative of the internal state of France under the Bourbons & during the short usurpation of

¹ "Historical Sketch of the year 1814," which appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* published October 1816. Southey had ceased to write this part of the *Register* and had some trouble about payment with John Ballantyne. Cadell reports to Constable on the 16th that Scott had said to John B.: "Our friends at the Cross may make any terms about the History they have a mind to. I will not interfere." See p. 304.

Bonaparte. I have most of the Bourbon pamphlets but I wish to get if possible some of those written against them.

Any German political or historical works would be also most desirable and any which respect the constitution & history of the new kingdom of the Netherlands.

As you are now on the spot and the object is an important one I trust you will be able to arrange with foreign booksellers for a regular supply of such works as are connected with the annual history of their country. There is no making books without straw but with a moderate attention to securing good supplies of original information I trust three years will put the work on a very different footing from what it has lately been. But our deficiency is the procuring early copies of foreign books & it will not be remedied without both trouble and expence.

I had almost forgotten to mention works on Indian affairs Asiatic register &c.

John Ballantyne sets off to day.¹ Yours truly

W SCOTT

[*Kilpatrick*]

TO HAY DONALDSON

MY DEAR SIR,—I dare say nothing can have escaped Mr. Fergussons researches and yours among my fathers papers and as they must perish where they are I think they had better be destroyed. If however you should think there is any room for regretting this they might ad interim be sent to my coach house² the key whereof is at my house Castle Street and I believe this will be the

¹ For London, as Cadell warns Constable. On the 25th he adds : " You should really keep John Doe ["Doe," as he calls him always] from going to Paris to Play the fool—he could easily write from London to his *compeers* that he finds nothing can be done there."—*Constable MS. Correspondence*.

² Scott's coach house and stables in Rose Street was sold by the trustees after his failure for £230 ; his house in Castle Street for £2300.

better way. I will immediately remit the wine-cash when I know the amount. I had a summons to dine with the Duke at Ancrum to speak upon business but so well does the Bart.¹ calculate his matters that it arrived when my own dinner was over. The Duke will be with me soon having got a net eighty yards in length to sweep Cauldshiels Loch for the supposed monster. I intend to have some chat with him on other matters.

I am glad the Bart. has come to the point as Tom will probably draw for cash unless he comes over bodily at which I should not be surprized. What chance of seeing you for a day or two's quiet fishing. We are catching gilses² faster than people care to eat them. Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 7 *July* [1816]

[*Griffith*]

TO JOHN WILSON CROKER

MY DEAR SIR,—You were kind enough to procure for a person of the name of Alexander Campbell permission to inscribe his Collection of Scottish music to H.R.[H.] the Prince Regent.³ Will you now have the additional

¹ Probably Sir William Forbes, the banker, or Sir William Scott, Bart., of Ancrum.

² Same as "grilse" = young salmon.

³ For the full title-page of Campbell's publication see footnote to letter to Macdonald of Glengarry, March-April 1816 (p. 199). The dedication page is thus worded: "To His Royal Highness The Prince Regent of Great Britain & Ireland this Collection of the Melodies & Vocal Poetry of Scotland is, with His Royal Highness's Most Gracious Permission Dutifully and Respectfully Inscribed by the Editor." In his Preface, dated from the General Register House, 20th June 1816, Campbell generously acknowledges Scott's assistance: "Through Mr. Scott's means, the PRINCE REGENT was applied to, for permission to inscribe this collection to his Royal Highness, who was graciously pleased to signify his sanction to a gentleman high in office, who gladly communicated the same; consequently this National Work comes forth under the patronage of one who is well able to appreciate its merits, and award accordingly." To the first volume Scott contributed "Hear what Highland Nora said" ("Nora's Vow" in *Miscellaneous Poems*); "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu"; "The moon's on the lake" ("MacGregor's Gathering" in *Miscellaneous Poems*); "Why weep

goodness to take charge of the first copy which we have been able to get out of the engravers hands and which is destined for Carleton House.¹ I am afraid there will be no time to get it suitably bound as the workmen here are most intolerably lazy. But the Prince will perhaps deign to receive the Highland Muse in her undress

“High-kilted was she
As she gaed ower the lea.”

We have cobbled up among us a pack of verses to which the Editor has graciously added some very indifferent compositions of his own. But the music is correct and none of the tunes have ever appeared before. His Royal Highness asked me so many questions about the Highlands that I was induced to take some pains about a

ye by the tide, ladie” (“Jock of Hazeldean” in *Miscellaneous Poems*). Campbell adds the following note to “MacGregor’s Gathering”: “The Melody to which the above verses is adapted, was taken down, with all possible care, from Captain Niel McLeod of Guesto’s MS. Collection of Pibrochs, as performed by the celebrated Macrimmons of Skye; the Melody to *Pibroch of Donuil Duibh* was taken down at the same time, *i.e.* September 1815—the process was tedious and exceedingly troublesome. The Editor had to translate, as it were, the syllabic jargon of illiterate pipers (which was distinctly enough joted down in Captain McLeod’s own way) into musical characters, which, when correctly done, he found to his astonishment to coincide exactly with regular notation! With respect to the masterly manner Mr. Scott has caught the true spirit of the pibroch, which flashes forth in his characteristic numbers, it behoves not the Editor to whisper even what he feels.” For the second volume Scott wrote: “Donald Caird’s come again”; “MacLeod’s wizard flag from the grey castle sallies” (“Mackrimmon’s Lament” in *Miscellaneous Poems*). Campbell picked up the tune of the former in the house of William Laidlaw, “where, in autumn 1816, the Editor noted it down from the performance of James Cockburn, an itinerant piper from the How-o’-Buchan, Banffshire; an annual visitant to the Border as a *wool-gatherer*,—and for his ‘taits of woo’ he paid but a spring-o’-the-pipes; ‘for the Southlanders,’ he said, ‘are a’ unka guid sort o’ bodies—and vera, vera kind to me, in trouth, on a’ lawfu’ occasions.’”

¹ “What shall I do?” asks Croker in his reply of 19th July. “It is not, I find, correct to present the *unbound* volume to the Prince. I shall, therefore, to save time, venture to have it bound & shall present it when it gets its leathern jerkin.” Among various suggestions of improvement, Croker doubts “whether the word *knell* in the last line [of ‘Pibroch of Donald Dhu’] is worthy the simplicity of the rest. I should prefer

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Now for the onset.”

But, according to the printed versions, Scott retained “*knell*.”

pibroch at the end of the work in hopes of being able to convey some idea of the state of their martial music and Gathering tunes. The frontispiece is a deer-hound of mine and if you would but come to Scotland you should have a haunch of venison of his killing.

Excuse me giving you all this trouble and when you have an opportunity to mention the collection to His Royal Highness will you have the further goodness to lay my humble and grateful duty before him. Believe me My dear Sir, Ever most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBH. 8 July [1816]

[*Brotherton*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I hear of the event in Dr. Baillie's family which although like all human affairs attended with its own portion of doubt and uncertainty carries with it as fair a prospect of happiness as sublunary events of any kind can well hold out.¹ I have always considered that an

¹ In her letter of 2nd July Joanna Baillie had announced that her niece was going to be married the following week to one Milligan, "a plain honest soldier. . . one of our brave Dragoons at Waterloo . . . it was a sister of his who sat next you when you last dined with us at Hampstead. You may have forgotten her, indeed, but she will never forget having sat by you." They, the Baillies, have anxiety about their niece's future happiness, as Milligan and she have such opposite tastes. She is clever, fond of books, "with a mind & taste well cultivated ; his education has been quite neglected" and he can talk only on dogs, horses, and military matters. Joanna is going abroad with "the new married pair and my nephew William, to spend some weeks & see part of Switzerland & Geneva. . . . Our first step is to visit the field of Waterloo, and I shall think much of you, and of those who on *that spot* must be thought of before you, when I am there." She has had a letter from Maria Edgeworth "full of praises of the Antiquary which she rather prefers to Guy Mannering. She thinks there is but one person in the world able to write such works and therefore they must be his. It is indeed rich in characters & in original pictures of human nature ; but I know not how to give it a preference to the other, my admiration of Meg Merrilees & my love for Dandy Dinmont being great ; besides that the story of Guy Mannering is more uniformly animated & entertaining." She has also recently had a letter from Lady Byron. "Poor thing ! she comforts herself with thinking that, had she not married

exact purity of taste or even of understanding is of very little consequence in the married if there be in the first place principle and in the second place good temper on both sides. Nay I am not sure whether the happiest unions have not usually been those in which there was a considerable difference in the habits and turn of study proper to each party. We easily learn to admire the proficiency and take interest in the accomplishments and occupations of those whom we love and to whom we soon become bound by many common and endearing ties. Affection in such cases does the work of taste and we admire our partner the more that perhaps we do not feel ourselves totally competent to judge the extent of their acquisitions. Besides if two people ride a horse as the learned Dogberry says one must ride behind and in that case there is sometimes a feeling of contempt on the one hand and of irritating emulation on the other. I suspect a painter or poet would not wish to be matched with an exquisite critic and still less with a dunce addicted to make bad verses or spoil good canvas. In short where there is real good temper competent means and above all a presiding sense of affectionate duty the great requisites of happiness are within their power and I have no doubt your young friend will find all these in Capt. Milligan. He has had the advantage of suffering in the greatest battle ever fought and has in good sense and gallantry a better foundation to claim family regard

Ld. B. and he became ruined & abandoned afterwards as he would certainly have done, she would have upbraided herself for not endeavouring to save him and would probably have been more miserable than she is. . . . I suppose you have read Lady C. Lamb's book. It is not without some ability . . . yet . . . her outré fantastical loves & sentiments are like the ravings of a crazy person. She insinuates that Lord Byron took great pains to win her love ; but I have always been informed that it was quite the reverse and that he always shunned her and repressed her advances." The reference to " Mathurine's tragedy " at the end of Scott's letter is, of course, to *Bertram*, which Joanna says she has not seen but read. " It was said, when it first came out, that the author had sent the MS. to you and you had recommended it to Drury Lane but this I suppose is false."—*Walpole Collection*.

and respect than if he had written a whole Iliad. My kindest and best congratulations attend them, Dr. and Mrs. Baillie Mrs. Agnes and yourself upon an event which promises so much happiness and which may be expected to extend your family and domestic affections to a new race of beings.

I am truly glad you are going abroad—nothing gives such a fillip to the imagination. The recollection of what I saw last year on the continent has all the freshness and vivacity attending the recollection of scenes which I visited for the first time in early youth and seem to be as it were in *high relief* engraved on my memory amid the fainter traces of ordinary occupations. My family are now in such a state that I can leave them without any thing more than a little anxiety and I fully intend the next year while I have still health and strength for such frolics to take a little frisk as far as Rome and Naples—¹ perhaps as far as Athens— How delightful it would be could we meet in Switzerland or Italy. But that I fear 'is not on the cards as you will be returning. Paris I am not anxious to see again but I trust you will see it once. There is more of good and bad in it than anywhere else in the world. I do not mean *moral* good of which there is rather a paucity but worldly grandeur and display. It is quite a Vanity-fair: and upon the whole I feel something like the highlander in the old song

I'll awa to the hieland hills
Where deil a ane daur turn her
And no come near your Turnemspike
Unless it be to burn her.

I am under the necessity of concluding very hastily for I am engaged to escort two valued English friends ² to see the Highland Scenery—Excellent women and kind friends they are yet I doubt I will hardly be able to make interesting to them things so much out of their habits.

¹ See p. 306.

² Miss Dumergue and Miss Sarah Nicolson.

Then I fear for bad inns and bad weather. But we will make our tour short—only Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond and return by Bothwell Banks and the Falls to Clyde-side. I hope to hear from you before you set out on your tour and when you have fixed your route. Adieu my dearest friend I am *bothered* with twenty troublesome trifles all left to the last moment. Yours most affectionately

WALTER SCOTT

I will be at Abbotsford within a week after this comes to hand. All join in kind love and respectful compliments of congratulation in which Sophia requires hers to be put in text hand. It is true I sent Mathurines tragedy to Lord Byron many months since—not that I quite liked [the] style of thing which comes too near the German but because the author being a man of merit in distress I was desirous to do all in my power to help him onward. Love to Mrs. Agnes Baillie and the young bride.

EDINBURGH 12 July 1816

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE

[August 1816]

DEAR JOHN,—I have the pleasure to enclose Murray's acceptances. I earnestly recommend to you to push, realizing as much as you can.

“Consider weel, gude man,
We hae but borrowed gear ;
The horse that I ride on,
It is John Murray's mear.”¹

Yours truly,

W. SCOTT

[*Lockhart*]

¹ For correct and full version of this letter see Vol. I, Appendix, p. 502.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

[PM. 2nd August, 1816]

MY DEAR LORD,—As Sophia like Win Jenkins desires me to inclose her sheet of nonsense under your Graces *kiver* I take the opportunity to acknowledge your Graces favour & to express my hope of a speedy meeting in the forest. The lake is in *statu quo* and the water horse fresh in remembrance of all the good folks so who knows what a bold draught of a net may do—at least I saw a fine Jack the other day make a dash at my wifes parasol as she was tapping the water with it to her no small astoundment. The weather has been infamous. Like the drunken Landlord at the Arroquhar Inn¹ “I declare I am perfectly ashamed of it” especially in the presence of two cockney (most veritable cockney) ladies who are much annoyd & scandalized at the smallness of a cottage which will not accomodate them within doors and the severe frowns of the climate which will not permit them to get abroad.—Your Grace will have heard that the Duke of Wellington comes to Scarborough perhaps further north—“How shall we pay him honours due?”—I had this from good authority: Mr. Wedderburn Webster (who is a whipper-snapper) now by the grace of God a neighbour in place of plain honest William Sibbald—he is you know the husband of Lady Frances Webster though I give no credit to the Scandal.

We shall be delighted to meet your graces Bath friends.²

¹ Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, Argyllshire.

² The Bath friends were, as the duke relates in his letter of 28th June, the Dean of Raphoe's family—the dean, his wife, & two daughters—whom he had met at a friend's house in Bath. “The father of the flock—74 years of age—a hale man, & very like old Carlyle in the face. . . . They sung many pretty pieces of music, the words taken from *your Works*. . . . Two evenings afterwards I went to their House, & they immediately struck up ‘The feast was over in Branksome Tower etc.’ I was much pleased with the compliment. I soon found that you were a prodigious favorite in that house & they made many enquiries about you, & shewed a perfect knowledge of your writings. They talk of a visit to the *Classic* parts of

I hope this atmosphere will not hurt their harmony : and that they will honour the cottage of the Bard who is more flattered by their paying the appropriate compliment to his Chieftain than he well could be through any other medium of flattery.

The Standard bearer¹ goes to the moors (the first of his fields) on the 12 to Ashestiel—I hope your Grace will not be angry if he follows a covey over the Peel land—I think I can ensure his doing little mischief—Ever your Graces most faithful & obliged

WALTER SCOTT

I hope to hear we are to meet soon—If you have not yet seen my most magnificent of all deer-greyhounds—The doe and roe being scarce with us I am anxious to match him with a fox the first grand chasse.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO MR. CADDELL

Messrs. Constable & Co/ Booksellers, Cross, Edinburgh

DEAR SIR,—As all the copy for the Annual Register is in the printers hand and very nearly out of it and as I have occasion to pay an installment for some land I take the liberty of drawing upon your House for £400,, agreeable to bargain : I have made the date three months for convenience of discount but I will willingly extend it to any reasonable length by renewal as you will believe I have no wish to overburthen the work. I am anxious to hear of Mr. Constables return & what he has done for me in the way of getting materials. I should like to have 1815 out in the end of the year—1816 will be comparatively light work & may be ready in three or four

Scotland, & a strong desire to see Melrose. . . . Should they come, I shall certainly lay my claws upon you, that you may justify the high opinion which they have formed of you. The name of the family is Allott. . . . I assure you that they would enliven our forest party.”—*Walpole Collection*.

¹ Young Walter Scott.

months afterwards. I am busy with the history but cannot go to press before October being much incommoded with want of books &c.

I have drawn the above bill to the order of Mr. James Ballantyne. There are bills of yours to be renewd on the 19th. They must be lookd after in good time. I hope Constable sends you good news from London—here we are all like to be ruind with a late & poor harvest. I am dear Sir Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 7 *August* 1816.

[*Kilpatrick*]

To JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I have not had a moments kindly leisure to answer your kind letter and to tell how delighted I will be to see you in this least of all possible dwellings but where we nevertheless can contrive a pilgrims quarters and the warmest wellcome to you and any friend of your journey—if young Stanley so much the better. Now as to the important business with the which I have been occupied you are to know we have had our kind hostesses of Piccadilly¹ upon a two months visit to us. We owed them so much hospitality that we were particularly anxious to make Scotland agreeable to the good girls. But alas ! the wind has blown and the rain has fallen in a stile which beats all that ever I rememberd. We accomplishd with some difficulty a visit to Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond and by dint of the hospitality of Cambusmore² and Ross we defied bad weather wet roads and long walks. But the weather settled into actual tempest when we settled at Abbotsford and though the natives accusomd to bad weather

¹ His wife's old friends, Miss Dumergue and Mrs. Sarah Nicolson, the latter the sister of Miss Jane Nicolson, who had never before been in Scotland.

² The mansion of his friends the Macdonald Buchanans.

(though not at such a season) contrived to brave the extremities of the season it only served to increase the dismay of our unlucky visitors who accustomed only to Paris and London expected *fiacres* at the milestone cross and a pair of oars at the Deadmans heugh. Add to this a strong disposition to *comméragé* where there was no possibility of gratifying it and a total indisposition to scenery or country amusements which were all we had to offer and you will pity both visitors and guests. I have the gratification to think I fully supported the hospitality of my country—I walkd them to death—I talkd them to death—I showd them landscapes which the driving rain hardly permitted them to see and told them of feuds about which they cared as little as I do about their next-door news in Piccadilly. Yea I even playd at cards and as I had Charlotte for a partner so ran no risque of being scolded I got on pretty well. Still the weather was so execrable that as the old drunken landlord used to say at Arroquhar “I was perfectly ashamed of it” and to this moment I wonder how my two friends fought it out so patiently as they did. But the young people and the cottages formd considerable resources. Yesterday they left us deeply impressd with the conviction which I can hardly blame that the sun never shone in Scotland which that noble luminary seems disposed to confirm by making this the first fair day which we have seen this month so that his beams will greet them at Longtown as if he was determined to put Scotland to utter shame.

In you I expect a guest of a different calibre and I think (barring downright rain) I can promise you some sport of one kind or other : we have a good deal of game about us and Walter to whom I have resignd my gun and license will be an excellent attendant—he brought in six brace of moor-game on the 12th which had (*si fas est dicere*) its own effect in softening the minds of our guests towards this unhappy climate. In other

respects things look melancholy enough here—corn is however rising and the poor have plenty of work and wages which though greatly inferior to what they had when hands were scarce assort perfectly well with the present state of the markets. Most folks try to live as much on their own produce as they can by way of fighting off distress and though speculating farmers and landlords must suffer I think the temporary ague-fit will on the whole be advantageous to the country. It will check that inordinate and unbecoming spirit of expence or rather extravagance which was poisoning all classes and bring us back to the sober virtues of our ancestors. It will also have the effect of teaching the landed interest that their connection with their farmers should be of a nature more intimate than that of mere payment and receipt of rent and that the largest offerer for a farm is often the person least fit to be preferd as a tenant. Above all it will compleat the destruction of those execrable quacks terming themselves Land-Doctors who professd from a two days scamper over your estate to tell you its constitution in other words its value acre per acre. These men paid according to the golden hopes they held out afforded by their reports one principal means of deceiving both landlord and tenant by setting an ideal and extravagant value upon land which seemd to entitle the one to expect and the other to offer rent far beyond what any expectation formd by either upon their own acquaintance with the property could rationally have warranted. More than one landed gentleman has cursed in my presence the day he ever consulted one of those empirics whose prognostications induced him to reject the offers of substantial men practically acquainted with the *locale* to accept those of speculative adventurers whom they imagined better or more liberal judges of the value of the land because they approachd in their offers nearer to the ideal value assignd by the valuation.

I shall be delighted to see Heber should he point this way & can easily make room for him. But I greatly doubt his performing a promise which would give us such particular pleasure. If you can bring your nephew with you we will make room for him in our chicken coop and be delighted to make him acquainted with my wild foresters. For your further encouragement we have got in our neighbourhood my Parisian acquaintances Mr. Wedderburn Webster by nature a fool and by art a coxcomb and pest of the first water and his wife Lady Frances a very pleasant woman in manners as well as young & pretty but who has certainly fallen into bad hands in the breaking and looks melancholy & speaks sentiment when no better discourse is to be had.

Lady H. Mackenzie¹ has promised to come here in October as you propose to pay a visit then perhaps you will contrive to escort her here on your return. I have sundry irons in the fire on all which I will consult you at more leisure. This is only a grateful acknowledgement of your kind promise to come to[o]. Mrs. Scott joins in the kindest remembrances and all my young folks especially your acquaintances Sophia and Walter are delighted with the prospect of seeing you for a good long visit. Ever my dear Morritt most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 21st August 1816

[Law]

To J. B. S. MORRITT, M.P., ROKEBY, GRETA BRIDGE

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I wrote you a long letter the other evening. Your plan of operations received this morning will suit me most admirably especially if you come by Jedburgh. I must be there at the Circuit on the 14 Septr. and abide the 15th (Sunday) in my official attendance on the Judge. Now if you sleep at Otterbourne on the 13th which is an indifferent sort of hedge

¹ See p. 458, and note, p. 459.

inn you will find me at Jedburgh on the evening of the next day—and we have Sunday to look about us at Jedburgh and dine with the Judge¹ who is my old School-fellow and a very pleasant man—and on Monday morning unless you should wish to take a turn towards Kelso we will breakfast at Abbotsford. My being able to get to Harviestoun² depends on my getting forward some work which I have in hand and which I will show you. But at any rate I have plenty of time to weary you to death with showing you all that is to be seen so I expect you will stay with me as long as you possibly can. Look over Froissart before you visit Otterbourne the ground confirms his account of the battle wonderfully. You will of course visit Hexham—the church is very curious with some old Roman monuments and the situation beautiful. Between a miserable inn calld Tom-pill and Otterbourne (that is supposing you to come from Hexham) on a small brook near a place calld Wood[b]urne is the curious roman town or camp of Risingham. Near this stood the figure calld Robin of Risingham now not existing.³ It was mentiond in the notes to a certain poem calld Rokeby and acquired such celebrity that the Boor on whose ground it stood teased with the number of visitors broke it to pieces. I wish the fragments were in his bladder with all my heart. I do not know any thing else very remarkable in that part

¹ David Monypenny, Lord Pitmilley (1769-1850), was one of Scott's intimates in the High School days and was a member of *The Club*. He succeeded Lord Woodhouslee on the bench, and also as a Lord of Justiciary, in 1813.

² There are two estates of this name—Harvieston, in Borthwick parish, Edinburghshire, and Harviestoun, in Tillicoultry parish, Clackmannanshire.

³

“ And near the spot that gave me name,
The moated mound of Risingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone.”—*Rokeby*, Canto I, xx.

of the road—only on the very march when you enter Scotland the battle of Reid Swair was fought being the last action between the Scotch and English.¹ From Jedburgh I hope to be your cicerone myself. I write in great haste to save post. All here send love and will be delighted to see you. Most truly yours

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD 26 *August* [1816]

[*Law*]

To JAMES SKENE

ABBOTSFORD, 4th *September* 1816

MY DEAR SKENE,—I had your letter this morning, and take the opportunity of writing by your old acquaintance William Laidlaw of Blackhouse (whose hospitality you cannot have forgotten) to say how delighted I am with the prospect of seeing Mrs. Skene and you at this the tiniest of all possible houses. The circuit comes on next week, and as I must attend it, it would be greatly in the way of our enjoying ourselves. After the 17th I shall be at home and most happy to see you and Mrs. Skene. Mrs. Scott's love attends Mrs. S. and the Mackenzies. Morritt, I expect, will be at Abbotsford about the same time; you will be delighted with him, and we will have such fun as never was.

Laidlaw is in quest of a highland factory,² his farm not answering well in these bad times.³ We hear L— wants such a person, and I have begged Colin to recommend him if he finds an opening. He will be a real treasure.

In coming to Abbotsford you do not pass the Yair Bridge, but take a turn to the left down a fine new road which continues down the north side of the Tweed until

¹ See note, Vol. III, p. 227.

² *i.e.* factorship.

³ It was not till next year that Laidlaw settled at Kaeside and became Scott's steward. At this time he was suffering from misfortune, making two unlucky attempts at farming, in Peeblesshire and Midlothian respectively.

you come opposite to Abbotsford, where there is a good ford. You will know it by seeing the road go up the hill from the riverside. It is rather past this cottage than opposite to it, at the foot of a bank. But if we know your day, we will be on the look out for you. Once more health and fraternity.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Skene's Memories*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR SIR,—I have your letter of the 21 Sept. and am much pleased with the prospect you hold out of food for 1815. Pray get the *L'Année de la vie de Napoleon*¹—and as many Spanish anecdotes as you can you may assure the communicator that I will use them with the most delicate caution. I expected 1814 would have been out a month since. The History must go to press in November sans faute and push on rapidly. You must consider the number of copies and advise me of the quantity. I must beg you to accomodate Jas. Ballantyne with an acceptance @ 3 mos. for £350 which will not need to be renewd. You know I am accurate in these matters & not insensible of them. The object is to retire a large sum of Bills not less than £2300 & odds which are pledged with Allan for about £900, & are necessary in the business as well as for my own accomodation. Believe me dear Sir very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

Sunday ABBOTSFORD [22 September 1816]

[*Stevenson*]

¹ *A year of the life of . . . Napoleon ; or an historical account of all that happened from the 1st of April, 1814, to the 20th of March, 1815, relative to His Majesty. . . . Translated from the French of A. D. B. M*****, Lieutenant of Grenadiers. New York, 1815. 120.*

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

MY DEAR JAMES,—I have your letter which expresses what I have long wishd and supposed though I have in vain repeatedly requested John to see what could be made of Caddells house through Blackwood. I think you should learn what they will be willing to do for their bills will be just as good as Longmans. I suspect Longmans people are cool to say the least & I am in no shape bound to them unless they come handsomely into the terms expressd by Constable at which they certainly boggle. It would be impossible to conclude any thing with Caddell till we have the result of Rees's letter to his house—but their hesitation entitles us to look about elsewhere & you can very easily learn what they C. & D. will give for the present copy-rights with the chance of a share in future—or without such chance. The date of the bills might be *long* as they could be discounted through the English cash account. As the copy-rights are still in person of J. B. & Co/ you can open this negotiation without my interference only saying you must have my consent before concluding it. It must be understood distinctly that Constable is not to be left out in a future publication—in short that the Edinr. part is to be at my disposal. Indeed I would wish if possible to sell the present copy rights (if an adequate price can be had) without coming under future engagements ; but this I leave to you very much. In short you must rather learn what they are wanting & what they will do to obtain it than make any proposals yourself. But I wish you to open the trenches without loss of time for between ourselves I think it the most likely chance of getting things put on a footing. Constable *has* a plan for raising money but I dont like it on many accounts—His interest must be attended to & the best way & frankest of doing so will be to communicate with him while the treaty is in progress that he may express his own wishes & views.

I think you should speak to him immediatly as he has not deserved the shadow of suspicion. I shall also write a line myself. It is needless to say use dispatch. You will I think manage this matter better than John who has acquired an unfortunate character for insincerity in the trade. You dont say if he has returnd.

I will think about the Register but you should consult Russell Erskine etc. who have books about them—in fact it is a great neglect not to have mentiond this puzzle so soon as the *two* volumes¹ were fixd on & while I was in town.

I think there is no doubt of matters going on for at the worst it is but taking Constables new scheme which I will rather do than stop. Yours truly W. S.

ABBOTSFORD 27 Sept. [1816]

[*Signet Library*]

TO JOHN RICHARDSON

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—We are greatly obliged by your kind attention to Sophia's garden which she has acknowledged in her way on the other page. We have no news here but that Walter has caught a salmon of which he begs me to inform you. If you recollect do enquire about the proper mode of application to the literary fund in behalf of poor Weber whose claims on such an institution are very strong indeed.² You will hardly expect news from hence. Mortality advances bravely.³ Our dogs & cats, children & clowns are all well. My respects attend Mrs. Richardson & I hope you will bring her with you on your next Teviotdale visit. Ever dear Richardson Most truly yours WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD Friday 28 Sept. 1816

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ *The Edinburgh Annual Register* coming out in two volumes in place of one.

² With some assistance from Scott, Weber's friends began to support him about this time in an asylum at York.

³ A note on the copy says *Old Mortality*.

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE ¹

DEAR JAMES,—My respects to the Booksellers & I belong to the Death-head Hussars of literature who neither *take* nor *give* criticism. I know no business they had to show my work to Gifford nor would I cancel a leaf to please all the critics of Edinburgh & London and so let that be as it is. I never heard of such impudence in my life. Do they think I don't know when I am writing ill as well as Gifford can tell me. It is good enough for them and they had better make up the £200 they propose to swindle me out of than trouble themselves about the contents.

¹ This is the first time the full text of this letter has been printed. See Lockhart for the account of how and why the first series of the *Tales of my Landlord*, which included *The Black Dwarf*, had been offered to and accepted by Murray and Blackwood instead of Constable. The conclusion of that tale had, not unnaturally, disappointed Blackwood, and he wrote suggesting improvements, adding that he would bear the whole expense of cancelling and reprinting. "He seems," adds Lockhart, "also to have further indicated that he had taken counsel with some literary person on whose taste he placed great reliance and who, if he had not originated, at least approved of the proposed process of recasting." Lockhart then prints a version of the letter based I know not on what. It runs: "Dear James,—I have received Blackwood's impudent proposal. G—d d—n his soul! Tell him and his coadjutor that I belong to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made. W. S." If Scott actually wrote this, there must have been two letters with much the same phrasing. In May 1839 Lockhart added a note to the effect that he had, since the first edition was printed, received from the representatives of Mr. Blackwood several documents which throw light on the transaction. "It will be apparent from one of those," he adds, "that Blackwood, before he sent his message to Jedediah Cleishbotham, had ascertained that no less a person than Mr. Gifford concurred in his opinion—nay, that James Ballantyne himself took the same view of the matter. But the reader will be not less amused in comparing the 'Black Hussar's' missive in the text, with the edition of it which actually reached Blackwood." I will print James Ballantyne's letter, as it throws light not only on James, but on Lockhart and his treatment of documents:

"MY DEAR SIR,—Our application to the author of *Tales of my Landlord* has been anything but successful; and in order to explain to you the reason why I must decline to address him in this way in future, I shall copy his answer *verbatim*.

'My respects to our friends the Booksellers. I belong to the Death-head Hussars of Literature, who neither *take* nor *give* criticism. I am extremely

John says he can easily advance £200 on his £300 bill—& I as I said before am willing to renew for £300 :¹ more I can not think safe and as for ready money you received my last penny for want of which I suffer grievously. But your wants can be but temporary for after the 25th Allans £800 comes in as John assures me and I trust the tales² will be out instantly. Yours truly W S

Thursday [3rd October 1816]

Johns plans seem rational and soberminded. He is an excellent little fellow and if he will but be cautious may do capitally—I beg there may be no more communications with critics. These *born idiots* do not know the mischief they do to me & themselves. I do by God.³

[*Glen*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH

DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your letter and readily agree to advertising the History.⁴ The title I think should be

Letters on the History of Scotland addressd to a family

sorry they showed my work to Gifford, nor would I cancel a leaf to please all the critics of Edinburgh and London ; and so let that be as it is : They are mistaken if they think I don't know when I am writing ill, as well as Gifford can tell me. I beg there may be no more communications with critics.'

Observe—that I shall at all times be ready to convey anything from you to the author in a written form, but I do not feel warranted to interfere farther. Yours very truly, J. BALLANTYNE."

If, as Lockhart himself implies, Ballantyne's version is a travesty of the original, then Lockhart seems himself to have invented the first version and Ballantyne the second. Indeed in Lockhart's first edition the letter begins : "I have received Blackwood's impudent *letter*." When, however, he found from Ballantyne's letter that Blackwood had not complained in writing, he altered the word "letter" to "proposal" in the second edition. For Blackwood's reply see the *Life*.

¹ I have inserted a colon after £300. ² *i.e.* the *Tales of My Landlord*.

³ These last two words have been deleted in ink of a different colour from that in the rest of the letter.

⁴ See Vol. I, Appendix, p. 465, note 2.

of young persons By the Author of Pauls Letters from the Continent.¹

I am very sorry the Register has not in the outset answerd expectation. We must give it time to recover its legs and take pains with the next volume. If it had onc[e] a good deep root in England I should not fear for this country.

We are afflicted here by the worst season I ever witnessd October half through and no such thing as general harvest. I am half tired of looking at the scene of desolation and almost wish myself in Edinr. though I have so much to do her[e]. I am Dear Sir Very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 10 *October* 1816

[*Kilpatrick*]

TO MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

DEAR SIRS,—I am much obliged by your letter though very sorry for the contents. From my note of these matters there appeard only a single £300 due before Marts. & for that and every other demand on the business full and timely provision appeard to be made. The whole engagements do not amount to £4000 and the disposeable assets (exclusive of stock and property) to a good deal more so that you see how little reason I had to expect such an incident which I can only impute to the most culpable negligence for Jo: B. parted with me on the 21st in the best possible spirits and with cash to my knowlege to more than the amount of the dishonord bill so that the affair is to me utterly inexplicable. This

¹ Lockhart says that "if he ever wrote any part" of this History, "the MS. has not been discovered." There is a reference to this in Cadell's letter to Constable of 26th June 1816: "I enclose a copy of the agreement as to the History of Scotland, which you may want. Do not let L. and Co. off one *bodle* of this bargain. They should as well as we take a share of the burdens attending Mr. Scott and his concerns." See *Constable and his Correspondents*, iii. 92.

you may be assured of that there is no entanglement that is not most easily extricated so far as money is concern'd as you may see by the subjoind sketch.

Engagements including interest etc. say	£4000,,
Booksellers bills	£1500,,
Do. Printing Office	£ 500,,
Bills deposited with Allan & Co. at dis-	
countable states	£ 800,,
Do. with Sir W. F.	£1000,,
With about £800 due to me in Decr. and	
January	£ 800
	<u>£4600</u>
	£ 600

Exclusive of debts etc. to a large amount and property of various kinds to a much larger. In fact of the £4000,, there is only £2000 belongs to the business—the rest is my own raised to pay some of my new purchases. I wrote to both the Messrs. Ballantyne & would come to town if my doing so would do good. I am very much Your faithful humble Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Thursday* [PM. 26th Oct. 1816]

I exclud[ed] in the above state about £700,, or £1000 for which bills are pledged in security to more than the amount.

Messrs. Constable & Co. Booksellers Edinburgh

[*Stevenson*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH

26th October, 1816

DEAR SIR,—I have no objection to your title—indeed, I think it better than my own, only I would wish it to be added, that the Letters were written for the instruction

of a rising family, which is really the truth. I believe I mentiond to you the strong reasons which I have for not giving my name at full length, though I have no objection to your telling the whole world that I wrote it. Believe me, that although a more immediate impression might be made by treating the work with that formality, it would most inevitably lead to great disappointment in the public, and injure the book seriously. When a man puts his name to so grave a matter as a History, it should be something very different from the rapid and, I trust, animated sketch which I intend to furnish. Men would expect great depth of research and discussion of the disputed points, which is precisely what I intend to waive. I have not the least doubt that I will make a popular book, for I trust it will be both interesting and useful ; but I never intended to engage in any proper historical labour, for which I have neither time, talent, nor inclination. I think you may remember that the Letters¹ on the History of England were what I proposed as my model. In truth it would take ten years of any man's life to write such a History of Scotland as he should put his name to. But as I said before, I have no doubt mine will be found useful, and, I think, entertaining. I assure you I judge what I think for the best, and I would not for any caprice of my own stand in the way even of your wishes, much less of your interest. Both our interests, however, are equally concernd, and upon the most mature consideration I have been able to give the subject, I cannot alter my first resolution, that the babe must be unchristend. The difference between the popularity or unpopularity of a work often depends on the reader's expectations being too much excited, or on his finding unexpected pleasure where there was no parade of promise.

¹ Probably *A History of England in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son*. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1793. These were apparently by Oliver Goldsmith, but were attributed to Lord Lyttelton.

I am glad the affair of the Bill¹ was so far cleared up, though I am sorry it should have occurred at all in these troublesome times. We are all busied with getting in our harvest, such as it is. I suppose, like Burns's old woman, we shall win the kirk² on Halloween, which I used to think an improbability in the poem.—I am, dear Sir, very much yours,

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 26 *October* [PM. 1816]

I mentiond all that is above mentiond to Mr John Ballantyne but he seemd to think the particulars would come most satisfactorily from myself directly.

[*Kilpatrick and Constable*]

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, FAVOURED

BY MR. RUSSELL

MY DEAR ROGERS,—The son of an old friend a man of much taste and science Dr. James Russell of Edinr.³ is going to your Metropolis on scientific and medical pursuits and his father asks me for a line of introduction to some of my friends in the literary world. Alas, I have very few left. Our dear George Ellis is gone⁴ and so are many others with whom I used to claim some interest. My tediousness must be the more liberally bestowed upon those who remain and as few have a greater share

¹ This was the bill which had been dishonoured, owing to James Ballantyne having gone from home, and with regard to which Scott was naturally very angry.

² *i.e.* Harvest Home.

³ James Russell (1754-1836), regius professor of clinical surgery in Edinburgh University. He used to entertain Scott (a connection of his wife's) and other Edinburgh notabilities at his house in Abercromby Place. Scott often went to Mrs. Russell (who was a daughter of William Oliver of Dinlabyre, near Castleton, Liddesdale, Roxburghshire) for material about Liddesdale local customs when he was at work on *Guy Mannering*. They had five sons and four daughters. Francis Russell, the fourth son, was for several years sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire. I have not been able to discover which of the sons went to London for scientific and medical study.

⁴ Died 10th April 1815.

of my regard than yourself you must look for a good portion of it. Luckily it never or very seldom breaks out into correspondence but like the philosophical parrot pays it off by thinking. Why will you never come down to see us. I have had Rose here for several weeks & he a greater invalid than you finds himself comfortable in Conundrum Castle for so this romance of a house should be called. As you have made the most classical residence I can conceive I have been attempting a Gothic—no not a Gothic by any means but an old fashioned Scotch residence full of

Rusty iron coats and jingling jackets.

Rare commodities for a country smith to make hob-nails of.

Rose has been much indisposed—nevertheless killed a salmon of eighteen pounds weight after an hour and a half close struggle, this as Robinson Crusoe says when he drinks his glass of rum “to his exceeding refreshment.”

We have had horrid wet weather and as rough as ever blew out of our angry heavens but come next year and we will make it better for you. At any rate the wind that makes my turrets topple on the warders heads will have rough work to do for mine are not the sort of battlements a man outlives as hoped [?] Horace Walpole—our fine stone gives us leave to build with a view to posterity.

I do not much know the young bean but have seen him at his fathers scientific parties. A clever lad I think. If you can without inconvenience to yourself show him any notice his respectable family here will be much gratified as well as dear Rogers Your truly faithful and affectionate

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 26th October [1816]

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO LADY ABERCORN

November, 1816

MY DEAR LADY ABERCORN,—I think I have much greater reason than your Ladyship to complain of a certain fair friend having suffered her Scotch acquaintance to drop out of her memory for I wrote your Ladyship before I went to the Continent last year & also a long epistle from Paris. The last perhaps may not have got farther than the office of the Haute Police although I profess I cannot recollect a single sentence in it offensive to the great nation excepting an opinion that your Ladyship's friend Mrs. Arbuthnot was more beautiful than all the Parisian belles put together. I also mentioned how very civil Lady Castlereagh had been to me much of which I set down to account of your Ladyships regard. Now as I had no reply to either of these pithy & valuable letters I really concluded that Lady Abercorns leisure was at the time better engaged & as I well know that a correspondance may be intermitted without any diminution of regard in the parties I waited in all patience till your Ladyship had time to throw away a few lines upon me.

I cannot even conjecture whom you mean by Mr. Mackenzie as author of the *Antiquary*. I should think my excellent old friend Mr. Harry Mackenzie¹ (Author of the *Man of Feeling*, etc.) was too much advanced in years and plunged in business to amuse himself by writing novels and besides the stile in no degree resembles his. I am told one of the English Reviews gives these works by name and upon alleged authority to George Forbes Sir Williams brother. So they take them off my hands I don't care who they [give] them to for I am really tired of an imputation which I am under the necessity of confuting at every corner. Tom will be soon home from Canada as the death of my elder brother has left him a

¹ See p. 307.

little money and he may answer for himself but I hardly suspect him unless much changed to be possessed of the perseverance necessary to write *nine* volumes.¹

The only thing I have been doing of late is to write two or three songs for a poor man called Campbell a decay'd artist and musician who tried to teach me music many years ago. He has made an immense collection of highland airs and I have given him words for some of them—One of them is the only good song I ever wrote—it is a fine Highland Gathering tune called *Pibroch an Donuil Dhu* that is the Pibroch of Donald the Black. As your Ladyship likes scraps of minstrelsy and I have little that is interesting to say I add the words only observing that in these compositions each return of the air is followed by a number of variations which become gradually more accumulated & rapid as the clan is supposed to gather & prepare for battle.

[*Here follows the song as in Poetical Works*]

[*Pierpont Morgan*]

TO ROBERT SURTEES

MY DEAR SIR,—I have seldom been more instructed and delighted than by your uncommonly accurate and valuable History of Durham,² of which you had the goodness to transmit me two copies, which I would long since have acknowledged, had I not wished to read the work before expressing my gratitude for the distinction you have conferrd on me. One of the copies I have given to my friend Thomas Thomson, the Deputy Register of Scotland, whose deep historical knowlege and extensive antiquarian researches render him one of the few persons who are qualified to set a due value upon

¹ Evidently Scott means the first three Waverleys of three volumes each.

² *The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham, compiled from original Records . . . and illustrated by engravings of architectural and monumental antiquities, portraits, etc. [With a memoir of the author by G. Taylor. Vol. 4 edited by J. Raine.] 4 vols. London, 1816-40. fol.*

your labours. He is equally charmd with the stile of execution, and the patient extent of research, which the work exhibits ; and agrees with me, in hopes that Durham will not finally bound your labours ; although we will look with anxiety for their continuation. Northumberland forms a capital subject, lying, as it were, under your hand, and I trust it will not escape you.

It was part of my plan in returning from London last year to have surprized you with a visit at Mainsforth ; but I was induced, from various motives, to return by sea, which disappointed this and other parts of my scheme. I regret the more not having had this opportunity to wait upon you, that I would have wishd to have made, in person, the amende honorable for my sins as a correspondent, which sit heavy on me on all occasions, but can scarce be so ungracious in any as where you are concernd. My apology must be alternate hard labour and intervals of very great and predominating indolence, when I have lain on my oars like an Indian in his hammock, after a week's hunting, detesting even the most necessary exertion, and envying the wise hermit of Prague, not for his witty intercourse with the niece of King Gorboduc, but because he never saw pen or ink. But never in these intervals could I forget your goodness and continued assistance upon so many occasions ; and I am truly vexd and angry with myself when I think I have sufferd you to heap coals of fire on my head, while I was persevering in ungrateful silence. I was indeed half persuaded that I should see you, either by your visiting Abbotsford, or my getting to Mainsforth.

But trusting to your kindness to crutch up my lame apologies, or rather to admit my candid confession, I must tell you that I have had a visit from your draughtsman Mr. Blore,¹ a modest and well bred young man, as well

¹ Edward Blore (1787-1879), architect and artist, was born at Derby. He made architectural designs for Surtees's *History of Durham* and for other county histories. After Blore had submitted a successful sketch for the

as an excellent artist, and whom I liked particularly on account of the warm feelings which he entertains towards you as his friend and patron. I have had the advantage of his council and assistance in planning a small addition to my least of all possible houses at Abbotsford, to which I intend to inveigle some of the carved stones and a niche or two wt. rich canopies from the tolbooth of Edinburgh—a sort of Bastile in the centre of the principal street, long used as the place of meeting of the Scottish parliament, and more lately as the town jail. They are now pulling it down, and I think you will agree with me, it were a pity the ancient ornaments should be destroyed or thrown away. Building has procured many a man a niche in the jail ; but I shall be the first who reverses that order of things and brings a niche *from* the jail.

I have commenced Laird since I heard from you ; and have, like Squire Shallow, land and beeves. God knows they are like to be worse articles in the market than they were some years since. However—I have a wild Ox-moor to stub—a bog to drain, and sixty or seventy acres to plant in addition to the same quantity already planted and thriving. Besides I have the Tweed for one picturesque boundary of my little property, and a mountain lake, or tarn, at the other ; both which are tempting subjects of improvement. *Pereat inter haec lux*. I cannot add *misero* ; for, excepting that in draining my land I drain my purse, and that my forests flourish more vigorously in the prophetic eye of my own imagination than in the commonplace observation of my neighbours, I hardly know

building of a new house in Abbotsford in the Gothic style, Scott authorised him to carry out the designs for the exterior. His intimacy with Scott was the means of his being engaged later with Turner and others upon Scott's publication, *The Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, to which he contributed all the architectural drawings. He was enthusiastic in encouraging the Gothic revival. He restored Glasgow Cathedral and Merton College Chapel, and did much work for Peterborough Cathedral, Lambeth Palace, and other buildings of the same kind. He was special architect to King William IV and to Queen Victoria in the early part of her reign. He also held the appointment of architect at Westminster Abbey, being succeeded there by Sir Gilbert Scott.

any thing in which I have found more real amusement than in my rural occupations. You exercise on such occasions a command over nature ; changing her face at your pleasure, and compelling her to be what you wish. You, I understand, have an additional interest in her productions, by being a great botanist—a science to which I have never been able to make pretensions, though my uncle¹ holds the Botanical chair in the University here, which might have afforded me excellent opportunities of study. If through him, however, I could gratify any of your wishes connected with the Flora of Scotland, I am certain he has equally the power and the will to oblige you. Adieu. Remember me to Mrs. Surtees ; and believe me, unalterably, Dear Sir, Your truly obliged

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH, 12 *November* [PM. 1816]

[*Mrs. Clephan*]

To DANIEL TERRY

November 12th, 1816

MY DEAR TERRY,—I have been shockingly negligent in acknowledging your repeated favours, but it so happened, that I have had very little to say, with a great deal to do ; so that I trusted to your kindness to forgive my apparent want of kindness, and indisputable lack of punctuality. You will readily suppose that I have heard with great satisfaction of the prosperity of your household, particularly of the good health of my little namesake and his mother. Godmothers of yore used to be fairies ; and though only a godfather, I think of sending you one day, a *fairy* gift—a little drama,² namely, which, if the audience be indulgent, may be of use to him. Of course, you will stand godfather to it yourself : it is yet only in embryo—a sort of poetical Hans in

¹ Daniel Rutherford

² Probably *The Doom of Devorgoil*.

Kelder ;—nor am I sure when I can bring him forth ; not for this season, at any rate. You will receive, in the course of a few days, my late *whereabouts* in four volumes : there are two tales—the last of which I really prefer to any fictitious narrative I have yet been able to produce—the first is wish-washy enough.¹ The subject of the second tale lies among the old Scottish Cameronians—nay, I'll tickle ye off a Covenanter as readily as old Jack could do a young Prince ; and a rare fellow he is, when brought forth in his true colours. Were it not for the necessity of using scriptural language, which is essential to the character, but improper for the stage, it would be very dramatic.² But of all this you will judge by and by. To give the go-by to the public, I have doubled and leaped into my form, like a hare in snow : that is, I have changed my publisher, and come forth like a maiden knight's white shield (there is a conceit !) without any adhesion to fame gained in former adventures (another !) or, in other words, with a virgin title-page (another !)—I

¹ In acknowledging the gift of *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality* in his letter of 5th December, Terry assured him “from the second tale especially (tho I by no means agree in your own censure of *wishy washy* on the first, for Elshender is a very interesting personage) my pleasure was excessive. My dark & imperfect knowledge of the Characters & opinions of that interesting period has been illumined by a dramatic vividness of information which upon recollection appears almost like actual experience and from Balfour of Burley to Guse Gibbie I dwell upon them all and all their various fortunes—as upon people whom I have known and events that I have shared in. The descendant of Bothwell is as dramatic nearly as the inspired & ferocious Covenanter—in short all to me is Nature.”—*Walpole Collection*.

² So thought Scott at this period, but later a dramatisation of *Old Mortality* was licensed expressly for the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and produced there on 3rd May 1823 for the benefit of Calcraft. “It was not reproduced during the season,” but later on became a popular piece. It was published in the same year in Anderson's Edition of Edinburgh Select British Theatre No. III (a series to which Calcraft also added dramatic versions of *Ivanhoe* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*). The title runs : *The Battle of Bothwell Bridge, a drama in five acts, as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh [founded on the celebrated tale of “Old Mortality” by Sir Walter Scott]. By John William Calcraft [pseud. of John William Cole] of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh. Edin. 1823.* Another dramatic version of the novel, *The Battle of Bothwell Brig*, by Charles Fairley, was played at Covent Garden on 12th June 1828, but proved a failure. See Dibdin's *Annals of the Edinburgh Stage*.

should not be so light-hearted about all this, but that it is very nearly finished and out, which is always a blithe moment for Mr. Author. And now to other matters. The books came safe, and were unpacked two days since, on our coming to town—most ingeniously were they stowed in the legs of the very handsome stand for Lord Byron's vase, with which our friend George Bullock has equipped me. I was made very happy to receive him at Abbotsford, though only for a start ; and no less so to see Mr. Blore, from whom I received your last letter. He is a very fine young man, modest, simple, and unaffected in his manners, as well as a most capital artist. I have had the assistance of both these gentlemen in arranging an addition to the cottage at Abbotsford, intended to connect the present farm-house with the line of low buildings to the right of it. Mr. Bullock will show you the plan, which I think is very ingenious. He has promised to give it his consideration with respect to the interior ; and Mr. Blore has drawn me a very handsome elevation, both to the road and to the river. I expect to get some decorations from the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, particularly the cope-stones of the door-way, or lintels, as we call them, and a *niche* or two—one very handsome indeed ! Better get a *niche* *from* the Tolbooth than a *niche* *in* it, to which such building operations are apt to bring the projectors. This addition will give me :—first, a handsome boudoir, in which I intend to place Mr. Bullock's Shakespeare,¹ with his superb cabinet, which serves as a pedestal. This opens into the little drawing-room, to which it serves as a chapel of ease ; and on the other side, to a handsome dining-parlour of 27 feet by 18, with three windows to the north, and one to the south,—the last to be Gothic, and filled with stained glass. Besides these commodities, there is a

¹ "A cast from the monumental effigy at Stratford-upon-Avon—now in the library at Abbotsford—was the gift of Mr. George Bullock, long distinguished in London as a collector of curiosities. This ingenious man was a great favourite with Scott."—LOCKHART.

small conservatory or greenhouse ; and a study for myself, which we design to fit up with ornaments from Melrose Abbey. Bullock made several casts with his own hands—masks, and so forth, delightful for cornices, &c.

Do not let Mrs. Terry think of the windows till little Wat is duly cared after.¹ I am informed by Mr. Blore that he is a fine thriving fellow, very like papa. About my armorial bearings : I will send you a correct drawing of them as soon as I can get hold of Blore ; namely—of the scutcheons of my grandsires on each side, and my own. I could detail them in the jargon of heraldry, but it is better to speak to your eyes by translating them into coloured drawings, as the sublime science of armory has fallen into some neglect of late years, with all its mascles, buckles, crescents, and boars of the first, second, third, and fourth.

I was very sorry I had no opportunity of showing attention to your friend Mr. Abbot,² not being in town at the time. I grieve to say, that neither the genius of Kean nor the charms of Miss O'Neill could bring me from the

¹ " Mrs. Terry had offered the services of her elegant pencil in designing some windows of painted glass for Scott's armoury, etc."—LOCKHART. " Mrs. Terry is at length returned to her Easel. . . . We have upon the frames Three Transparencies—the designs of two are already outlined, & are armour-clad men—in appropriate Landscapes—for the Third we are yet undetermined, & should like to know if there be any *particular Armorial bearings* Trophies or any thing relating to any one peculiar Subject which it would please you to ornament your Cottage Museum with "—Terry's letter of 15th July.—*Walpole Collection*.

² William Abbot (1789-1843) was an actor and dramatist. There seem to have been diverse opinions about his acting abilities, for Hazlitt declared " Mr. Abbot never acts ill," while Leigh Hunt, with reference to his *Romeo*, made the extreme statement that " Mr. Abbot has taken it in his head that noise is tragedy, and a tremendous noise he accordingly makes. It is Stentor with a trumpet. . . . We hear he is a pleasant person everywhere but on the stage, and such a man may be reasonably at a disadvantage with his neighbours somewhere." It was Terry's acting of Frederick William, King of Prussia, at Covent Garden, on 2nd October 1817, in Abbot's melodrama, *Youthful Days of Frederick the Great*, that raised his reputation to its highest point. Abbot also wrote another melodrama, *Scottish Patriotism, or the Signal Fire*.

hill-side and the sweet society of Tom Purdie. All our family are very well—Walter as tall nearly as I am, fishing salmon and shooting moor-fowl and black-cock, in good style; the girls growing up, and, as yet, not losing their simplicity of character; little Charles excellent at play, and not deficient at learning, when the young dog will take pains. Abbotsford is looking pretty at last, and the planting is making some show. I have now several hundred acres thereof, running out as far as beyond the lake. We observe with great pleasure the steady rise which you make in public opinion, and expect, one day, to hail you stage-manager.¹ Believe me, my dear Terry, always very much yours,

W. SCOTT

P.S.—The Counsellor, and both the Ballantynes, are well and hearty.

[*Lockhart*]

TO LADY LOUISA STUART

EDINBURGH *Novr 14 1816*

DEAR LADY LOUISA,—Your kind token of remembrance would not have remained so long unanswered but for an inroad of visitors who relieved guard upon me without intermission until I left Abbotsford two days ago, & the little time which I could spare for my pen was necessarily dedicated to getting forward with the labour I had in hand & which after all was a little, or rather not a little interrupted. For besides that Abbotsford affords no more opportunity of seclusion than one would possess in a moderate sized lanthorn there is a sort of pleasure in the present state of matters there to run about with every new stranger, and tell him thus I have done & this do I design to do—so have things been formerly—thus they

¹ In association with his friend Frederick Henry Yates, he did actually become manager of the Adelphi Theatre, London, in 1825, but, owing to his own financial troubles, the management was short-lived.

stand now, & thus seen by prophetic spectacles they will shew hereafter. There is great amusement in reciting that description of between what is & what was which Mr. Repton exhibits by means of that ancient contrivance a raree show omitting only the magnifying glass & substituting his red book for the box and strings. The unfortunate guests to be sure pay for their beef & port with wet feet & perhaps sore throats when they are carried round to see nature in her primitive nakedness & the tailors engaged in cutting out her new cloaths : but then what came they forth to the wilderness to see—for my part I make it a rule never to spare them either for pinch'd features, benumb'd hands, miry feet or doleful looks & receive all the compliments which their sad civility compels them to muster as a debt due & a thing of course. In the mean time hours slip away dinner comes, & we are hungry—evening & we are lazy—night & we are sleepy, & thus wears the world away. In the midst of all these avocations & at the expense of neglecting the correspondence of some valued friend (among whom none can rank more highly than Lady Louisa Stuart) I have accomplished a novel or rather four volumes of tales, chiefly that I might not ruin myself or do injustice to my family by this same rage of improving like any mad. I intended to have written four tales illustrative of the manners of Scotland in her different provinces.¹ But as no man that wrote so much ever knew so little what he intended to do when he began to write or executed less of the little which he had premeditated I totally altered my plans before I had compleated my first volume. I began a border tale² well enough but tired of the ground I had trode so often before I had walked over two thirds of the course. Besides I found I had circumscribed my bounds

¹ To the first series of *Tales of My Landlord* Scott wrote in the dedication :
“ To his loving countrymen, whether they are denominated *Men of the South*,
Gentlemen of the North, *People of the West*, or *Folk of Fife*.”

² *The Black Dwarf*.

too much & in manege phrase that my imagination not being well in hand could not lounge easily within so small a circle. So I quarrelled with my story, & bungled up a conclusion as a boarding school Miss finishes a task which she had commenced with great glee & accuracy. In the next tale I have succeeded better, at least I think so : it is a covenanting story the time lies at the era of *Bothwell Brigg* the scene in Lanarkshire¹ : there are noble subjects for narrative during that period full of the strongest light & shadow, all human passions stirr'd up & stimulated by the most powerful motives, & the contending parties as distinctly contrasted in manners & in modes of thinking as in political principles. I am complete master of the whole history of these strange times both of persecutors & persecuted so I trust I have come decently off for as Falstaff very reasonably asks is not the *truth* the *truth*. You will soon judge for yourself as I will take care to send an early copy to Gloucester Street conditionally that your Ladyship will have the goodness not to shew it to any one till it is regularly published in London for it is very odd what trifles are summon'd up as articles of evidence.²

¹ *Old Mortality*.

² On 5th December Lady Louisa replies that, having devoured the two tales, she has locked them up "in a drawer there to lie safely till I hear of it from others, and assure yourself no human being shall hear of it from me." Later in the letter she hints that she fancies "Mr. Morritt is in the secret." She gives both her appreciation and critical opinion of *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*. "I got no sleep from a kind of fever of mind it had occasioned. It seemed as if I had been an eye & ear witness of all the passages, and I could not lull the agitation into calmness. . . . One thing I regret, that like the author of the Antiquary Jedidiah did not add a Glossary ; because even I, a mongrel, occasionally paying long visits to Scotland . . . have found a great many words absolute Hebrew to me. . . . I have as yet only one great attack to make & that upon a single word—but such a word ! such an anachronism ! Claverhouse says he has no time to hear *sentimental* speeches. My dear Sir ! tell Jedidiah that Claverhouse never heard the sound of those four syllables in his life. We are used to them ; but *sentiment* & *sentimental* were, I believe, first introduced into the language by Sterne, & are hardly as old as I am. Let alone the Covenanters days, I am persuaded you would look in vain for them in the works of Richardson & Fielding, authors of George the 2nds reign. Nay, the French, from whom they were borrowed, did not talk of *le sentiment* in that sense till long after Louis 14's age. No such thing is to be found in

I will tell you when we meet what may have given rise to my brothers being named as the author of *Waverley* &c. it is a report which if he would avail himself of the very strong talents both of pathetic & humourous description which he really possesses (*car il y est de quoi*) he might make it a very fortunate report for him. But he is one of the many, many hundreds in whom indolence has strangled genius, & the habits acquired in an unsettled state of life are highly unfavourable to his ever doing anything in this way, though the state of his family would render it the wisest thing he could do.

As for Harold the Dauntless I hope soon to finish him & have him out so as to charge horse & foot in the same month.¹ My ostensible employment is a view of the history of Scotland long since written & on which I set so much value that I shall revise it with great care. Such therefore is your answer my dear Lady Louisa when any one asks what your friend W. S. is about. Morritt was well & generally speaking in good spirits when he was with us : he bears & feels his loss like a man but he seems to have set up his rest & hope in his nephew : now this I do not like for the poor young Lad has a consumptive habit & the idea that our valued friend is to dedicate his time & to build his happiness on a prop so apt to fail him seems to me rather alarming : much, much rather would I hear that he had form'd a new connection & I am only afraid of his pronouncing himself so decidedly just now as may prevent him from thinking of it at another time. These things however go most especially

Madame de Sevigné, la Bruyère, &c, &c, &c. At home or abroad I defy Lord Dundee ever to have met with the expression. Mr. Peter Pattieson had been reading the *Man of Feeling*, & it was a slip of his tongue, which I am less inclined to excuse than Mause's abstruse Scotch ; which I duly reverence as she did Kettledrumie's sermons, because I do not understand it."—*Walpole Collection*.

¹ " Within less than a month, the *Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality* were followed by *Harold the Dauntless*. . . . This poem had been, it appears, begun several years back ; nay, part of it had been actually printed before the appearance of *Childe Harold*."—LOCKHART.

by destiny & to destiny let us leave them. When he return'd from Lady Seaforths he passed a day with me & had then a swelled face & a cold which seem'd to annoy him very much. I wish I could say I think the Duke well—but I do not—his spirits get above his strength & he is chearful & makes others so, but he looks ill in general & I cannot look upon him without the most anxious apprehension. Would to God he had a hearty & regular fit of the gout for I think it flits about him in an unpleasant manner. The young ladies are really charming girls, so gentle & sensible, & fond of each other as well as attentive to their father. Surely the family affections which heaven has bestow'd on that family are worth all other advantages. Adieu my dear Lady Louisa. Mrs. Scott joins her respectful compliments & I ever am most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies and Familiar Letters*]

TO J. B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I hope this will find you well recovered of all the colds and wettings which you caught in the land of mist and snow, and not quite shivering when you think of the banks of the Tweed. We have left them for two or three days and are now safely settled in Castle Street. One of our first occupations was to unpack Shakespeare and his superb pedestal,¹ which is positively the most elegant and appropriate piece of furniture which I ever saw. It has been the admiration of all who have seen, and that has been half Edinburgh, for aught that I know, for its arrival has made a great sensation. There is really great taste in the form and colouring of the cabinet and it would do Bullock immortal honour were it not to be suspected that it was executed under the direction of a certain classical traveller. The value which

¹ See letter to Terry, 12th November, and note, p. 289.

[I] set upon it as *your* gift as it would have given very much to the merest trifle adds not a little even to the intrinsic value of this splendid cabinet and now I have only to arrange a proper shrine for the Bard of Avon since you have fitted him with an altar worthy of himself.

The figure came safe ; and the more I look at it the more I feel that it must have resembled the Bard much more than any of the ordinary prints, unless it be that in the first folio edition, which has all the appearance of being taken from it. The forehead is more expanded, and has not a narrow, peaked, and priggish look inconsistent with the dignity of Shakespeare's character, and which strongly marks all the ordinary portraits, which seem to me more like Spenser than Shakespeare.

But to descend from Shakespeare, his bust and cabinet, to matters of humbler import, you will receive in a day or two the *Tales of My Landlord*. The last is, I think, the best I have yet been able to execute, although written by snatches and at intervals. It is quite finished, and I expect to get copies in boards by Friday or Saturday. Yours of course sits among the foremost, and I will be glad to learn it reaches you safe and gives you amusement.

All things go on with us as usual. I have settled Walter tightly to his Greek and Latin, to which we add French, Italian, and the elements of mathematics. He goes to the *manège* thrice a week, and fences twice. With reading history and attending to geography, he will have enough to do through the winter. As for me, I bother on with my proposed addition, and I have got, since I had the benefit of your advice, that of Bullock and Mr. Blore, so that I have every chance of ruining myself genteelly. Meantime, they have ordered a new edition of the *Tales*, which will help out these mighty operations against they are set agoing. By the way, I have just received *Childe Harold*, part 3rd.¹ Lord Byron has more avowedly

¹ Scott's article on this in the 31st No. of the *Quarterly Review* was too generous to please Lady Byron's friends ; but greatly delighted Byron. See note to letter to Murray, 10th January 1817, pp. 363-4.

identified himself with his personage than upon former occasions, and in truth does not affect to separate them. It is wilder and less sweet, I think, than the first part, but contains even darker and more powerful pourings forth of the spirit which boils within him. I question whether there ever lived a man who, without looking abroad for subjects excepting as they produced an effect on himself, has contrived to render long poems turning almost entirely upon the feelings, character, and emotions of the author, so deeply interesting. We gaze on the powerful and ruined mind which he presents us, as on a shattered castle, within whose walls, once intended for nobler guests, sorcerers and wild demons are supposed to hold their Sabbaths. There is something dreadful in reflecting that one gifted so much above his fellow-creatures, should thus labour under some strange mental malady that destroys his peace of mind and happiness, altho' it cannot quench the fire of his genius. I fear the termination will be fatal in one way or other, for it seems impossible that human nature can support the constant working of an imagination so dark and so strong. Suicide or utter insanity is not unlikely to close the scene. "*Orandum sit,*" as the sapient Partridge says, "*ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*"¹

Our weather here has been somewhat better ever since the eclipse. The sun, I suppose, felt himself bound in honour to show that he had not been extinguished outright on Monday last, which was much to be apprehended, considering the blinking way in which he has been all summer. For my part, I would not consent to look at the eclipse at all, for the sight of the unshadowed sun would have been much the greater singularity of the two as things have gone this season. Adieu, let this sheet of nonsense only intimate that I long to hear from you, and

¹"At all which the guide exprest some signs of astonishment to Partridge; who more than once shook his head, and cried, 'Poor gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*'"—*Tom Jones*, Book XII, ch. 4.

am grateful for the kindness that gave me so much of your time at Abbotsford. I am finishing my tale of the heathen Dane. Mrs. Scott and the young folks offer respectful and affectionate remembrances, and I am ever, my dear Morritt, most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, 22 November 1816

[*Major Morritt and Familiar Letters*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

[Extract]

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have your letter and will attend to the contents. I have not got the accout of what I am due at the roup which I shall be glad to pay and also to pay Mr. Moss's interest. Moreover before the 30th I must settle with Mr. Milne. For all which purposes I intend to be at Abbotsford on Monday se'ennight and clear my accout. I hope it will be convenient for you to give me a call that morning. The extent of the land bought by me from Mr. Milne is 90 acres with a rood more which I presume he will give me into the bargain but some acres were to be charged £29—the rest being at £22—there is also about £30 due for the trees. I should like to know the amount of the whole that I may know the balance I am to pay over & above Mrs. Mercers bill. . . .

I trust I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on Monday morning. I would willingly have come out this week but I must wait till Teind day gives me an additional holiday. I trust you will dine with us on Monday. Ever yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 23d. Nov. [1816]

[*Curle*]

To JOANNA BAILLIE

[EDINBURGH Nov 26 1816]

MY DEAR FRIEND I owe you so many thanks & so many apologies that although the pen is new and the sheet of post paper ample I confess both would be exhausted in matter of compliment without my debt being effectually discharged so I will make a fair bankruptcy at once without attempting to delay the catastrophe by making partial payments. Wellcome my dear friend to the country which you honour and the friends who love you. The act of travelling [is] in itself delightful as affording so many new grounds of reflection and exciting so many new ideas that it almost gives advanced life the vivacity of youth. Yet after all to Britons its greatest charm is the return home and the power of comparing social life as it exists among us with the precarious state in which it is found upon the continent. The grinding power of the military system the want of respect paid to the civil power the total carelessness and corruption which attends the administration of justice the want of religion in its true state of influence upon the moral feelings and habits of the people reconcile us wonderfully to our changeful climate and stormy politics. All I ever longd for on the continent was their light wines which you dont care about and their fine climate which we should both value equally. And to say truth I never saw scene or palace which shook my allegiance to Tweedside and Abbotsford though so inferior in every respect and though the hills or rather Braes are just high enough "to lift us to the storms" when the storms are not so condescending as to sweep both crest and base—which to do them justice is seldom the case.

What have I got to send you in return for the sublime description of the Alps—alas nothing but the history of petty employments and a calendar of unceasing bad weather. The latter was much mitigated by enjoying for

a good portion of the summer the society of John Morritt of Rokeby who has so much of that which is delightful both in his grave and gayer moods that he can make us forget the hill side while sitting by the fire side. His late loss has cast a general shade of melancholy over him which renders him yet dearer to his friends and the gentle and unaffected manner in which his natural gaiety of temper gleams through it render it still more interesting. He put me much in mind of the three beautiful similes which follow each other so closely in a certain tragedy of a certain lady and which I have always rankd among the finest poetical passages ever were written—A far different object of interest—yet still of interest how ever painfully chequerd with pity and disapprobation is Lord Byron whose present situation seems to rival all that ever has been said and sung of the misfortunes of a too irritable imagination. The last part of Childe Harold intimates a terrible state of mind and with all the power and genius which characterizd his former productions the present seems to indicate a more serious and desperate degree of misanthropy. I own I was not much moved by the sort of scorn of the world which his first poems implied because I know it is a humour of mind which those whom fortune has spoild by indulgence or irritated by reverses are apt to assume and which a man of genius sometimes may be tempted to assume because it looks melancholy and gentlemanlike and becomes a bard as well as being desperately in love or very fond of the sun-rise tho he lies in bed till nine or anxious in recommending to others to catch cold by visiting old Abbies by moonlight which he never happend to see under the chaste moonbeam himself.—But this strange poem goes much deeper and either the Demon of misanthropy is in full possession of him or he has invited in guests equally desperate to the swept and garnishd mansion of Haroldes understanding. On my word of honour I should expect it to end either in actual insanity or something equally frightful. I am glad you

have contradicted the reports of his following a course of open profligacy.¹ I wonder who can have pleasure in circulating such stories were it not that the degradation of genius seems to give as little pain to vulgar minds as the *plotting* a bird does to a cook who cares little whether it be a dunghill cock or a pheasant. I should be glad to hear that Lady Byron was as well as circumstances can entitle her friends to hope. It is a terrible thing to be attachd to the flight of such a Balloon as Lord B, and the high interest which his writings maintain keep him in a manner before the eye of the public and prevent her misfortune from dying away and being forgotten as in the ordinary case.

To return to my own petty affairs. I have some thought of enlarging Abbotsford this year and I have got a very pretty plan which may be ex[ec]uted at moderate expence having the local advantage of plenty of stones on the property. I have always had a private dislike to a regular shape of a house although no doubt it would be wrong headed to set about building an irregular one from the beginning. But when the cottage enlarges itself and grows out of circumstances which is the case at Abbotsford the *outs* and the *inns* afford without so much variety and depth of shade and within give such an odd variety of snugg accommodation that they far exceed in my estimation the cut-lugged bandbox with four rooms on a floor and two stories rising regularly above each other.

¹ Recounting her travels in Switzerland in her letter of 13th September, Joanna had mentioned "at Lucerne we met Mr. Sotheby & his family, and afterwards again at Geneva. . . . I learnt from him & from Mr. Pictet a Savant of that city, that Lord Byron has shut himself up in a small house on the border of the Lake & sees nobody. Mr. Pictet said that he had been at his (Mr. P.'s) house at a large party soon after he arrived, but that the other English who were there received him very coldly so that he could not go into company as the Town is full of English. Sotheby says he hears he is busy writing and has nearly finished the 2d part of Child Harold. I suppose in this 2d part he will try to justify himself to the world. He is living in a respectable Swiss Family where he boards, and I believe Hobhouse is with him but I could not learn for certain. I tell you this more minutely because it was said in England that he was keeping house near Geneva in a very dissipated, disorderly manner."—*Walpole Collection*.

From this you will be disposed to augur something rather whimsical and I believe you will be perfectly right. The present mansion consists of two parts divided from each other by an interval of about 34 feet and I purpose the new building shall occupy this interval and thus connect the two dwellings. There is to be a small conservatory (think of that) and a little Boudoir for my fine Bust of Shakespeare, a good eatingroom and a small den for myself in particular. The ground falls so much from the front that I can secure any quantity of accommodation below. Above I will have two comfortable bedrooms with dressing closets. The front I intend shall have some resemblance to one of the old-fashioned English halls which your gentlemen of £500 a year lived comfortably in in former days. To augment the resemblance I have contrived to bespeak certain canopies which at present adorn that ancient and venerated mansion the tolbooth in Edinburgh so if my building does not give me a niche in the present at least I will get one out of it. They are finely carved being intended for the reception of Saints and having held them I suppose till John Knox knockd them down. This curious old building the Bastille of Edinburgh and formerly the place where the parliament met came down this year and the Magistrates have very politely promised me any part of [the] ornaments which may suit my purpose and it will be hard if I cannot find a purpose for all that is worth carrying thirty miles. My plantations have grown this year like *any mad*, they are the only production which has thriven during the late uncommon season when rain and wind was the constant order of the day. The weather has really been frightful and its effect on the country must be serious for much of the corn has been standing in the snow and the potatoes have in general sufferd exceedingly. The same measure which last year was offerd for nine pence and would hardly fetch that price now fetches 18d and you know how much our peasantry trust to this excellent root.

We hope however that things will not be so bad as we anticipated some time since. There has been a sudden and unexpected start in the price of live stock which about a month since was depreciated in a degree almost ruinous to the tenantry and must have ruined many. This is of great consequence for if the farmer is ruined he can not employ the labourer. Money seems also to be becoming more plenty and credit is said to be better though no one knows very well why. The opening of the ports for importation has had a great effect in setting the looms agoing at Glasgow and elsewhere. For the continental merchants are willing enough to take our commodities only they have no money to pay for them unless by our buying their corn. So that I trust upon the whole things will come gradually round again. The unnatural state of things and the distorted channels of commerce which gradually arose out of the State of war makes a dislocation which cannot be reduced to its natural and proper state without pain and suffering. In the meantime these are encouragements to an improver like me to ruin myself in carrying on all my hobby horsical plans for as Uncle Toby says, is it not in the cause of the country?—In fact, we must find the poor folks work and if that is all they ask, which after all is only diverting our superfluities to our own enjoyments by means of their labour all who have the means of doing it should try to find them employment—the best charity in one point of view since it preserves the independence of the labourers character and the most useful in another since the employer must derive either pleasure or advantage or both while he essentially benefits the person employd. Mrs. Scott and Sophia beg their kind love and the rest offer their respects *tho/ unknown*. I beg mine to Mrs. A. Baillie the Doctor and his lady and Mrs. Milligan. Ever most truly yours while

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 26 Novr. 1816

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London and Abbotsford Copies*]

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

MY DEAR SIR,—You must have thought me even more ungracious than usual, in suffering your letter of 2d. Sept with its many curious and kind tokens of your remembrance to lie so long by me unanswered. It happened however owing to my being at Abbotsford that I did not receive your packet till last week—and consequently I can with a bold face for once give chance the blame of my silence. The Brussels letter came safe, and I will take care that the verses are inscribed in the next copy of the Register— I have been obliged to take the pen there myself, to help the historical department, which had fallen into the yellow leaf when Southey gave it up.¹ I shall be glad of any occasional Irish intelligence from you of a kind that can be relied upon, when such happens to fall in your way, in the shape of a pamphlet, or so— You have been so kind in that way already, that with the true feelings of an obliged person, I have no hesitation to intrude upon you further— If you are disposed to tune your pipes to a Scotch song or so, I will get them a place in a collection which I have patronized as far as I can— It is a collection of original and unpublished airs, both Lowland and Gaelic, the Editor a crack brained Original, named Alexr. Campbell, who many, (too many) years since taught music in my Father's Family, then married the Widow of a Highland Chieftain—commenced sheep farmer, and was utterly ruined—he is a bad poet, and unluckily fond of making verses, of which he has inserted but too many in this work—which he fantastically entitles *Albys Anthology*²—but then he is a real good

¹ From the commencement of its publication *The Edinburgh Annual Register* became a losing concern, and its affairs increased in embarrassment. These circumstances caused Southey so much inconvenience that early in 1813 he intended to withdraw from it. As we have seen, in October of this year [1816] Scott had contributed the historical sketch of the year 1814, and it was not until the summer of 1817 that his further sketch of 1815 was published in the *Register*. See p. 257.

² See pp. 199, 259.

musician, accurate in taking down music from singing, and indefatigable in collecting it—an enthusiastic good hearted Highlander besides—so that I have done all I could to help him, to a little cash—his first No. has succeeded very well, I gave him five or six songs, one or two of which you will probably like, intended to illustrate the Highland Gatherings—so if you incline to play the Fool you will do it in Friend's company—I had a letter from Mr. Monck Mason, requesting me to return Mr. Steeles papers, as he had permission to inspect them—Of course I answered that they were not now in my hands, having been returned many months since through the channel from which I had received them. I now enclose under Mr. Taylor's Frank the few I did not put into the box—as I was desirous of making a facsimile of one or two, in fact they have been undisturbed in my drawer however untill your return that they might pass safe through your hands— The greatest mortification arising from the delay of your letter, is not having seen your Friend, Mr. North.¹ If I had known he had been in the country, I would have solicited the pleasure of his company when he paid his devotions to Melrose ; I am afraid his pilgrimage was a very rainy one, for there have been very few fine days at Abbotsford this season—it was hey ho the wind and the rain for weeks incessantly— Nothing has thriven with us but the plantations, and these are now rising so

¹ On 2nd September Hartstonge had written him a full account of his Continental tour. Among other things he witnessed a piece at the Théâtre des Variétés, Bruxelles, called *Gulliver Dans L'isle Des Géants*. "This was such a compliment bestowed by a foreign people to our great Genius & patriot that the temptation was irresistible . . . I much wished that *you* were present ; for besides being a compliment to *your* Swift it was so truly droll, that I am pretty certain that your risible muscles would have relaxed & not unwillingly." He introduces the Mr. North here referred to as "the brilliant ornament of our Bar, the pride of his friends, & if I do not very much mistake, 'the all hailed hereafter' boast of his country . . . he is the particular & admired friend of those you so much esteem, the Edgeworth family." By this friend he sends "three little manuscripts, which during my abode at Bruxelles I was lucky enough to pick up, & which I entreat you will accept."—*Walpole Collection*.

fast, that you will hardly know Abbotsford unless you come to see it again very soon— I have a great deal of the same sort to do however, as much indeed as will keep me hard at work for several years, if life and funds last so long— I believe I wrote to you that we now extend ourselves as far as Cauldshiels Loch, where you remember Walter's Frigate had nearly suffered shipwreck— He also is a thriving plant, he commenced Moor fowl Shooter this year, and killed seven brace on Ashestiel and Peel on the 12th of August— I am glad your tour turned out amusing and interesting ; to see foreign parts gives I think more the feelings of youth to those of an advanced age than anything they can engage [in]. You are too young to use travelling as a stimulus, but my journeyings like Sir Wilful Witwould's¹ have begun on the wrong side of forty, and therefore I am the more sensible of it—² I sometimes think seriously of going to Rome next season—and yet I do not quite like to be so long absent from my own Family—but moreover than all that, I have some thoughts of making Abbotsford more comfortable by adding four rooms to the present cottage— I should wish this to be rather nattily done, and there will be curious blundering if I am absent from the Workfolks— Mrs. Scott, the Girls and Boys join in kind respects and I am ever dear Sir very Truly Your's

WALTER SCOTT

I must not omit to thank you for the breviaries which are very interesting, especially the Spanish one ; I see you have found out the old book shop in the place at Brussels.

November 28th, 1816

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ Sir Wilful Witwould, a mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy, in Congreve's *The Way of the World*.

² See p. 263.

TO LADY ABERCORN

29th November [1816]

MY DEAR LADY ABERCORN,—I have been long waiting for an opportunity of writing to you with a good grace and I think I have found one which may in some degree atone for my ungracious silence which after all has only arisen from my having nothing to say that I thought likely to interest you. I have sent under Mr. Arbuthnot's cover four volumes of a novel or rather a set of novels which I am strongly inclined to swear are the production of the unknown author of *Guy Mannering* about which you are so much interested. I suppose it will be soon published in London but I hope these volumes will reach your Ladyship before that takes place. The Bookseller here says he is not to publish till next week but gave me a reading of the volumes and at my earnest entreaty parted with the set I have the honour to beg your acceptance of. I do not like the first story at all. But the long one which occupies three volumes is a most extraordinary production. I cannot think it at all likely that Young Harry Mackenzie¹ wrote these books. I know him very well and have no idea that he has either time or disposition to bestow it on such compositions. He is high at the bar and has a great deal too much to do for writing novels. His brother James might be more likely to amuse himself in that way but I think this also is unlikely. I should like to know if you are of my opinion as to these new volumes coming from the same hand. They form two small packets addressed to your Ladyship under cover to Mr. Arbuthnot Treasury and I trust will come safe.

I conclude you have seen Lord Byron's new poem. He is a person of most wonderful powers and I think in nothing more admirable than in the new and fresh interest with which he can present his own feelings and his own disposition and his own misfortunes. Almost all char-

¹ Afterwards Lord Mackenzie. See letter of November, p. 283

acters from Harold to Alp Arselan¹ are more or less Lord Byron himself and yet you never tire of them. It is the same set of stormy emotions acting on the same powerful mind distinguished equally by the eccentricities and the temperament of genius—it is the same sea in short—dashing upon the same rocks yet presented to us under such variety of appearance that they have all the interest of novelty.

I have been living quietly at home all the last summer working hard at planting and improving my little property which of late I have extended to about six hundred acres most of which are of a waste and wild description but not incapable from the inequality and exposure of the ground to be made romantic and even in some parts beautiful by planting extensively. So I saunter about from nine in the morning till five at night with a plaid about my shoulders and an immensely large bloodhound at my heels and stick in sprigs which are to become trees when I shall have no eyes to look at them. Somebody will look at them however though I question if they will have the same pleasure in gazing on the full-grown oaks that I have had in nursing the saplings. There is something in these operations that connects us more with futurity than anything which we can undertake for we are sowing that posterity may reap and planting that they may cut down.

I conclude all the improvements at the priory are now completed and that you are in quiet possession and not thinking of London untill spring. We have had dreadful weather in this country unmatched by anything in the

¹ That is "Alp, the Adrian renegade" of *The Siege of Corinth*, 1816. In his note to the edition of Byron's works of 1898-1904, Ernest Coleridge wrote: "Professor Kölbing admits that he is unable to say how Byron met with the name of Alp. I am indebted to my cousin, Miss Edith Coleridge, for the suggestion that the name is derived from Mohammed . . . surnamed 'Alp-Arslan' or 'Brave Lion,' the second of the Seljuk dynasty in the eleventh century. He conquered Armenia and Georgia, &c."—*Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 454. It is interesting to see that Scott had no difficulty in identifying the name.

memory of man. A fortnight since people were cutting corn in the midst of the snow and this not only in upland districts but in the best corn country. Corn is of course rising fast and as the wages of the labourers are low I fear there will be disturbances unless care is taken in time for preventing them.—Ever I am with the most sincere regard, Dear Lady Abercorn your truly grateful and obliged friend,

WALTER SCOTT

I beg to be respectfully remembered to Lord Abercorn. Mrs. Scott offers her respects to your Ladyship.

[*Pierpont Morgan*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—Your Grace has been so much my constant and kind friend and patron through the course of my life that I trust I need no apology for thrusting upon your consideration some ulterior views which have been suggested to me by my friends, and which I will either endeavour to prosecute time and place serving or lay aside all thoughts of as they appear to your Grace feasible and likely to be forwarded by your patronage. It has been suggested to me in a word that there would be no impropriety in my being put in nomination as a candidate for the Situation of a Baron of Exchequer when a vacancy shall take place. The difference of the emolument between that situation and those which I now hold is just £400, a year so that in that point of view it is not a *very* great object. But there is a great difference in the rank and also in the leisure afforded by a Barons situation and a man may without condemnation endeavour at my period of life to obtain as much honour and ease as he can handsomely come by. My pretensions to such an honour (next to your Grace[s] countenancing my wishes) would rest very much on the circumstance that my nomination would vacate two good

offices (Clerk of Session and Sheriff of Selkirkshire) to the amount of £1000,, and £300,, a year and besides would extinguish a pension of £300,, which I have for life over and above my salary as Clerk of Session as having been in office at the time when the Judicature act deprived us of a part of our vested fees and emoluments. The extinction of this pension would be just so much saved to the public. I am pretty confident also that I would be personally acceptable to our friend the Chief.¹ But whether all or any of thes[e] circumstances will weigh much in my favour must solely and entirely rest with Your Grace without whose countenance it would be folly in me to give the matter a second thought. It does not occur to me that there is any person making violent love to this situation at present which is I suppose the reason that has made people suppose me a candidate & likely to be successful. *With* your Graces patronage both my situation and habits of society may place my hopes as far as any who is likely to apply and your Graces interest will be strengthened by the opportunity of placing some good friend in Selkirkshire besides converting the minstrel of the Clan into a Baron a transmutation worthy of so powerful and so kind a Chief. But if your Grace thinks I ought to drop thoughts of this preferment I am bound to say that I think myself as well provided for by my friends and the public as I have the least title to expect and that I am perfectly contented and grateful for what I have received. The leisure afforded by the duties of my present offices has been such as has enabled me to realize my little landed property which may be worth £500 or £600 a year in ordinary times—so that I should be most unjust were I quarrelling with it. By the bye I observe with some surprize that in *all* the little purchases I have made the sellers (your Graces vassalls) have always

¹ “The Right Honourable Robert Dundas of Arncliffe, Chief Baron of the Scotch Exchequer, one of Scott’s earliest and kindest friends in that distinguished family.”—LOCKHART.

been in Non-entry—if this is the case with the other vassalls in the regality of Melrose as I suspect it to be there must be very large sums lost to your Graces estate besides the Vassalls titles going totally into disorder. Your Grace knows my wishes and feelings towards your person & family too well to suppose I would intrude such an observation unless from a kind of old fashioned feeling of love and duty when I think I see your interest neglected—I was very sorry to learn when I was last in the country for two or three days that your Grace had been unwell which prevented my disturbing you with a visit at Bowhill. I expect unless prevented by bad weather to be at Abbotsford the Xmas week & will be desirous to pay my respects at Bowhill if it should be then convenient & I sincerely hope that health at least will not prevent your Grace from receiving me. I am with great respect My dear Lord Duke Your Graces truly obliged & faithful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 11 *Decr.* [1816]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, BOWHILL, SELKIRK

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I am honourd with your Graces letter. I do indeed know and by weighty and most essential Acts of kindness the interest you have always taken in my wishes and wellfare which I can only feebly repay by the grateful affection with which I have lookd up to your Grace for so many years. To think of your Grace and your family with the attachment they deserve will probably be among the last exertions of thought of which I may be capable.

I dined in company with the Chief Baron yesterday and understand he will be at Bowhill on Christmas day or thereabout so that I wish your Grace to be in full

possession of the *carte de pays* when you take the trouble to talk with him on the subject. Independent of your Graces reluctance to apply to a quarter where in the opinion of every one you have been most unhandsomely treated¹ considering that they set aside the only opportunity of paying some thing to accompt of the long arrear of obligation confered on this government by your father & yourself, independant I say of this well grounded reluctance I think the Chief Baron would at any rate be the natural channel of application as the Head of the Court of Exchequer & to me most kind cordial & friendly from the moment I came to the bar when he distinguishd me by his particular patronage. As to the other folks the feeling that they have given cause of deserved displeasure to your Grace (who after all is their Tower of Strength in Scotland) is fully more likely to induce them to meet Your wishes though in an affair of such very inferior interest. Thus far of the mode of application.

The first probability of an opening will be by the Death or Resignation of Baron Norton.² By the constitution of the Court there must always be *one* English Baron of Exchequer who has £500 a year in addition to the ordinary salary of £2000. I know the Chancellor would be desirous

¹ "To say the truth," His Grace replied on 13th December, "I am little inclined to apply to the present Government after the rebuff I got about the situation of *Ld Register*—a rebuff which I may forgive, but can never forget. What I should most dread in the present instance is some smothered promise to the Lord knows whom for the reversion of this office. . . . You may depend upon my best endeavours. However I will tell you fairly that I will not lay myself open, for a second time, to a mode of treatment highly grating to my feelings."—*Walpole Collection*.

Lockhart remarks that the duke's answers to this and the subsequent letter, "while they show the warmest anxiety to serve Scott, they refer to private matters which rendered it inconsistent with his Grace's feelings to interfere at the time in question with the distribution of Crown patronage. I incline to think . . . that the death of this nobleman, which soon after left the influence of his house in abeyance, must have, far more than any other circumstance, determined Scott to renounce all notions of altering his professional position."

² Fletcher Norton (died 19th June 1820), a baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, second son of Fletcher Norton, first Baron Grantley (1716-1789).

to send down Alexander the Barrister in this capacity. But there is already an English Barrister on the Bench in the person of Adam who if he gets scent of this £500 additional will be unwilling to part with it. And the sending down a *Second* Barrister from the South would be highly unpopular with the Scotch bar and I should think not less so with the Scotch Ministers who naturally will desire to *give their own fish-guts to their own Seamaws*, and who besides on the promotion of a Scottish candidate will have his appointments to dispose of whereas those of Alexander will fall under other patronage. I have good access to Adam were it necessary who independent of his own interest would like to lend me a shove as I believe it would be rather grateful as otherwise at Carleton House.

Setting Alexander aside I do not know any one likely to make a struggle excepting David Hume¹ at present my colleague & a professor of Scottish law. Now it consists with my knowlege that Mr. Hume has repeatedly declined high promotion in the court of Session in which his eminent talents & legal knowlege might be employed successfully & I also know there was a sort of understanding that his Clerks appointment was to satisfy him. There would therefore be doubt how far his claim ought to be revived in opposition to one favoured by your Graces patronage & though as a Scotch lawyer his claims are far superior to mine yet to Exchequer we should both bring the same aptitude to learn our duty & I think I might boast a more practicable and less anxious temper. In other respects I may plead that I served the public six of the best years of my life for nothing and it will not escape consideration that whereas in case of my promotion £300 will result to the public which is some argument in these times & £1300 to be disposed of by government yet in case of Mr. Humes promotion government will

¹ Besides being professor of Scots law in Edinburgh University, Hume showed his varied knowledge of the law in the capacities of sheriff, curator of the Advocates' Library, principal clerk to the Court of Session (1811), baron of the Scots Exchequer (1822). He was a nephew of the philosopher

only have his £1000 to give away for his professorship is filld up by election in the Faculty of Advocates & they will assuredly give it to an Edinburgh reviewer such being the management under which they at present act— Unless there is some positive and pledged engagement I think with the aid of your Graces patronage (being indeed all in all) I shall start very fair for I do not think the House of Buccleuch has made a supreme judge this thirty years & what they have been doing for government since Pitt came in no one knows better than the Lord Chief Baron. I conceive Sir William Rae¹ will look to Exchequer. But that should be in his turn. And so enough of this selfish scribble which however seemd necessary.

Your Graces health is too valuable to your friends & the country more especially at this moment to permit us to be very easy while you are complaining. Why not try Bath my dear Lord. It was of service on former occasions and I own I should not think the warm air inside of Bowhill when contrasted with the very sharp air without doors favourable to the cough at this time when I think the Devil seems to have taken possession of a certain party of the community. But if I were to say to you in the words of Shakespeare

O what a time you have chose out brave Chieftain
To wear the kerchief—Would you were not sick

your heart if not your tongue would reply

I am not sick if Romans have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.²

¹ Sir William Rae (1769-1842), younger son of Sir David Rae (Lord Eskgrove), was at this time sheriff of Midlothian. He became Lord Advocate in 1819. There seems to be no record that he ever secured a position in the Exchequer. In the introduction to Canto IV of *Marmion* Scott apostrophises him as "dear-loved Rae." He was a member of the small Edinburgh coterie called "The Club," founded in 1788, and was also captain of the corps of the Edinburgh volunteer cavalry in 1797. In March 1841 he introduced a bill for erecting a Scott monument in Edinburgh.

² *Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.—*Julius Caesar*, II. i.

Artillery is off for Glasgow & also the arms to be delivered to the *Elite* of the volunteers. I believe Government are in possession of the plans of the discontented & that they are very extensive. They cannot but ultimately bring their actors into destruction but much bloodshed will be avoided by timely precaution. *Here* we are quite expecting the Great Arch Duke Nicolas—a shabby sort of name methinks

Alas ! O Nick O Nick-alas¹

Right did thy gossip call thee &c

rushes involuntarily into ones mind. He is to be entertained by the Advocate on Wednesday & the Provost on Thursday. It is lucky we have such a respectable father of the city at present. He may sing with Cicero,

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam.

Indeed he deserves to be elevated from Dickie Gossip as we used to term him of yore into Sir Richard Gossip.² Certainly I have seen provosts who would have made strange work upon such occasions.

Lord Byrons poems mark great progress, I suspect, of

¹ In Fielding's play, *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great* (1730), there occurs this line at the beginning of Act II, sc. v. :

Oh ! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh !

and in one among many copious footnotes Fielding observes that "this beautiful line, which ought, says Mr. W——, to be written in gold, is imitated in the New Sophonisba :

Oh ! Sophonisba ; Sophonisba, oh !

Oh ! Narva ; Narva, oh !

The author of a song called Duke upon Duke hath improved it :

Alas ! O Nick ! O Nick, alas !

where, by the help of a little false spelling, you have two meanings in the repeated words."

² William Arbuthnot, who was Lord Provost of Edinburgh at this time, gave a dinner to the Grand Duke Nicholas on 19th December 1816. For the occasion Scott composed the verses

God protect brave Alexander,
Heaven defend the noble Czar, etc.

Arbuthnot was again Lord Provost when King George visited Edinburgh in 1822, and was then created a baronet.

the insane turn which he has lately shown & which I always thought his very particular cast of features strongly indicated. Gorgon Whitmore¹ looking his horse dead certainly destroys the pathos of the two unfortunately [*sic*] gentlemen who lookd each other out of this world of wickedness.

As your Grace is in the way of idle reading I have forward[ed] by the Coach a copy of certain historical affairs calld Tales of my Landlord which give no bad picture of the ancient covenanting period in Scotland. I was surprized to find Ballantyne had not sent a copy to Bowhill. Of these and other matters: when I have the honor to meet your Grace I trust to find you well recoverd. Charles Sharpe projects a publication of original letters from which I think much amusement will be derived. I know no man so deep in old gen[e]alogy & antiquated scandal. I fear he will destroy the honour of God knows how many of the Great Grandmothers of our present Noblesse. I believe the work will not be for sale but I will take care your Grace has a copy.²

When I come to Bowhill I will explain the nature &c of the non-entry duties. I suspect many thousands have been lost by not looking after them. Indeed I know it must be so & that many thousands are at this moment as justly due as any part of your Graces rents. In fact the whole Regality with very few exceptions is at present forfeited to your Grace for non-payment of the duties.

¹ In his letter of 13th December 1816 the duke, being reminded of a Cambridge joke, related that "a certain Mr. Whitmore, a Tutor at St. John's, was supposed to be the ugliest man going. This Revd. Divine was addicted to riding—an art in which he did not shine. He was generally deep in some problem, and left his horse to its own discretion. Unluckily, one day his reveries were disturbed by his horse pitching head over ears, and sending the cavalier in a similar direction. Up started the divine in great wrath, caught the horse by both ears, and stared the poor animal in the face till he actually dropt down dead. However Mr. Whitmore was more fortunate than Ld Byron's gentlemen, for he survived the stare."

² "I hope the secret memoirs will be published in time for me to take and read them at Dunrobin in the summer." See letter from Earl Gower to Sharpe, 8th March 1816 (*C. K. Sharpe's Correspondence*, ii. 141).

I believe I am the first vassal that entered regularly for some time which I did as a lawyer & to get a good right to my lands. For Abbotsford alone I paid a years rent modified to £60 or £70. When this was paid as the due on a hundred acres compute what that fine Regality ought to pay.

I beg to be most respectfully rememberd to the young ladies. Walter is working at the Riding with Colonel Leatham to serve Ld. Dalkeith in the auld phrase When he hath aught to do. I suppose following the greyhounds will be the first feudal service. Ever my Lord Duke Your Graces truly faithful & obliged

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 14 *December* [1816]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO ROBERT CADELL

DEAR SIR,—I should wish to have the promissory note for £350 at 3 months I retiring that on the 24th. As I am going to the country tomorrow or next day it will be better to discount it there than here where renewals might be inconvenient from the extent of our transactions. Of course I look after that due on the 24th.

I am no picture buyer myself and I should think Stellas etc were most likely to find purchasers in Ireland if authentic. I always understood the *only* portrait of Mrs Johnston & that a profile was with my friend Dr. Berwicke. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

CASTLE STREET *Wednesday* [18th *December* 1816]

(private) Mr Cadell
Mr Constables

[*Stevenson*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

EDINBURGH, 18th December 1816

MY DEAR SIR,—I give you heartily joy of the success of the *Tales*, although I do not claim that paternal interest in them which my friends do me the credit to assign me. I assure you I have never read a volume of them till they were printed, and can only join with the rest of the world in applauding the true and striking portraits which they present of old Scottish manners. I do not expect implicit reliance to be placed on my disavowal, because I know very well that he who is resolved not to own a work must necessarily deny it, and that otherwise his secret would be at the mercy of all who chose to ask the question, since silence in such a case must always pass for consent, or rather assent.¹ But I have a mode of convincing you that I am perfectly serious in my denial—pretty similar to that by which Solomon distinguished the fictitious from the real mother—and that is, by reviewing the work, which I take to be an operation similar to the experiment of quartering the child. But this is only on condition I can have Mr. Erskine's assistance, who admires the work greatly more than I do, though I think the painting of the second tale both true and powerful. I knew Old Mortality very well; his name was Paterson, but few knew him otherwise than by his nickname.² The first tale is not very original in its

¹ Scott is answering a very complimentary and fishing letter by Murray of 14th December: "Although I dare not address you as the author of certain *Tales*, which must however be written by Walter Scott or the devil—yet nothing can restrain me from thinking that it is to your influence with the author of them that I am indebted for the honour of being one of their publishers." He goes on to sing their praises: "Lord Holland said when I asked his opinion: 'Opinion? we did not one of us go to bed all night, and nothing slept but my gout.' . . . 'Heber says there are only two men in the world, Walter Scott and Lord Byron.'"

² It was during his Highland excursion in 1793 that Scott had met Robert Paterson, the living Old Mortality, in the churchyard of Dunottar. He "found the poor man refreshing the epitaphs on the tombs of certain Cameronians who had fallen under the oppressions of James the Second's

concoction, and lame [and] impotent in the conclusion. My love to Gifford. I have been over head and ears in work this summer, or I would have sent the Gypsies ; indeed I was partly stopped by finding it impossible to procure a few words of their language.

Constable wrote me about two months since, desirous of having a new edition of Paul ; but not hearing from you, I conclude you are still on hand. Longman's people had then only sixty copies.

Kind compliments to Heber, whom I expected at Abbotsford this summer ; also to Mr. Croker and all your 4 o'clock visitors. I am just going to Abbotsford to make a small addition to my premises there. I have now about 700 Acres, thanks to the Booksellers and the discerning public. Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

P.S.—I have much to ask about Lord Byron if I had time. His third canto is inimitable. Of the last poems, there are one or two which indicate rather an irregular play of imagination. What a pity that a man of such exquisite genius will not be contented to be happy on the ordinary terms ! I declare my heart bleeds when I think of him, self-banished from the country to which he is an honour.

[*Lockhart and Abbotsford Copies*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I am glad the tales arrived. James Ballantyne swore himself even blacker in the face than nature hath made him that they were regularly brief insanity." From the occupations of quarrying and mason-work, Paterson became a tombstone specialist, and worked at this trade all over the south of Scotland. He was known as the Hower or the Letterer or the Headstone-man until latterly he gained the name of Old Mortality. It is believed he is buried at Balmaclellan, though the exact spot of his burial could never be identified either by Scott or Joseph Train.

despatched, so I suppose that as once happend to Terry the player's trunk whereby I had to become his dresser for many days the packet went on to Carlisle and only reached Bowhill on its return. As your Grace is in the humour of looking after the Covenanters, I beg to add to the Bowhill collection the *History of Wodrow*¹ in two volumes, folio, now become rare. I happen to have two copies, my father having lent his to an old friend, no great arithmetician, but a capital *book-keeper*, whose representatives had the honesty to restore it after his death. It is a prolix piece of work, and altogether unfit to be read from beginning to end ; but there are many curious passages, especially interesting to the local antiquary. I add a collection of the lives of the most eminent covenanting heroes, published by an old Cameronian farmer called Wilson, a tenant of Lady Loudoun.² He was still alive when the present young Lady came of age, and at the entertainment then given to the tenantry she requested to have this singular remnant and record of times and opinions pointed out to her. She was requested to look around, and assured she would not fail to distinguish him. Accordingly she at once fixed on an old man with

¹ The Rev. Robt. Wodrow's *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, from the Restauration to the Revolution*. 2 vols. fol. Edn. 1721-2. Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 11.

² In *Old Mortality* Scott refers to "A True and Impartial Account of the persecuted Presbyterians of Scotland, their being in Arms, and Defeat at Bothwell Brigg in 1679, by William Wilson, late schoolmaster in the parish of Douglas." The description of the Cameronian farmer, however, is more applicable to John Howie of Lochgoin—"the fine old chronicler of the Cameronians," as Scott declared. He specialised in the lives of the Scottish martyrs and reformers, as shown in his *Biographia Scoticana, a Brief Historical Account, &c. of the most eminent Scots Worthies, &c.* . . . The Abbotsford Library Catalogue (p. 71) contains the 3d Glasgow edit., 8vo., 1797. It was first published in 1774, revised and enlarged 1781-5, and this edition reissued, with notes by W. McGavin, in 1827. Further editions appeared in 1870 and 1876. See in *Redgauntlet* a note on the tract called *The Judgment and Justice of God Exemplified, or, a Brief Historical Account of some of the Wicked Lives and Miserable Deaths of some of the most remarkable Apostates and Bloody Persecutors, etc.*, a sort of postscript or appendix to John Howie's work.

Lady Loudoun was "Flora, Countess of Loudoun in her own right, wife of Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings."

long white hair, a bonnet of extravagant dimensions, a blackish grey suit of an uniform colour, and coarse gaiters of the same, which looked like the spirit of some old covenanter come straight from a conventicle. Her Ladyship made up to the old Trojan, and told him she was aware for how many generations his ancestors had possessed the farm of Loch something or other, and how ready they had been to follow her ancestors in resisting popery and arbitrary power, and therefore she was determined the rent of that possession should never be raised during her lifetime, and therewithal she gave him her fair hand in token of her promise. But the cunning old codger replied that he was infinitely bound to her Ladyship, but that although in the good auld times *licking thumbs* was the only ceremony necessary to make good a bargain, yet in the slippery paths of this contumacious and backsliding generation, a scrap of stamp-paper was deem'd essential to ensure performance, and so he converted what was perhaps a hasty compliment into a tight life-rent lease. This book is a very singular one and some winter day I will cover it with marginal notes for your Grace : the account of the Battle of Bothwell Bridge is very circumstantial and singular. I hope, my dear Lord, you never refrain from asking any question respecting my scribbling, the answer to which would give you the least gratification. If I do not speak to your Grace on these subjects it is because I don't remember we ever wanted topics of conversation, and might be afraid of annoying you till your Grace should tell me as the German Prince told the Marquis of Tullibardine, *Je suis fâché de vous et de vos petites affaires*.¹

¹ The allusion I have not been able to trace. What follows is explained by the Duke's words : " You will do me the justice to admit that I have never availed myself of my intimacy with you to spy into any of your intended publications. But I am going to depart from that rule in the present instance. I am very ill-read in the history of Scotland, which I am ashamed of. I should much wish therefore to know when your rumoured work is likely to appear upon that subject. If soon, I shall defer commencing my studies."—*Walpole Collection. The Accounts of the Great Chamberlains of*

My view of Scottish History is not yet gone to press, for I wait Thomson's proposed publication of the Chamberlain rolls, which cannot but clear some doubtful passages. If your Grace should in the meantime think of commencing a course of Scottish history, I would recommend Lord Hailes' Annals, Pinkerton's history, Robertson's history, Laing's history, which series contains the full history of Scotland. These books are very different in merit, but of this when we meet. I am truly glad of the example your Grace sets to the country, and am sure the good sense of Saunders will discover the difference between those old patrons who fill his mouth with bread, and now and then his noddle with a little punch, and those new ones who would fill his brain with political discontent, and still his hunger with universal suffrage. After all, "*Le vrai Amphitryon est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne,*" as is wisely concluded by Molière's Sosia.¹ I propose myself that pleasure at Bowhill one day soon. Maida is a little lame, but if he gets better I would like to slip him at a fox, should that matter be going any day next week. I shall be at Abbotsford on Monday to remain about eight days, wind and weather serving. I beg kind respects to Lady Anne and the rest of the

Scotland, and some other officers of the Crown, rendered at the Exchequer, 1326-1453. [Edited by T. Thomson.] 3 vols. 40. Edinburgh, 1817[-45]. A Bannatyne Club publication, the greater portion of which was printed before the institution of the club; part of it was presented by the editor in 1837, and the remainder at its completion in 1845. Lord Hailes's *Annals of Scotland, from the Accession of Malcolm III. to the Accession of the House of Stewart, etc.* 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1797; John Pinkerton's *History of Scotland from the accession of the House of Stuart to that of Mary, with Appendixes of Original Papers.* 2 vols. 40. London, 1797; William Robertson's *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI till his accession to the crown of England, etc.* 2 vols. 40. London, 1759; Malcolm Laing's *History of Scotland, from the Union of the Crowns on the accession of James VI . . . to the Union of the Kingdoms in the reign of Queen Anne, etc.* 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1800.

¹ Sos. Je ne me trompais pas, Messieurs, ce mot termine
Toute l'irrésolution :
Le véritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne.—*Amphitryon*, III. v.

Baronial fireside.—Ever your Grace's truly obliged and grateful,
W. SCOTT

EDINR. 21 *December* [1816]

I sent the books by the mail.

[*Buccleuch and Familiar Letters*]

To JOSEPH TRAIN

Mr. Train, Excise Office, Newton Stewart
By Portpatrick Mail

SIR,—I have been very much to blame not to write you sooner my sincere thanks for your very obliging and curious communications from which I have derived both instruction and amusement. I was in the country untill the beginning of winter which has occasioned my being late in receiving your communications which were however lying safely for me in Castle Street. You have been uncommonly successful in some most interesting enquiries. You will be surprized to find Old Mortality has got into print. The novel in which he appears belongs to the same cycle and appears to be written by the same author as those of Waverley and Guy Mannering, and displays the same knowlege of Scottish manners and scenery and the same carelessness as to arrangement of the story which characterize these curious narratives. Why the author should conceal himself, and in this case even change his publishers as if to insure his remaining concealed is a curious problem. I get the credit of them and wish I deserved it but I dare say the real author will one day appear. As a trifling return for your attention and presuming that the tales will interest you I send a copy for your acceptance by the Portpatrick mail the Ballantynes having sent me a couple of copies as they usually do of any thing that they print which they think have merit. The first tale in my opinion is rather

below par but the second is exceedingly good indeed. I shall be glad if they afford you some amusement.

The Picts Kiln seems to be a very curious relique of antiquity. Is it not possible it may have [been] employd for burning lime? We know that these ancient people were traditionally renowned for their skill in architecture. They certainly seem to have been further advanced in the arts of life than their rival neighbours the Scots which may have arisen from their inhabiting the lower and more fertile part of the country. The *murder-hole* is also a curious tradition. It confirms me of [the] opinion that our lawyers misinterpret the right meaning of the old grants of Baronial jurisdiction which usually bore the right of *pit* and *gallows*. Our legal antiquaries hold that the *pit* means the dungeon of the castle, and that the grant applies to a right of imprisonment and execution, but I am pretty much convinced that the grant refers to execution by hanging or drowning. There seems no good reason for granting a right of mere imprisonment which in fact was common to almost all the kings Vassals whether possessing the higher powers of capital execution or not.

I am prevented from writing further by the necessity of saving post. Your obliged servant,

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 21 December 1816¹

[*Mrs. Murray and Van Antwerp*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

[21st-25th December 1816]

DEAR CHARLES,—On a further communing with John Usher we have agreed somewhat to extend our bargain he giving me a good field calld the Grantongue field @

¹ This letter is printed, with some errors, in Patterson's *Memoir of Joseph Train* (1857), pp. 64-66.

£35 an acre and taking an eleven years lease of the said field at the rate of *four per cent* on the agreed purchase money. Our march is besides so far altered as to run along the head of his cultivated land from the point of the Grantongue-field to the southern bank of a [*the MS. is torn at this point*] with Mr. Ushers frankness in the whole concern. He will send you a letter I wrote him at his request stating the terms of the agreement both as to purchase & lease in order that the Disposition may be suitably framed.

Dicks Cleuch aforesaid is positively capable of being made the most beautiful dell in this neighbourhood. One part of it belongs to Kippilaw¹ but I suppose he will have no objection either to join with me in enclosing & planting or to exchange his side of the glen for a sufficient indemnification on the other side of my march which indeed would be absolutely necessary as no fence can be drawn up the glen to [*the remainder of the MS. has been torn off*].

[*Miss M. O. Curle*]

TO JOHN RICHARDSON

ABBOTSFORD, 23^d December 1816

I HOPE you had the *Tales of my Landlord*, an early copy, though you have not said that they came to hand. They have apparently succeeded to a wish. At least no sale could be better than theirs is reported to be.

I beg to call to your mind the case of poor Henry Weber. You will find it better stated by his sister, Mrs. Fawcett, in the enclosed letter, than I can pretend to do. Her husband was a captain in the Militia. Now these are reduced, she also must have enough to do. If anything can be got from the Literary Fund, he is certainly a fair object, both from genius and distress. *Here* it is difficult to

¹ *i.e.* Andrew Seton Kerr of Kippilaw.

get English money, so I enclose a cheque for £10 sterling¹ on Sir William Forbes, and pray you in lieu of it to forward a £10 note to Mrs. Fawcett, along with the enclosed letter, which please to seal with a head, and at the same time acquaint her whether or when anything can be done for her brother's assistance. You will see what I have said in the letter to her, which I hope is not drawing too deep on your friendship in a calamitous case of this kind, or committing you too much. From what I have known of Mrs. Fawcett she seems much of a lady, indeed their whole connections are most respectable but *Genus et proavi* are of little consequence in such a case—

I have enlarged my dominions here not greatly in extent, but infinitely in point of beauty, as my boundary is now a strange secluded ravine full of old thorn trees, hazels, guelder roses, willows, and so forth, with a dashing rivulet and certain large stones which in England your cocknies would call rocks. I call it the Rhymer's Glen, as it makes part of the scene where Thomas the Rhymer is said to have met the Queen of the Fairies. Vulgarly, it is called Dick's Cleugh—a *fico* for the phrase. I hope Mrs. Richardson and the bairns are well, as we are at writing hereof. I am here for the Christmas recess. Would I could stay longer, for neither frost nor snow, and we have enough of both, could keep me within doors here, and fine weather hardly can drag me out to the plainstones of Edinburgh.—Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

A Merry Christmas to you and yours. If the books have not come (& a new one is sometimes kidnapped) pray let me know.

[*Familiar Letters and Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ On the back of the sheet of the Abbotsford copy is a note by Richardson : "In addition to Sir Walter's £10 the Literary Fund gave me £10 for Weber and I have some where, if I could find it, a very grateful letter from Mrs. Fawcett acknowledging their great obligations to good Sir Walter."

TO DANIEL TERRY¹

25th Decr 1816

MY DEAR TERRY,—The “leettle poopy dog” arrived in great preservation, a little lean & qualmish however after his sea voyage : from the length of his tail & thinness of the hair thereupon he promises to rival the fame of his predecessor & I account him a real treasure. We have got him safely out here maugre snow & wind which have been whistling finely on all sides of us : in fact we got through yesterday with great difficulty : I waded up to the knees about two miles in snow—however we made it out. To day it is soft weather & every thing afloat. But I hope to spend a week here in the midst of plans for planting & building & Lord knows what. *Tanuguay du Chatel ou es tu ?* What work I should have for your measuring lines & compasses could a wish bring you to the side of these blazing logs and send you back again to your necessary & important avocations. Mr. Macgrath is one of the most correct as well as one of the sweetest singers I ever heard.² How he may succeed on

¹ This is a reply to Terry's letter of the 5th, with which he had sent a greyhound pup. “It was my chance a year or two ago to become acquainted with Mr St Aubyn of Cornwall whose Taste & pursuits in the sporting world are I understand somewhat signalised and of his greyhounds he is very proud as almost matchless. I thought that a descendant of such illustrious parents would be no unacceptable resident at Abbotsford & therefore took the liberty to solicit one for the purpose of presenting it to you. I enclose you . . . a print of the pup's mother a most beautiful creature—as my own Eyes have frequently witnessed—it is no small fame that she has run 6 seasons at Newmarket never refused a challenge & *never* was *beaten*. You have little Marmion's pedigree along with it and I sincerely pray that he may in time rival the renown of his forefather, prove himself worthy of his mighty Ancestry and extend their fame to the shores of Tweed. I would be loth to have the dishonor of light Regard as his Donor.”—*Walpole Collection*. Marmion was afterwards named Hamlet.

² Terry's letter had been delivered by Terence Magrath, “a professor of Music of very considerable eminence from Bath . . . a family man of good worldly conditions & possibilities . . . a man of *very gentlemanly* manners. . . . He requested to have the honor of delivering my Commission as he was fearful he shd not receive a letter to you from his friend *Thos Moore* in time for his departure [to Edinburgh].”—*Walpole Collection*.

the stage may depend partly upon other [factors] ¹ but his vocal powers must be successful. He appears also to be a modest sensible man which is not also or even usually the case with those gifted with his extraordinary [powers.] ² habits of life will permit. He flattered me much by being pleased with Sophias singing Scotch ballads. Did I tell you Mr. Blore has made a beautiful exterior for my cottage? & did I tell you that I have acquired a new glen near the lake? a quiet invisible sort of a dell where a witch might boil her kettle in happy seclusion among old thorn trees & scathed oaks in a deep ravine totally out of sight unless you fall on it by accident. My predecessor had an humour of digging for coal in it which prevented him including it in our first bargain but being cured of that folly he has bequeathed me two or three lateral excavations which a little coaxing will turn into natural caverns. The *last* man who wanted work in this parish has been for some time employ'd in constructing a path up this odd glen. I call it the Rhymers Glen because it makes part of Huntley Wood where Thomas the Rhymer met the Queen of fairies. All this is but a sort of trash but it is what my head is just now most busy about.

I hope you will make my respectful thanks acceptable to Mr. St. Aubyn for the very handsome & valued present he has made me in Marmion. I have not yet ventured to change his name having been so called, though perhaps it would be a more proper epithet in another persons profession. I have some thoughts of calling him Harold if I get over this scruple. I expect him to win many a silver collar. It is in good company for I have two gallant brutes now as ever ran. I plagued your neighbour Mr. Bullock some days since about some

¹ A blank is left in the copy for some probably illegible word. I have supplied one that will do. *F.L.* gives "circumstances."

² Several words seem to have dropped out of the copy. The next words, "habits of life will permit," must close some lost sentence.

plans which he carried up with him for my interior arrangements. I trust I shall have them in a day or two as my castle must stand still till I get them. Maida my great dog has been sitting at Mr. Blores instance to Mr. Nasmyth who admires him very much. I was obliged to attend the sittings myself for the subject though regularly supplied with a cold beef bone was apt to grow impatient. Mrs. Scott sends her kindest respects to Mrs. Terry : as for the pens I have intercepted them judging I was the most likely of the two to find employment for them : they are by far the most useful invention of the kind I have yet seen. I beg my compliments to the Lady & the kinchin & am truly Yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD

A merry Christmas to you.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO MISS CLEPHANE

ABBOTSFORD, 26 December 1816

MY DEAR MISS CLEPHANE,—You are very good to think of your ungrateful correspondent, who thinks much oftener of you all than his ungracious silence would lead you to believe. But I have not been quite without apology for I intended to write Mrs. Clephane or you two goodly epistles by my friend Archie Park who goes to settle in Mull as Comptroller of the Customs at Tobermory. And who, say you is Archie Park? Archie is the brother of Mungo Park¹ et c'est beaucoup dire. Moreover he has been many a day the companion of my

¹ In a letter of 16th April 1816, which reached me too late to fit into its place, Scott writes to Archibald Park to announce two likely vacancies to be made by promotion to the Greenock Waitership, Comptroller at Dunbar or Collector at Tobermory—"emolument £200 a year : it is a wild spot but very pleasant and an increasing village. I know the place and think it would suit you well, as when you get your matters arranged you might have a sheep farm for you will have plenty of time on your hands. The only objection is the difficulty of getting education for the

mountain sports when I was at Ashestiel, and was a picture of a man for make, strength and activity, with a great deal of knowledge of his art as a farmer and a vein of droll country humour besides. But alas ! a third brother chose, in an evil hour to become a banker, and Archie was a cautioner. The banker speculated in land, and Lord knows what besides, yet as being a very clever fellow and a *writer* to the boot of a' that, might have come off handsomely had he lived to unwind his own ravelled hasps—But Writer and Banker though he was, he was compelled to depart in five minutes notice, and as his affairs were in disorder, my friend the said Archie, was literally born[e] to the ground by his security obligations and from a state of comfortable and independant yeomanry, reduced to utter ruin. As besides his being a capital fisher and shooter and player at the ball and sword-exercise, and so forth, he was a very honest, worthy man, I e'en tried my hand on Mr. William Dundas who was so good as to give him this appointment at Tobermory. He would have been made Land-waiter, or Tide-waiter, or Lord knows what at Greenock, but there is a rule no one can be recommended to that branch who is above 45 and Archie being about 10 months above that age, no power would prevail on him to slur over that circumstance, though the post was in his offer, and doubles in emolument what he now holds. If Mrs. Clephane wishes any advice as to her farms, he is complete master of rural economy and will be proud and happy to afford his best opinions and you will see, though he is now *somede* old, a living model of the Hercules of Farnese. I presumed to send him a letter to you, but I expect he will be

children though I believe there are good School-Masters in Mull and I have friends there who might be useful to you. The duty is not difficult and you are put to learn it for six months before your appointment takes place. In Mull with a little farm you might live for nothing and save your salary." The MS. of this letter was owned by Captain David Lester Richardson, who printed it in an article, "Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron," in a Calcutta periodical. It is here printed from Richardson's *Literary Chat with Miscellaneous Poems*. London, 1848.

sailed before I get back to Edinburgh as Admiral Hope has promised him the cast of a revenue-cutter from Greenock. If I get back in time from this sudden escapade to Abbotsford I will take care you get Campbell's book, also a curious and interesting work, which, notwithstanding an affected change of publishers etc. and a total silence concerning former adventures in literature, I believe you will agree with me can only be by the Author of Waverley. They call it *Tales of my Landlord*, and I have not laughed so much this sometime as at parts of the second tale. The first is hurried and I think flat, but the second opens new ground (the scene being laid in the covenanting times) and possesses great power of humour and pathos. Such at least is the opinion of all here and in London who are madder about it than about anything I remember. If I find Archie Park is sailed when I get to Edinburgh I will get a post office frank, as the volumes are of small bulk.

I am unhappily answerable and most reluctantly so for the imperfections of *Allan Moidart*. The truth is that I had promised Campbell to get him a proper sett of the words, and always forgot to write for them, till the man of music who is a kind of warrior came and besieged me with account of press stopping, and Lord in Heaven knows what of grievance and vexation, till between hope and despair I [sat] down and dictated the verses I remembered and as I remembered them. One verse I was sensible I omitted, but my utmost efforts could not recall it to my memory. Pray send me a correct copy, for Albyn's Anthology (blessings on their harmony who gave so absurd a name) is thriving like a green bay tree and we shall have a new edition forthwith.

As for your journey,¹ I wish to God you had a gentleman with you. Why not Captain Clephane who has not

¹ Miss Clephane's letter of 17th December has the information that they are "balancing about going to Florence for some time both for the purpose of economising & for Wilimina's education." There is uncertainty, however. "Whether next summer we shall be within hearing of the

much to do? I really fear you will find travelling uncomfortable notwithstanding Mrs. Clephanes firmness and good sense. At least, when I was on the continent I found more than once a pair of loaded pistols in my pocket were necessary to secure both respect and security. It may doubtless be better now; but the English are always unpopular on the continent, and the innkeepers extremely encroaching and insolent when they see occasion and the speedy legal redress of the next Justice of peace altogether out of question— And I believe that the banditti are very troublesome just now in Italy although it applies rather to the road between Rome and Naples than to [*undecipherable*]. Do ponder all this well. If you were men in your persons as you are in your sense and spirit I would wish you to go by all means. As it is, I sincerely hope you will have some proper male companion. I have not room to tell the fifty things I have to say. My bog has turned out excellent marle, an affair quite invaluable to my little property and plans of improvement. I am contracting for an addition to my house, connecting the little farm house with the bed rooms which you honoured by your occupation and which will afford a good parlour, a sort of den for my own exclusive use a cabinet in addition to the little drawing room, and Lord knows what of bed rooms above, and servants' accommodation below. Make my kind respects to Mrs. Clephane and thank her for her post-script which I would answer specially, but writing to one is to both. I need not tell you how much I am interested in our dear travellers and all that they see and hear. If I knew our [*undecipherable*] I would fly a letter at them and indeed I must try.

Ever yours, my dear friends, most affectionately,
[*Northampton*]

WALTER SCOTT

murmurs of the Arno or the brawling of Torloisk burn, I cannot even guess." Mrs. Clephane's postscript is to the effect that one of their motives for going abroad is, "Margaret will be again confined at Florence in June."—*Walpole Collection*.

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

[27th December 1816]

DEAR CHARLES,—I have no recollection that a single word passed between Mr. Milne and me on the subject of my paying the expence of the writings and I am confident had this been the case we could not have forgotten to have it inserted in the minutes. I know no use of making written minutes unless it is to cut off all the questions which may occur from parties having different views of the subject in the course of verbal communings. I therefore beg to refer myself to the minutes of Sale & decline any expence to which these and the custom of the country do not subject me.

I have preferred Messrs. Sanderson & Paterson to my building job Smiths estimate being considerably higher.
Yours ever

W SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *friday evening*

I fancy if I had not indulged Moss who is in very different circumstances we should have heard nothing of Mr. Milne's claim. Mr. Usher makes no such pretence, & has just as good reason.

[Curle]

TO D. TERRY

ABBOTSFORD, 28 Decr 1816

MY DEAR TERRY,—Your kind favor with the plans arrived yesterday. I am truly ashamed of the trouble the Abbots den is like to cost you all. Mr. Atkinsons plans are very ingenious indeed & would promise in many respects better interior accommodation than those which with Blores assistance I have hammered out of Mr. Skenes original idea. The exterior of Mr. Blores plan I prefer as being less Gothic & more in the old fashioned Scotch stile which delighted in notch'd Gable

ends & all manner of bartizans. Besides I have already proceeded a good way in contracting on the general outside plan, though I can alter it in any particular point. But I am satisfied the interior may be greatly improved & at any rate should be anxious to have the views of you three ingenious gentlemen concerning the mode of fitting up. I intend for example to throw out three sides of an octagon in the centre of the present house occupying the space of the present narrow stair & butlers *pantry*: by throwing the stair into the octagon projection we gain a handsome little lobby between the drawing room & parlour & if the stair case can be carried by an arch cast over the window mark'd A the said window will face the door at entrance & may be fill'd with stain'd glass or otherwise managed to look handsome while the sides of the arch which it terminates, may be hung with arms or *such like*. But it is needless to be particular as I design to send up Mr. Blores plan or rather elevation & the clumsy sketch of the country operative for consideration & alteration in every respect according to the advice of my friendly counsel learned in such service. Paterson (the country mason) has alter'd Blores proportions in several places which must be in some way balanced or restored. I fear the fountain must be given up unless upon a very small scale, for I find I could not depend on any steady supply of water from above. I have therefore sunk a pit well in the south side of the court yard & lighted on a most notable spring which can be raised by a forcing pump to supply water closets, although I think I may sink another well at the north end & put the forcing pump there as the well scarce costs a guinea sinking & pipes are troublesome & expensive. Now to be sure the fountain on occasion might play from the cistern which supplies the water closet but this could be only on a small scale, & not worth the expence of keeping it piddling like an old woman in a [*illegible*]. Item, for the Laundry you will see that the

wash house is distinct from it : it is only the smoothing which goes on there which can be no annoyance—it is moreover the maids bed room. The present parlour which in Skenes plan was mark'd a bed room is to remain a sort of school room or sitting room for the young people being rather too damp for a bed room unless on some special occasion when its being constantly aired will be in its favour. The Green-closet, for it cannot be term'd either a Green-house or Green-room, has not indeed room enough to swing a cat in but I am no botanist or florist & if it holds a few bow pots for Mrs. Scott through the season it will serve well enough. If I made more glass work I would have it in the garden for the purpose of a grapery—a solid luxury. I am much puzzled how to occupy the space call'd *Aviary*. Birds are out of the question for Mr. Hinse the brindled cat would soon clear the colony : besides they would be neglected in my absence—flowers would not flourish in an aspect due north & shaded from the sun even on west : perhaps the aspect might suit evergreens. In that case, we would have in a manner two green houses one to the south the other to the north of the boudoir. I know not whether the same flue could heat both & be managed by means of the vent in the boudoir. Mr. Atkinson will perhaps devise something better. You will see that the rest of the old house is to be raised about three feet & the windows in front brought to correspond with the new buildings. I have some capital triangular stones from the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh to terminate the tops of these windows with fleur de lis & thistles at the upper angle. A belt of granite & freestone like that at Bowhill is also design'd to dignify Mother Retfords mansion.¹ I early gave up Skenes idea of a great opening into the Boudoir & substitute a pair of folding doors which by [*words omitted*] & may be kept safe, these I think should be wainscot as should the fitting of Shakesperes boudoir. If the door

¹ The name given by Scott to the original farm.

was surrounded with a handsome moulding & fitted up in the old style I think it would look well. You will see we intend to follow your idea of throwing out the drawing room northern window in a more compleat manner. The dining room should have a corresponding door into the study which door should be concealed on the side of the book room which may be easily done as the [book] presses or some of them should have doors before them. I intend to bring my whole set of curious Italian Novels there & they are not altogether fit to be left out to every bodys handling. You will easily conceive the extreme importance which I consider as attached to Mr Atkinsons advice. I never in my life saw any thing so well arranged as the offices at Bowhill which are a perfect model of contrivance & at the same time of simplicity. My trifling plan is bringing a profound scholar back to his A.B.C. but since he is so kind as to propose it I should be a great deal more negligent of my interest than I can affect to be did I hesitate to avail myself of it. Paterson is a good builder, but a bad planner & of course totally ignorant of the nattiness required in executing these ornamental matters. He is just now in town & brings with him I expect the measurements exact of the present buildings. But in case Mr. Atkinson should think it necessary to have Mr. Smallwoods measurements (which I should think highly likely) I am sure Mr. Smallwood would readily give his kind assistance & while at Bowhill would also advise Paterson in any case of difficulty. Of course I will not proceed till the month of March, when we are likely to go on without interruption by frost. In the accommodation beneath the new buildings there is good cellerage & I sometimes have thought of managing a bath & an ice house. But on this dismal cold day the thought of either sets one[s] teeth a chattering. Observe I have the old Tolbooth door a door with curious Gothic mouldings also the gate of the Parliament house with a carved lintel having

the crown & cypher of Charles 1st : it is a large *Porte cochere*. I thought of making a back door to the wash house out of the Tolbooth door and if it is thought proper to make any sort of screen where the present wood work to the east of the house is the other might be perhaps introduced into it. These things I mention as hints. They are pulling down so many of the old places here that carved stones are to be had for the asking. There are several scutcheons in the College which came down this summer & I have secured them. They also talk of taking down the west end of St. Giles's church which contains some fine Gothic niches &c worth all the rest particularly a projecting octagon window which rests on the shoulders of a kneeling Apostle—a very curious thing. By the bye I should tell you the Octagon which I intend to be projected for reception of the stair is to become square when it rises over the roof of the house which is nearly the shape of an old border tower, the roof of the tower will serve as an observatory or exploratory. I tried a scrawl but could make no intelligible hieroglyphick. You will see it however in the drawings of Mr. Blore *rather* better made out. In general the present drawings look well without, & give good accommodation within : but from the nature of the ground & the former buildings the communications are difficult & will require much consideration, and for the elegance of the interior furnishing I must be indebted to genius of the kind trio who are contented to employ their wits & their pencils on my behalf.

My brother has sent me a curious knocker from Canada the foot of a deer which he had killed mounted with silver : we must dispose that on one of the doors within as it might tempt our border honesty if left out of doors. I have an idea of opening the private door between my study & the dining room by means of a deers foot on the principle of “pull the bobbin & the latch will come up.” I have two deers legs tokens of hill sport many a

day since which might be brass mounted and adopted to such purpose. By the way I have got over my Waterloo armour, two sets of cuirasses & a ponderous cap : one I shall give to the Duke of Buccleuch. Also the armour of the celebrated Jalabad Sing Son of Nadir Shah¹ which is most beautiful & compleat with head piece & hood of mail, shirt of Do., noble arm pieces & gauntlets, plate armour for back breast & sides, sword battle axe & target. I think it worth while to have a masque painted exactly like a common masquerade vizor with an Indian copperer's visnomy such as we see in Malcolms history of Persia or Elphinstones account of Cabatel.² Fastening such a vizor on a common barbers block which I have arranged with arms &c will make the trophy compleat & as the arms are inlaid richly they are worth displaying with some care. I believe it will be rather a pleasure than a trouble to you to get me such a masque. I have four tolerable castes (busts) for which I might secure a niche somewhere—in the proposed lobby perhaps. As to wainscot it is one third dearer than fir, but query if well varnished would it not save the expence of painting. If the difference was not excessive in expence, I should like even the dining room & study to be finished with the old English material. I have now bored you sufficiently with my own business, let me now speak to yours. I will be most happy to give my attentive consideration to the plan you talk of as soon as you can send me down the sketch & you may rely upon it my good will shall not

¹ Nadir Shah of Persia, the Conqueror. Belonging to a Turkish tribe, he was born in Khorassan in 1688. He expelled Afghan domination from Persia. In 1731 he waged war against the Turks and eventually ascended the throne, when he was crowned as Nadir Shah. He conquered Afghanistan and drove back the invading Uzbegs. "Difficulties arose with the Great Mogul, and, his envoy having been murdered at Jelalabad, Nadir ravaged the North-west Provinces, and took Delhi, which he pillaged." Finally he restored to Persia "her limits under the golden reign of the Sassanides." Latterly he became suspicious, avaricious, and tyrannical. He was assassinated in 1747.

² Copyist's slip for Caubul. See note to letter to Morritt, Feb.-March 1816, p. 185.

be a wanting in the matter. I am truly glad Mrs. Terry is coming round again. In such cases I am a great friend to these ancient & established Doctors, Doctor Diet, Dr. Quiet & Doctor Merriman. I will be cautious in speaking on the subject for fear of alarming her friends in York place. Maida (my large deer hound) has been sitting to Mr. Nasmyth as a figure for the foreground of a landscape. I have availed myself of Mr. St. Aubyns permission & changed Marmions name (in respect of his inky cloak) to Hamlet : he promises great things. Old Double the quondam Marmion of St. John Street is not only dead but forgotten for James¹ has got a little buntin baby & struts about "as great as the Prince of Condé," as the song says raising the eye to the cieling & meditating the grand mathematical proposition how one & one can make three. Do you think a commodity of real old stained glass can be picked up in London? I dont much like the modern staining. I mean of course within reasonable compass, for all these matters will draw hard on my pocket. Mr. Magrath seems rather inclined to settle with us not as a performer but as a teacher of singing & music. He has received great encouragement for this, & I have no doubt will succeed in an uncommon degree for besides his own exquisite merit he has no considerable rival. In fact for nine months at least he is almost sure of as many pupils as he cares to be troubled with. I beg kind compliments to Mrs. Terry & the little hero. Very truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

The plans are arrived. I send them with a drawing of the plan in perspective copied from one by Mr. Blore : the drawing is not quite accurate but gives a good idea of the general effect. Paterson thinks that twelve feet of the Chapel must be unroofed, the walls raised & roofed in again with lead corresponding in height with the

¹ i.e. James Ballantyne, whose son John was born in December 1816.

projection or lobby. Lead is very cheap just now, & a bartizan has always a good effect. But it will be necessary to consider where a sort of cornice should surround this space, whether a plain belt or balustrade or battled parapet. I wish to employ Mr. Bullocks ingenuity in executing as well as devising but I must learn something of prices & not run myself into too much expence.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO LADY ABERCORN

MY DEAR LADY ABERCORN,—I am truly glad the *Tales* have amused you. In my poor opinion they are the best of the four sets ; though perhaps I only think so on account of their opening ground less familiar to me than the manners of the Highlanders. I can assure your Ladyship your laudable curiosity about the author would not remain ungratified. But if Tom wrote these volumes he has not put me in his secret. He has certainly powers both of pathos and humour and has also read a great deal of old-fashioned sort of reading but I greatly doubt his possessing the steadiness of application necessary to write twelve or thirteen volumes in the space of two or three years. And moreover I do not see why he should so rigorously keep his secret.¹ By-the-bye he and his family are coming home ; he has succeeded to about £3000 by my eldest brother's death and will have I suppose as much more when my mother is removed from us. So they cannot be said to be in distress if they will but be good managers especially as he has a small salary besides. His wife has come over.

To return to the *Tales*. General rumour here imputes them to a very ingenious but most unhappy man, a

¹ "But who can it be who is capable of such productions and will not own them ?" Lady Abercorn had queried in her letter of 7th December. "I wish it was your Brother with all my heart."—*Walpole Collection*.

clergyman of the Church of Scotland who many years since was obliged to retire from his profession & from society and to hide himself under a borrowed name.¹ This hypothesis seems to account satisfactorily for the rigid secrecy observed but from what I recollect of the unfortunate individual these are not the kind of productions I should have expected from him.

Burley is a real person and appears in the melancholy history of the period as the Leader of the party who killed Archbishop Sharpe on Magus Moor, near Saint Andrews. The command was first offered to Hackston of Rathillet² (Balfour's brother-in-law), who declined it on account of there being some private dispute between the prelate and him which might lead to the misconstruction of what these fanatics called the execution of judgement. Rathillet and Burley were both at the skirmish of Drumclog where Clavers was beaten and at that of Bothwell-bridge. Hackston was afterwards taken and executed but Burley escaped and died almost immediately before the Revolution and if I mistake not was on board the Prince of Orange's own vessel at the time of his death. There was also in the Life guards such a person as Francis Stewart the grandson of the last Earl of Bothwell. I have in my possession various proceedings at his father's instance for recovering some part of the Earl's large estates which had been granted to the Earls of Buccleuch and Roxburgh. It would appear Charles I. made some attempts to reinstate him in these lands but like most of that poor monarch's measures the attempt only served to augment his own enemies for Buccleuch was one of the first who declared against him in Scotland and raised a regiment of 1200 men of whom my grandfather's

¹ Dr. Greenfield.

² Hackston of Rathillet and John Balfour of Kinloch or Burley were among twelve men who took part in the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. Hackston was also one of the leaders of the Covenanters at Drumclog Both men appear in *Old Mortality*.

grandfather (Sir William Scott of Harden)¹ was Lieutenant Colonel. This regiment was very active at the destruction of Montrose's highland army at Philiphaugh of which the country people still sing a rhyme

At Philiphaugh the fray began
At Hareheadwood it ended
The Scotts out o'er the Graemes they ran
Sae merrily they bended.

In Charles II.'s time this old knight suffered as much through the non-conformity of his Lady as Cuddie through that of his mother. It seems the Lady would not be kept from Eildon Hills when there was any worthy Mr. Kettledrummle or precious Mr. Rumbleberry² to give her a screed of doctrine. So Sir William was repeatedly called before the privy council and fined at different times to the amount of several thousand pounds although he protested he was totally unable to rule his wife and requested the Council to take the management of her Ladyship into their own hands. But notwithstanding what one would have thought a most reasonable plea they sent him to Edinburgh Castle and afterwards to the Bass Island where he suffered three years' imprisonment. My father's grandmother who lived to the uncommon age of 98 years perfectly remembered being carried when a girl to these field-preachings with her mother where the clergyman thundered from the top of a rock, and the ladies sate upon their side-saddles which were placed on the turf for their accomodation while the men all stood round armed with swords and pistols and watches were kept on each neighbouring eminence to give notice of the

¹ His grandfather's grandfather was Walter Scott of Raeburn, a son of Sir Wm. Scott of Harden. It was a subsequent son, Wm. Scott of Harden, who suffered for the nonconformity of his lady.

² Gabriel Kettledrummle, "an absolute Boanerges, or son of thunder, in the pulpit." Unlike Peter Poundtext he had not gained a licence to preach and was arrested at a conventicle. He was set at liberty after the victory at Drumclog. Richard Rumbleberry was a young preacher from the Glen of Bengonnar "who suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket." See *Old Mortality*.

approach of the soldiers. I mention these minute circumstances in order to make your Ladyship aware how nearly our oral and family traditions connect themselves with these disorderly times.

I do not know that there is precisely such a place as the Linn described at the end of the tale. But in most of the mountainous parts of Scotland such strange places are to be found. I went on a pilgrimage with the Duke of Buccleuch to visit one of them not long since and it was as horrible a place as imagination can form and of a very break-neck character. Here also some of the heroes of the covenant are said to have held out though it passes belief how humanity could hold out against the cold wet and accumulated horrors of such an abode—Only I don't think it could be much worse than we have had with snow flood and tempest for these eight days that my wife and I have inhabited this cottage. But I feel very like Goldsmith's Swiss

Dear is the shed that to my soul conforms
And dear the hill that lifts me to the storms.¹

So I have been among the mists and snows about five or six hours every day—On looking over my letter it reminds me of the character Captain Bobadil gives of Squire Downright : “All old iron and rusty proverbs a good commodity for a smith to make hob-nails with”²—After all I recollect one circumstance which may interest you concerning these tales. Old Mortality was a living person—I have myself seen him about twenty years ago repairing the Covenanters' tombs as far north as Dunsnottar. It was his sole occupation and only business on earth. I have an indistinct recollection that he was from

¹ Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*.

² *Bob*. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs : a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

BEN JONSON, *Every Man in His Humour*, Act I, sc. iii.

the parish of Closeburn in Nithsdale and that his name was Paterson.

So here have I written your Ladyship a long stupid letter to which I have only to add that if you like farming as much as formerly you will be pleased to learn that I have made a great discovery, in draining a peat-bog for the sake of getting mess [?]-earth, of an inexhaustible fund of shell marle which will be of the utmost consequence to my property. I beg my respects to the family & am with great respect & regard Dear Lady Abercorn

[Signature cut away]

ABBOTSFORD 28 Decr. [1816].

[Pierpont Morgan]

1817

TO LADY LOUISA STUART ¹

Janry 1. 1817

MY DEAR LADY LOUISA,—You will already know better than I do that the tales are like the fame of Don Quixote—

Now their fame is up & may go
From Toledo to Madrid.

My private agent reports 4000 copies sold & 2000 in active preparation all bespoke : so that they have come off with all acceptation. No circumstance in the matter however can give me half the pleasure of your Ladyships kind approbation which I value beyond a whole wilderness of critics or monkies either.² I hope there is no great harm in the lies I am obliged to tell in self defence since my secret would otherwise be at the mercy of every one who chose to ask a blunt question. I very often qualify

¹ She replies to this letter on the 11th, thanking Scott for his confidence and relating the pleasure with which she listens to criticism of the Tales : “ I am clear this is not by the Author of Waverley, it is too good. Waverley was certainly Scott’s : now Scott could not write this, it is above him, and there is not that constant description of scenery that makes him so tiresome,” delighted all the while to put the unknown author over the head of the admired one. “ But in particular commend me the story sent us from Scotland ! The murder is out, and it does not signify disputing. Mrs Thomas Scott owns all the four books to be hers, with some help from her husband, and some licking over by her brother-in-law. *Verily I think the ’oman be a witch indeed I do spy a great peard under her muffler.*”—*Walpole Collection*. For the whole letter with the criticism of herself and others see *Familiar Letters*, i. 401 f. One criticism deserves to be preserved as indicating the true affinity of Scott’s work : “ I must mention a remark Mrs Weddell has repeatedly made : ‘ This has the *nature* of Daniel Defoe’s novels, tho with a higher style of writing. I can hardly forbear fancying every word of it true.’ And we are all agreed that instead of perverting history it elucidates it.”

² *Shy*. Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.—*Merchant of Venice*, III. i.

my denial with this statement. It is very diverting how people are divided—but from those I have lived much with I cannot escape & they have only the politeness to be silent on the question. I suppose a thousand peculiarities of feeling & expression besides little anecdotes rooted in ones mind mark such compositions to those who see much of you. In the meantime the *mystification* of those who would see *very far* into the mill stone is sufficiently diverting. Morritt is in the secret : you may communicate with him on the subject with all freedom. We (an important monosyllable which includes on this occasion my wife & me) have been here since the day before Christmas amidst a beautiful succession of snow hail, rain, flood, & frost. Twice the Tweed has been as high as I remember seeing it & we are nearly forty years acquaintance (man & boy). We live in the little cottage like the memorable Cobbler making it serve for every thing but the actual kitchen & such is the contradiction of human nature that each day when our only dish is placed on the table I thank heaven that I have escaped the feasting of Edinburgh at this jovial season. Yet had any one said “go do this,” I suppose I would have consider’d it as a great affront & hardship. Is not this among the twenty things in life that deserve the title Dryden gave his poem of “the Medal reversed.”—However the cottage is destined (if such visions of splendour are not reversed in their turn) to rise like Rome under the empire of Augustus, who used to boast he found the city of brick & left it Marble. We meditate adding to the old Butt & Ben a splendid tenement to contain an eating room & two good little sleeping apartments with their dressing rooms & a book closet for my own use : so that I trust the next time your Ladyship comes to Scotland (if there be faith in the Masons of Galashiels) we will be able to accommodate you for two or three days : the outside is rather fantastic but I think will look well from the irregular combination

of the various parts of the building. I must not forget to thank your Ladyship for your acute & indisputable criticism on the application of the word sentimental¹: how it escaped my pen I know not unless that the word owed me a grudge for the ill will I have uniformly borne it & was resolved to slip itself in for the express purpose of disgracing me. I will certainly turn it out the first opportunity. I am going up to Bowhill to day to see the Master & trust I shall find him better: he writes in good spirits & complains less of his cough: he will have the goodness as Win Jenkins says to wrap up my piece of nonsense under his own *kiver*. Mrs. Scott offers her respects & I ever am Dear Lady Louisa Your very much obliged & faithful servant

WALTER SCOTT

All good things attend you this new year.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Mr. Milne is quite right and I was wrong in our recollection of what passed between us. I observe by the enclosed jotting of our bargain that I was to pay the disposition. It is great good luck I laid my hands on it as I would not for both the lands & price have challenged a just claim. I think I should pay the Minutes of Sale. Pray set his heart at ease about it and let me have your own account which shall be thankfully settled.

I return processes Grieve v. Lees & the fishing case. In the former I wrote an Interloqr. on a reclaiming petition which must have shuffled among the other papers. Those herewith returned are exhausted by an Interloqr. on Minute No II of process.

¹ See note 2 to letter to Lady Louisa, p. 293.

I am going up to Bowhill today. No small exertion for it blows great guns. I send you a specimen of Marles.
Yours ever W. S.

1 *January* 1817

ABBOTSFORD

[*Curle*]

MEMORANDUM ABOUT EASTER ABBOTSLLEE & OTHER PORTIONS

Thomson at Galashiels

Mr. Milne agrees to sell Mr. S. a portion of the lands of Abbotslee bounded on the North & partly on the east by Kaeside on the South & partly on the east by Toftfield on the west by the Roman road & by a line this day perambulated by the parties & to be fixd by pitting [?] running from the said Roman road in a straight line or nearly so to the extreme south march of Abbotslee.

Mr. Scott agrees to pay for the same at the rate of £22ⁿ per acre to be payable at next Martinmas & is to have entry to such part of the land as is not under crop.

As there are two years current [?] of the lease Mr. Scott to pay 5/ per acre to the tenant or to Mr. Milne.

Mr. Scott to pay a proportional quantity of public burdens & feu duty effeiring to the extent of the grounds sold.

Mr. M. & Mr. S. to be at the mutual expence of building & upholding a march dyke.

Mr. S. to relieve Mr. Milne of expence of Disposition.

The stripe of planting to be valued by two persons mutually chosen.

ABBOTSFORD

[*Curle*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY ¹

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I have been thinking anxiously about the disagreeable affair of Tom Hutson, and the impudent ingratitude of the Selkirk rising generation and I will take the usual liberty your friendship permits me of saying what occurs to me on each subject.

Respecting the shooting the crime is highly punishable and we will omit no inquiries to discover the individual guilty. Charles Erskine who is a good police-officer will be sufficiently active. I know my friend and kinsman Mr. Scott of Harden feels very anxious to oblige your Grace and I have little doubt that if you will have the goodness to mention to him this unpleasant circumstance he would be anxious to put his game under such regulations as would be agreeable to you. But I believe the pride and pleasure he would feel in obliging your Grace as heading one of the most ancient and most respectable branches of your name (if I may be pardoned for saying so much in our favour) would be certainly much more gratified by a compliance with your Graces personal request than if it came through any other channel. Your Grace knows there are many instances in life in which the most effectual way of conferring a favour is condescending to accept one. I have known Harden long and most intimately—a more respectable man either in feeling or talent or knowledge of human life is rarely to be met with. But he is what the ladies call a *dawdler* habitually irresolute or rather indecisive and requiring generally some instant stimulus in order to make him resolve to do not only what he knows to be right but what he really wishes to

¹ This letter has further reference to the Barony of Exchequer, but it is mainly concerned with depredations that had been made on the Duke's game and with "the ill use which some boys from Selkirk [had] made of his liberality in allowing them the people of that town free access to his beautiful walks on the banks of the Yarrow. . . . The Duke's forester, by name Thomas Hudson [Scott spells 'Hutson'], had recommended rigorous measures with reference to both these classes of offenders, and the Sheriff was of course called into council."—LOCKHART.

do and means to do one time or other. He is exactly Priors Earl of Oxford

Let that be done which Mat doth say—¹
“Yea”—quoth the Earl—“*But not to-day.*”

However he wishes you well—thinks highly of your Grace and rather regrets he is not better acquainted with you. And so Exit Harden and enter Selkirk.

I know hardly anything more exasperating than the conduct of the little blackguards and it will be easy to discover and make an example of the biggest and most insolent. In the mean while my dear Lord pardon my requesting you will take no general or sweeping resolutions as to the Selkirk folks. Your Grace lives near them—your residence both from your direct beneficence and the indirect advantages which they derive from that residence are of the utmost consequence and they must be made sensible that all these advantages are endangered by the very violent and brutal conduct of those children who have behaved so ill. But I think your Grace will be inclined to follow this up only for the purpose of correction not for that of requital. They are so much beneath you and so much in your power that this would be unworthy of you especially as all the inhabitants of the little county town must necessarily be included in the punishment. Were your Grace really angry with them and acting accordingly you might ultimately feel the regret of my old schoolmaster who when he had knockd me down apologized by saying he did not know his own strength. After all those who look for any thing better than ingratitude from the uneducated and unreflecting mass of a corrupted population must always be deceived and the better the heart is that has been expanded towards them their wants and their wishes the deeper is the natural feeling of disappointment. But I am afraid it is our duty

¹ Let that be wrought which Mat. doth say :
Yea, quoth the Erle, but not to-day.

Matthew Prior's *Erl Robert's Mice* : *In Chaucer's Style.*

to fight on doing what good we can (and surely the disposition and the means were never more happily united than in your Grace) and trusting to God Almighty whose grace ripens the fruits we commit to the earth that our benefactions shall not fall wholly to the ground but will bear fruit in some instances not to be repented of. After such a motive it would be degrading to mention that in a state of avowed dislike to those people the unthinking among them are like to catch a sort of esprit de corps are easily seduced into mischief and become troublesome neighbours.

And now my Lord asking your pardon for this discharge of my conscience and assuring your Grace I have no wish to exchange my worsted gown or the remote *pisgah* expectation of a silk one for the cloak of a presbyterian parson even with the certainty of succeeding to the first of your numerous Kirk presentations I take the liberty to add my own opinion. The elder boys must be looked out and punished and the parents severely reprimanded and the whole respectable part of the town made sensible of the loss they must necessarily sustain by the discontinuance of your Graces patronage. And at or about the same time I should think it proper if your Grace were to distinguish by any little notice such Selkirk people working with you as have their families under good order which would show your resentment was to the guilty & not to the community. In the mean time we will endeavour to find out & make an example or two mingling judgment and mercy together as well as we can.

I am taking leave of Abbotsford *multum gemens* and have been just giving directions for planting upon *Turnagain*. When shall we eat a cold luncheon there and look at the view and root up the monster in his abyss. I assure you none of your numerous vassals can show a finer succession of *distant* prospects—for the home-view—ahem!—we must wait till the trees grow. Ever your Graces truly faithful & obliged

WALTER SCOTT

I return the Appeal case which I have read over with deep interest—It is capatally drawn but the strength lies on page [blank] which is as close and satisfactory a piece of reasoning as I ever read or heard.

I also inclose a Note of prices of forest trees which may be added to your Graces Schedule & I think will reveal the cheapest—please have the goodness to enclose it when you return Sharpes Manuscripts. Shillinglaw is a very active sedulous sort of fellow & the plants he has furnishd me with are capitally good.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO CLARKE WHITFIELD ¹

EDINBURGH *Monday* [1817]

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been silent, but not at all thoughtless of your request. Please to consider I have had a volume of four hundred & fifty pages to compose since my return. I have notwithstanding found time to compose the enclosed, of which however I thought so ill that after much hesitation I could not think it likely to answer your purpose & so gave it to the Edin: Ann: Register with a view to try something else. My printer however who is very musical shewed it to Braham, & from the said Braham's anxiety to get it argued that it is of some value with a view to Music. If you should think so I will rewrite the whole & make the additions which I intended to give room for adagio movements & make it almost a new thing. But you must peruse it heedfully & give me your opinion whether any changes will make it a suitable subject for Music. The other Romance was printed in 'Paul's Letters.' Let me know what you think

¹ Clarke Whitfield had written on the 28th October from Cambridge begging for certain songs promised, as he had undertaken that the two volumes he is bringing out should each contain "Original Poetry of yours, written expressly for them." He now signs himself J. C. Whitfield. In the early letters he is always Clarke. On the 11th May he writes: "My little work makes its appearance at once," and sends Scott a copy. "The Foray" has been placed first.

of all this & believe me with my best respects to Miss Whitfeld. Yours very truly

W. SCOTT

PS. I have been in the Country this week past, & only got yours on my return.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

Favour by Mr. James Hogg

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hogg who takes the trouble of delivering you this informs me that the Editorship of the *Farmers Magazine* is like to be vacant¹ and it has occurred to him and to me that William Laidlaw a man of most uncommon genius is like to be the very person who will suit you in conducting this important work. I take a very warm interest in his prosperity yet not so much so as to recommend him to you in this manner were I not absolutely convinced that he [is] one of the fittest men you can possibly engage with. He has an uncommon degree of genius, and an active and even speculative turn in farming matters writes a good stile, and is besides a man of excellent character. I am the more anxious about him as I fear his farm which is much over-rented may prove too hard for him in these bad times. I am certain I am doing a good thing for two friends in anxiously recommending a fit man to such a situation. But I will not the less consider it as a personal favour which I will be anxious to return on some fitting opportunity, if your engagements can permit you to give Mr. Laidlaw a preference in this matter.—Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. *Sunday* [January 1817]

[*Kilpatrick*]

¹ Cleghorn, who had edited the *Farmers' Magazine*, was being transferred to the editorship (with Pringle) of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, the abortive precursor of *Blackwood's*, for which see later in the year.

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAREST SHARPE,—The Sonnets which I return are capital. The D. of B. is much interested in your work¹ & anxious to give every facility to help you on so far as he is concernd. I will be at Bowhill next week so if you will state what picture you want I have no doubt your wishes will be met with. *Macte animo* my dear friend you want nothing but confidence in yourself if you will permit an old adventurer like myself to say so to turn the genius & spirit which delights your friends to the instruction & amusement of the public. I carry two transcripts with me to show to the Duke who is waxing curious in these matters a disposition to be cherishd with all acceptation. My address during next week will be Abbotsford, Melrose. Yours ever

WALTER SCOTT

CASTLE STREET, *Saturday* [1817]

[*Hornel*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

DEAR SHARPE,—It would be most highly proper to borrow Russell for collation. I expect the transcript tomorrow.

Item. The Helvetic League & Helvetic Confession are

¹ James Kirkton's *The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, from the restoration to the year 1678*. . . . To which is added, an account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, by James Russell, an actor therein. Edited from the MSS. by C. K. Sharpe. 40. J. Ballantyne: Edinburgh, 1817. But Sharpe was meditating also at this time a volume of Queensberry letters, and he had written on 24th December 1816 (P.M. The letter is in the *Walpole Collection*. It is not in the published correspondence) thanking Scott for help in the Q[ueensberry] affair: "But then I must just whisper one thing—these letters of which I meditate the publication are by no means flattering to the descendants of the first Duke of Q. who appeareth therein (setting his knighthood aside) a very knave in grain—and eke a peevish self-willed harlotry—if you think it may be done without offence (which is far from my wish with respect to his Grace and ill my part towards the husband of an a igel that is gone) I beseech you to petition for the loan of a *print* of Willm first Duke of Queensberry."

frequently used by good authors but always sound in my ear like gallicisms. I like Helvetian better.

Moreover as to bargain with Ballantyne¹ I made none because you wrote twice to me waiving the view of profits. But I told him that though you did so yet in the case of the work being successful I continued to hold you entitled in one shape or other to a corresponding compliment. I will be bail that he will return a fair account of his sales and deal liberally. But I dont think he could afford to accept a bill for the half profits before they arise though there are cases in which that may be done.

I dont believe there is a word about the pretended correspondence of Dundee with the P. of Orange whether in Dalrymple or Macpherson.² I have them both & will look [out *or* at] Macpherson this evening. He mentions I know that James was advised by Dundee when at Rochester not to leave the kingdom but to summon his dispersed soldiers around him & give battle to the Dutch—I will call on you tomorrow. Ever yours W. SCOTT

CASTLE STREET, *Sunday* [*Jan.* 1817]

[*Hornel*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I saw Ballantyne today & gave your note to him before I had yours—he is quite agreeable to do what is reason and for my part I think it would be most scandalous to let the godly carry it off there—If they are virtuous shall there be no cakes and ale—Aye by our lady & ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too—

I have one or two ill arranged ideas to cut the back sinews of their impudent undertaking. But *time* presses

¹ About publication of *Kirkton*.

² Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes's *Annals of Scotland*, 1776, and James Macpherson's *History of Great Britain*, 1776. Both are listed in the *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, pp. 4 and 240 respectively.

& we must as they say run it off— Tomorrow is a holiday and if you could be here at *three* I would make the men of trade meet you &

We will ordain them such a breakfast
As never was in the north before.

All that is done in the matter of Jedediah depend on it you shall see. It is very odd the Vol. of Wodrow containing the Memoir of Russell concerning the Murder is positively vanished from the library—neither book or receipt is to be found. Surely they have stolen it in the fear of the Lord. And yet it does look extremely queer.—yours ever

W. SCOTT

I had almost forgotten to say that I wish much you would dine here friday to meet my Top of kin the Laird of Harden—only one or two friends.

Let me know in the morning if you can come at three that I may secure the Ballantini.

[*Jan.* 1817]

[*Hornel*]

TO JAMES BAILEY

DEAR SIR,—I was duly favoured with your letter and sincerely hope we will be able to arrange matters one way or other to your satisfaction. Before any new Librarian can be appointed to the Faculty of Advocates the present incumbent must be somehow provided for. This renders the probability of a vacancy there precarious & I think I mentioned to you that if a certain friend of mine stood for the office as I hope & believe he will not I reckoned myself engaged to do what I could on his behalf. There is indeed but little in my power for I have been long retired from the bar and have but few connections with the faculty. I think the Election will

or ought to turn very much on the literary pretensions which can be brought by each candidate which will of course be judged of better than from the certificates of those qualified to pronounce of such attainments.

As to the trifling assistance I have been able to render you allow me to say that as the public has been very generous to me I have always endeavoured as the very best mode of evincing my gratitude to be of service to such young men of promising talents as may afterwards contribute to instruct or delight my Many-headed benefactor. Therefore the cheque has a brother whenever your occasions require the use of it & as to the mode of repayment I leave it entirely to yourself under the sole condition that you do not give it a moment's thought till it is complete *summer* or rather *harvest* weather in your affairs. I do not exactly know what may be the expence of your residence at College but I think it will be hard if it cannot in one way & another be comfortably provided for.

In the mean time I have a little job for you—a friend of mine a bookseller John Ballantyne by name is going to try a periodical paper to be called the Sale-Room.¹

¹ *The Sale-Room*, a periodical issued by John Ballantyne, was short-lived. The first number appeared on 4th January 1817, and it seems to have exhausted itself with the number published on 12th July of the same year. Scott wrote several things for it, but nothing of consequence except the light verses entitled *The Search after Happiness ; or, The Quest of Sultaun Solimaun*, which appeared on 1st February 1817. I have discovered a contribution likely to have been Bailey's (No. XVI, April 19, 1817), wherein he discusses and corrects Cumberland's specimens of translation from "the three stages of Grecian comedy," which had appeared in *The Observer*. This contribution is signed B. It is possible that another paper, "On the Ancient Greek Epigram" (No. XXII, May 31, 1817), was also by Bailey, though it is unsigned. Lockhart considered *The Sale-Room* "a dull and hopeless concern ; and I should scarcely have thought it worth mentioning, but for the confirmation it lends to my suspicion that Mr. John Ballantyne was very unwilling, after all his warnings, to retire completely from the field of publishing." Lockhart need have had no suspicion, as he employed John Ballantyne as his publisher in 1821 for a new edition of *Don Quixote*. See *Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, vol. iii., page 160. In the *Ballantyne Press* (1909), page 49, Lockhart is said to be the writer of an article in *The Sale-Room* signed "Christopher Corduroy," which first drew Scott's attention to that writer.

I have advised him to apply to you for an occasional classical paper and he has fixed the recompence for 3 papers at ten guineas which I think very handsom[e]. They need not cost you six days labour for some thing light and popular and intermixed with poetry like Cumberland's Essays on the Greek Tragedians in the Connoisseur will best answer general readers.¹ I will not fail to write to Gifford in your behalf & to tell you the truth am heartily glad you are to devote your talents to that side of the question. There is but too much wasted on the other and although I am not by any means so bigotted a politician as to confer my friendship or regard to those who think with me on such matters yet unquestionably it is a *liaison de plus* that your sentiments are the same on these points which a long course of observation on public affairs have led me firmly to persevere in though I trust without factious or malignant feelings. I have been in the country about some pressing business or I would have written to Gifford before now.

The matter of taking orders does not seem to press for a hasty decision. I trust you will land in the Church if no better mode of provision occurs but it may be considered at present as a sailor regards a haven under his lee which he can run for if unable to keep the sea. Your ambition respecting the stage is very natural but dramatic composition is in a degraded state. The theatres are neglected by competent judges as from their immense size they no longer afford the rational amusement which they used to give to the better ranks of Society. They are unfortunate also in the hours of performance differing from those of better life & being accomodated only to mechanicks & tradespeople. All these have their source in one great end—the Monopoly of the two patents. It arises from this also that instead of actors being found for new parts, parts must be written with a view to the

¹ *The Observer* (1785). Nos. 126 to 152 consist of articles by Richard Cumberland on Greek drama, tragedy and comedy.

talents of some particular actor and above all it follows that on an immense stage the eye is addressed rather than the ear so that half the spectators hearing imperfectly & the other half not at all are impatient of anything approaching to length of speeches however beautiful the poetry and the author is obliged to *keep moving* from beginning to end of his piece and every word that does not carry forward the action is heard with impatience—The success of the piece being thus made to rest exclusively in action one grand difficulty recurs—that namely of giving a variety of interest or novelty of story—feeling and diction can be easily varied at [*sic*] infinitum—but the detail of a plot has been so often twisted & twined that it seems difficult to afford anything like novelty. Yet with all these difficulties and many others I would strongly encourage you to attempt the drama—it is just now at a low enough ebb & who knows but the tide may change in its favour. Above all consider your plot well and take care that the interest is not exhausted before the conclusion of the piece. I think I can ensure your play a patient consideration at one of the London theatres when finished.

I am much interested in your hieroglyphical communications.¹ You seem nearly to hit upon the link which is awanting. The first idea of commemoration is by sculpture representing the action to be commemorated. By degrees metaphor is introduced to express abstract qualities & this joined to abbreviation & contraction makes the more common hieroglyphic. But how the step was made from this class in which single characters are used to express whole words and a very brief combination to express whole sentences & even a train of

¹ Bailey had published in 1816 a work on hieroglyphics—*Hieroglyphicorum Origo et Natura . . . Accedit Hermapionis Obelisci Flamini compendario factae interpretationis Graecae Fragmentum, necnon etiam quae in Tabula Rosettana reperitur Inscriptio Graeca*. 8vo. Cantabrigiae, 1816. In the long letter of 21st December, to which Scott is replying, Bailey details his views and findings regarding some hieroglyphic inscriptions, among them the belief that he is on the way to discover hieroglyphics of *letters* as well as of *names*.

ideas to the Alphabet in which *sounds* and by their combinations *words* are expressed has always seemed to me a most curious circumstance. The art may almost be supposed to have retrograded in order to acquire a greater stile of simplicity & the transition seems less in the train of continued discovery than of a new art. Observe too the hieroglyphic and the alphabet derive themselves from different organs the first from the eye the second from the speech & hearing. To express what he means the representation we shall suppose of a King the Savage draws a figure as like him as he can—the hieroglyphist takes an emblem a crown perhaps or sceptre, or a metaphor the hawk of the Egyptians. All these are taken from objects of sight— But in writing the *word King* according to the Alphabet we give signs imitative of the various sounds necessary to pronounce the word. The principle of the two modes of writing is therefore substantially different. And it will be most curious to observe the steps by which one had glided into the other. I think your discovery of a subordinate Alphabet for proper names is very likely to afford us a clue. For as in many cases it must have been difficult to express a proper name by any emblem or metaphor derived from visible objects so the recorder must have employed some sign in that instance applicable not to objects of sight but to the impression received from hearing. When this step was once taken the superiority of the alphabetical character embracing all the aural as well as the visible world & comprehending every sort of sensation or idea which could be expressed by language must soon have superseded that which derived from the visible sense only must necessarily be more narrow in its range. I do not know if I have explained myself distinctly or if my ideas are worth being explained nor have I the means or learning necessary to ascertain how far my hypothesis is supported by fact. But such are the reflections to which your communication have given

rise in the brain of a half-lettered Goth. Be assured I shall not mention any part of your theory as I hope you will be able to develope it in a complete & satisfactory manner. I am Dear Sir your faithful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 4 *January* 1817

Any communication to Mr. Ballantyne or myself may always be sent post-free by addressd [*sic*] it to me under cover to Francis Freling Esq Secretary Post Office General London who will forward them. His franks carry any weight.

Mr. Bayly Trinity College Cambridge
[*Fitzwilliam Museum*]

TO GEORGE HUNTLY GORDON¹

[Extract]

EDINBURGH, 5th *January*, 1817

... I AM very sorry your malady continues to distress you ; yet while one's eyes are spared to look on the

¹ Huntly Gordon sent to Lockhart in 1833 an account of his life and acquaintance with Scott. The son of Captain Pryse Lockhart Gordon, he lived with his father at intervals, but more often with his uncle, Abercromby Gordon, minister of Banff. At fifteen his deafness began. After passing through the Arts classes at Aberdeen he entered the Divinity Hall, but in his second or third session was summoned to Brussels by his father, some few weeks before Waterloo, and given a temporary clerkship in the Commissariat. He was there when Scott arrived. It is possible, he thinks, that Scott had known his father in Edinburgh, but it was the Commissioner Adam's son, Sir Frederic Adam, who entrusted Scott to Pryse Gordon, to conduct him over the field of battle, as he later conducted Lord Byron. Pryse Gordon had known Byron and his mother in early days. Losing his temporary post after the war Huntly Gordon returned to Scotland to find himself "no longer independent, and in love." He applied to Scott for assistance to find work compatible with his continuing to study for the ministry. Scott responded generously, and Gordon arrived in Edinburgh in the autumn of 1818 and became the transcriber from Scott's MSS. for the printer of some twenty to thirty volumes of the Waverley Novels. Finishing his work as a copyist with the second volume of *Napoleon* he helped Scott to arrange his books and letters.

wisdom of former times, we are the less entitled to regret that we hear less of the folly of the present. The Church always presents a safe and respectable asylum, and has many mansions. But in fact, the great art of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance. I have rarely seen, that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of *any* profession, and did not omit to take fair and honourable opportunities of offering himself to notice, when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, my young friend, is like a game at cards—our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems at first glance to depend on mere chance. But it is not so, for in the long-run the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Therefore, do not be discouraged with the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourself to receive fortune when she comes your way. I shall have pleasure at any time in hearing from you, and more especially in seeing you. . . .

[*Lockhart*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

DEAR CHARLES,—I thought it as well to show the precognition to the advocate who has made a jotting on the back recommending the big boys to be punished summarily by a few days imprisonment.¹ I would confine this to the two ringleaders & give a general admonition to the others in the court house on the first court day. Eight days should be the term & some pains taken to keep them separate and at work. I have returned the precognition to Bowhill by this days post. The proclaiming the reward will probably scare Cairns out of

¹ For this see letter to the Duke of Buccleuch, pp. 349-50.

the country. I hope Harden will put his tenants under some regulation as [to] harbouring quite so many of these rogues but as the Duke is to write to him himself it is unnecessary to speak to him about it unless he should ask you questions.

The state of the public mind here begins to be unsatisfactory much agitated by inflammatory tracts & pamphlets distributed as in 1793-4. We must keep an eye both on Selkirk & Galashiels for although their movements cannot but be trifling with reference to the country at large yet any disturbance would be of bad example however easily it might be put down.

If necessary which however I do not apprehend will be the case the respectable inhabitants must be sworn in as special Constables a measure which has always a good effect because they know the men they have to do with. In the mean time it is sufficient to be a little on the alert and I trust the Magistrates will see what sort of persons (strangers) are passing through for itinerant politicians are dangerous persons & should be watchd. Ever yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 9 January 1817

[Curle]

TO JOHN MURRAY

MY DEAR SIR,—I have this day sent under Crokers cover a review of Lord Byrons last poems.¹ You know

¹ Scott is sending Murray a review of the third canto of *Childe Harold* for the *Quarterly*, which appeared in the number for October 1816, actually issued on 11th February 1817. Lord Byron's opinion of the article appears in his letter to Murray of 3rd March 1817: "It seems to me (as far as the subject of it may be permitted to judge) to be *very well* written as a composition, and I think will do the journal no discredit, because even those who condemn its partiality, must praise its generosity. The temptations to take another and a less favourable view of the question have been so great and numerous, that, what with public opinion, politics, etc., he must be a gallant as well as a good man who has ventured in that place, and at this time, to write such an article, even anonymously. Such things,

how high I hold his poetical reputation but besides one is naturally forced upon so many points of delicate consideration that really I have begun and left off several times & after all send the article to you with full power to cancel it if you think any part of it has the least chance of hurting his feelings. You know him better than I do & you also know the public & are aware that to make any successful impression on them the critic must appear to speak with perfect freedom. I trust I have not abused this discretion. I am sure I have not meant to do so and yet during Lord Byrons absence and under the present circumstances I should feel more grievd than at any thing ever befell me if there should have slipd from my pen any thing capable of giving him pain. There are some things in the critique which are necessarily & unavoidably personal and sure I am if he attends to it which is unlikely he will find advantage

however, are their own reward ; and I even flatter myself that the writer, whoever he may be (and I have no guess), will not regret that the perusal of this has given me as much gratification as any composition of that nature could give, and more than ever any other has given. . . . It is not the mere praise, but there is a *tact* and a *delicacy* throughout, not only with regard to me but to *others*, which, as it had not been observed *elsewhere*, I had till now doubted whether it could be observed *anywhere*. Perhaps some day or other you will know or tell me the writer's name. Be assured, had the article been a harsh one, I should not have asked it." "When I tell you," he wrote to Moore on 10th March, "that Walter Scott is the author of the article in the *Quarterly*, you will agree with me that such an article is still more honourable to him than to myself." The review also called forth the following query from Lady Byron to Murray : "I am inclined to ask a question, which I hope you will not decline answering, if not contrary to your engagements. Who is the author of the review of 'Childe Harold' in the *Quarterly*?" From Joanna Baillie's letters we gather that Lady B.'s friends resented the tone of the review ; not Lady B. herself.

It must have been at this time that, in an undated letter, Scott advised John Wilson Croker he had sent Murray a review of Lord Byron. "I have treated him with the respect his abilities claim, and the sort of attachment which I really feel for his person. But d—— his morals and his politics ! What a goodly vessel have they combined to wreck." See *Croker Papers*, i. 95. On 7th December 1816 Lady Abercorn writes commending the *Prisoner of Chillon* and reports : "Lord Byron has been so cut in Switzerland that he left it, no one received him but Madame de Stael, did you read that extraordinary novel by Caroline Lamb (Glenarvon) the letters are *copies* of Lord Byron's."

from doing so. I wish Mr Gifford & you will consider every word carefully if you think the general tenour is likely to make any impression on him. If you think it like to hurt him either in his feelings or with the public in Gods name fling the sheets in the fire & let them be as *not written*. But if it appears I should wish him to get an early copy and that you would at the same time say I am the author at your importunity. No one can honor Lord Byrons poems more than I do and no one had so great a wish to love him personally though personally we had not the means of becoming very intimate. In his family distress (deeply to be deprecated & in which probably he cannot be excused) I still lookd to some moment of reflection when bad advisers & except you were one I have heard of few whom I should call good were distant from the side of one who is so much the Child of feeling & emotion. An opportunity was once afforded me of interfering¹ but things appeard to me to have gone too far yet even after all I wish I had tried it for Lord Byron always seemd to give me credit for wishing him sincerely well & knew me to be superior to what Commodore Trunnion would call the pigs-kitchen brash of literary envy & petty rivalry.

I got your letter in the country but was able to do nothing till I came to town both because I was occupied all day in my agricultural improvements & on account of certain curious cramps in the stomach which occupied three nights very ungraciously & threatend to send me out of this excellent world upon very short warning.

I have pressed Erskine to undertake the Novel with all the arguments I can use & trust I shall succeed as I have offerd him all the accumulated lore which I am possessd of to facilitate his labour. I find James Ballantyne had already spoke to him on the subject.² I only

¹ Scott refers to Joanna Baillie's appeal to him to intervene on the question of settlements. See letter and note on p. 202.

² The review for the *Quarterly of Tales of my Landlord*.

returnd from Abbotsford last Saturday very unwell but am now as stout as when— [*The sentence and the signature are cut away.*]

EDINR. 10 *January* 1817

John Murray Esq.

Bookseller Albemarle Street London

[*John Murray*]

TO JOHN WILSON CROKER

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose a packet for Murray a review on Lord Byron whom I would fain bring back to sound politics and sound sense as his talents are really of such an extraordinary description. I have no great confidence in the power of my eloquence yet nevertheless in sincere goodwill to him and to the country he belongs to I have done my best to give him a rally.

And now I have a piece of advice to ask of your unceasing kindness by which I will be implicitly guided. My youngest (now my only) brother is in the Canadas, paymaster to the 70th regiment. He has besides some fortune of his own which makes him comfortable though his family is large. But he has been lately attacked by rheumatic complaints caught in the course of last war and his wife has come over to Scotland principally from an idea that I might have influence enough to get his appointment in the 70th where he is exposed to residence in huts block-houses and so forth a sort of life for which neither he nor I am so fit as we were twenty years ago, when we cared less than most folks where we slept or what we eat or how we were clothed. But as it is in the case of his imperfect health and the state of his family, two or three handsome growing girls being rather unfit subjects to follow a regiment, I am most anxious to find him some situation more fitted to his health and years and to the state of his family. What therefore I have to request of you as a kind and often tried friend is to point

out to me through what channels I could get a recommendation to Sir Geo. Sherbrooke¹ the present Governor of Canada to provide my brother in any appointment for which he may be found qualified. If Lord Dalhousie my old friend and school fellow had gone there I know he would have looked after him. If you think it right for me to apply to Lord Castlereagh I believe he would attend to my request : In truth as my brother is a man of varied talent and understands business perfectly, I should think he is as likely to be useful in the Canadas where education and talents are rather scanty, as any competitor that can offer himself for the public service. He is the reputed author of the novels which have so long filled the public ear and tho I do not know how truly he is said to be so yet I can aver he possesses the knowledge and talent equal to a greater task.² He is besides a man of great spirit and a zealous loyalist on principle which he manifested on several occasions. I would not have troubled you in this matter but I am under the necessity of waking some interest independent of our Scottish friends for I shall presently need to beset them on my own account. There is *entre nous* some chance of my getting a Baron's gown in Exchequer through the warm and strong support of my feal friend the Duke of Buccleuch.³ But if this takes place it will cost me a brush for it—the difference in emolument is not above £400 a year but in respectability and in the time which a Baron's situation leaves at my disposal besides the power of living chiefly

¹ Sir John Coape Sherbrooke (1764-1830). On 29th January 1816 he was appointed captain-general and governor-in-chief of Canada. He had a paralytic stroke in February 1818, which caused him to resign. He lived the remainder of his life in retirement at Calverton, Nottinghamshire, where he died.

² In a letter to a friend, of May 1817, Croker says : " I send you the *Antiquary* and *Tales of my Landlord*, by the author of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*. . . . The author is certainly Walter Scott, or his brother Mr. Thomas Scott. The internal evidence is in favour of the former, but his asseverations, and all external evidence, are for the latter. I cannot decide."

³ See note to letter to Duke of Buccleuch, 14th December 1816, p. 312.

in the country it is very desirable and government will have 1300£ to give away besides a pension of £300 which I would be willing to throw up. The difference of stile however trifling would swallow up some part of the difference but yet I own I will not give up my views of the silk gown if my friends can fight it through for me. But in the meantime I must trouble them as little as I can and must pray you to point out the English path to get good strong effectual recommendations to the Canadas and their Governor Sir George Sherbrooke. I do not know Lord Bathurst¹ in the very least who I suppose is the most obvious channel of recommendation. But as my brother does not propose to settle and has some good prospects at home the object is only to secure him a situation for four or five years and therefore I hope it may be attainable without any great difficulty if one knew the right channell.

I have not yet been able to get a fitting spouse for Maida (my great dog) though I have sent everywhere where I knew that large breed of grey hounds to be kept when I was fond of the Chasse. I doubt the breed is now extinct on the border but I can apply to the highlands in spring.

I beg my best respects to Mrs. Croker and trust you will always believe me, My dear Sir, Most truly and affectionately yours,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINH. 10 *January* [1817]

Archie Park² is gone the happiest man in the world to be a Comptroller of Customs in the Isle of Mull which he

¹ Henry Bathurst (1762-1834), third Earl Bathurst. On the formation of Pitt's second ministry in 1804 he accepted the mastership of the mint. He was in the Foreign Office October-December 1809; became president of the board of trade under the Duke of Portland. In Liverpool's ministry he was secretary for war and the colonies, and closed his political career under Wellington as lord president of the council (1828-30).

² Letters from Park and his wife of 9th February from Tobermory express their deep gratitude for Scott's "extreme kindness." See also note to letter to Miss Clephane (26 Dec. 1816), p. 329.

owes entirely to your recommendation so there is an honest fellow made easy who might have starved with five children.

Great pains begin to be taken here to influence the public mind by cheap publications of a democratical tendency. We are thinking of means to counteract them if possible.

[*Brotherton*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I am honoured with your Graces letter. You never need a flapper¹ where either humanity or propriety are concerned and you have only to pardon the officious zeal which intruded on your Grace considerations which readily occurred to your own generous disposition.

I received Charles Erskines precognitions yesterday and I forward them by the Mail coach of this day addressed to your Grace. I thought it as well to show them to the Advocate whose opinion coincides with my own that the elder boys or the most guilty of them should be summarily tried before the Sheriff & sent to Bridewell for a few days. This may be done upon the present petition. A tight admonition in the Court may also be useful. Should this meet your Graces ideas Charles Erskine will so sentence them next court day. I should have liked to have been out myself but Hector MacDonald my brother [clerk] has got a fit of the gout and the Court will not get on without us both. I agree with your Grace it is a most disgusting business and I cannot but think worse of the Selkirkers than I have yet done. But it is also awkward as a sign of the times. Indeed the 1792-3-4

¹ A reminder. The absent-minded philosophers of Laputa "always keep a *Flapper* . . . in their Family . . . And the Business of this Officer is . . . gently to strike with his Bladder the Mouth of him who is to speak, and the Right Ear of him . . . to whom the Speaker addresseth himself."—SWIFT, *Gulliver's Travels*.

is coming fast back on us for the country is inundated with cheap tracts of the most inflammable description calculated to debauch the minds of the lower orders which in towns especially are so open to that species of Seduction. Maconochie is usefully & actively employd in reestablishing the communication between the officers of state & the general police of the country which was entirely neglected during the reign of the late Advocate¹ who cared for no communication except that between his pocket & the Exchequer. For my own part I have not the least dread of the issue of the business once people of property take the alarm and do themselves justice by a little exertion. But this seldom happens among the middle classes till they get afraid of being plunderd and in this view of the matter Mr. Watson's escapade is like to do good.

.... 'tis a good horror—

First let them fear for rapes and ransackd houses

The very fright—

Will harden their soft city-courages

Cold burghers must be struck & struck like flints

Ere their hid fire will sparkle....²

I fear government have been greatly too hasty in disbanding the Volunteers in Glasgow & Edinburgh.

I beg best compliments to the Ladies & kind love to my young friends. Ever your Graces truly obliged & grateful

EDINR. 10 *January* [1817]

WALTER SCOTT

¹ Archibald Campbell-Colquhoun of Killermont, the husband of Mary Erskine. He succeeded Henry Erskine as Lord Advocate in 1806 and continued in office till 1816, when he was appointed Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, though the general wish was that Henry Erskine should obtain that post. Scott's harsh reference to the brother-in-law of his friend William Erskine is perhaps traceable to the active part the Advocate took in reforming the Scottish courts (1806-8). He was succeeded as Lord Advocate by Alexander Maconochie of Meadowbank, eldest son of Allan Maconochie [*vide* note to letter to Duke of Buccleuch, 16th June 1816, p. 254], in the county of Edinburgh, who in 1819 was appointed a Lord of Session and Justiciary as Lord Meadowbank—an old friend of Scott's and a friend of Lockhart.

² Dryden, *The Duke of Guise*, IV, 3. See Vol. II, p. 344.

Will your Grace have the goodness to let your groom enquire after the parcel if it is not forthcoming. I have the Waterloo cuirass for your projected armoury—do you wish it sent to Bowhill or shall it wait your coming to Dalkeith.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I am honoured with your letter and am truly glad you find yourself able to resume what Hamlet calls the “custom of your exercise.” This is delightful weather for it [is] quite contrary to the diabolical storms which visited Tweedside when I was there last. But I trust you will be cautious in the outset that caution may not be long necessary. We have a good Scottish proverb Long ill long well. We shall certainly send Mr. Cairns to carry on his sport else where—he must be a proper impudent scoundrel and in all respects fit to be made an example. Andrew Lang is a very good lad & always does his duties. I wish I could say so much for Geo: Rodger the Procurator fiscal who is a stupid pudding-headed short-houghd bothering body & perpetually lets the public cases slip through his fingers. The other day I was obliged to acquit a black fisher & find him liable moreover to the expence of suit because although the offence was clearly proved as a thing could be yet Mr. Rodger had not chosen to bring his action within the statutory term of six months.¹ I wrote to Erskine to dispose of the rioters which is really a very bad hearted piece of work.

I have been putting a curious investigation in train. Your Grace may remember that there was a commission granted some years since to examine the Crown Room in Edinburgh Castle which had been locked up since the

¹ George Rodger, Procurator Fiscal, *v.* John Turner, reported in *Sir Walter Scott as a Judge*, page 179.

union in hopes of discovering some part of the Scottish records. The commissioners (the late Duke being one) found nothing in the room but a great chest supposed to contain the Scottish regalia. Your Grace will find an account of the whole transaction in the Appendix to Thomsons publication concerning the Jewels & Wardrobe of our Auld Scottish Monarchy.¹ Now when I was last in London I contrived to set the Prince Regents fancy agog to learn the contents of this chest & to examine the state of the regalia if so be that they are still there. And two days since I got orders to prepare a scroll of a warrant to open the said chest & to examine the state of the regalia & also to suggest commissioners to act under the same. So I finishd my scroll with all dispatch remembering to place at the head of the list our trusty and entirely well beloved cousin & counsellor Charles W. D. of Buccleuch & Queensberry with the officers of state & bringing up the rear with my own name & Thomas Thomsons. I expect the warrant will be made out very soon and I anticipate the pleasure of opening a chest that has been shut for one hundred and ten years. It is something like the adventures of the merchant Abudah² in the Tales of the Genii who travels over the world in pursuit of the keys of an iron chest. I trust it will interest your Grace as much as it does me.

In reference to what passd between Your Grace and the

¹ *A Collection of Inventories and other records of the Royal Wardrobe and Jewel-house, and of the artillery and munitoun in some of the Royal Castles [of Scotland] 1488-1606.* [Edited by Thomas Thomson.] 40. Edinburgh: 1815. Thomson (1768-1852) was considered the first legal antiquary in Scotland at the time. He became deputy clerk register in 1806. In 1828 he was chosen one of the principal clerks of session. On the foundation of the Bannatyne Club in 1823 he was appointed vice-president, and on Scott's death in 1832 he succeeded him as president.

Scott had seen the Prince Regent about the Regalia when in London in 1815.

² Abudah is a wealthy merchant of Bagdad in the *Tales of the Genii*, by H. Ridley. He "goes in quest of the talisman of Oromanes, which he is driven to seek by a little old hag, who haunts him every night and makes his life wretched. He finds at last that the talisman which is to free him of this hag [conscience] is to 'fear God and keep His commandments.'" "

Lord Chief Baron I have been able to ascertain and your Grace may consider it as a certain fact that our well-temperd and deserving friend & useful Servant of the Crown the late Advocate had a *positive promise* from government of *Baron Norton's gown* in case the said Baron Norton had pre-deceased Lord Frederick Campbell and that in that event Baron Adam an English Barrister being on the bench would have been considered as sufficiently making up the constitution of the court.¹ So that when occasion offers if they should happen to have the same wish to oblige your Grace which they had to serve that great and good man there is as little objection to their doing the one as there would have been to their doing the other. This is *verbum sapienti* to be noticed when time serves. For I have generally observed that these points of mere form which are often reard up as plausible evasions of the requests of men of rank and consequence never stand in the way of that influence which ministers exert directly & of their own motion.

I have found out a curious border law declaring that no Englishman or Scottishman shall be entitled to prove his property in goods taken from him & carried into England otherwise than *by the body of a man*, that is in single combat. This must have meant work among the lifters. David Hume to whom I told this enactment says if it was not the best mode of proof it was the shortest. Ever your Graces truly obliged & faithful

EDINR. 14 *January* [1817]

WALTER SCOTT

I have not sent out the cuirass understanding the armory is to be at Dalkeith.

[*Buccleuch*]

¹ In the Duke's reply (20th January), he warns Scott to beware of dreadful consequences that might follow the opening of the chest, as he suspects fiends may have lodged in it. "If the Crown etc. are found, what is to be done with them? If they are sent to England we shall be mobbed to a dead certainty. I had got scent of a Baron's gown for our friend the Register, but not Baron Norton's. In the latter case, the transaction is more curious and intricate than I could have supposed."

TO JOSEPH TRAIN

DEAR SIR,—I got your letter ¹ and am much obliged by your communications, past, present and to come. This is a letter on business and must be brief. A late change among our Crown Council has placed a particular friend ² of mine in the situation of King's Advocate who possesses much patronage in the Revenue Department. I have made it my particular request that he will attend to your promotion, and he has kindly promised to neglect no opportunity to do so, and desires to be furnished with a note stating your date of service, etc. I know I had a letter from you formerly on this subject, but I cannot find it and am loth to lose time in rummaging for it.

Pray therefore send me as soon as possible the necessary information and I trust you will find advantage from taking that trouble. I remain always Your obliged servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH. 14 *January* 1817.

[*Mrs. Dunn*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—Many thanks for TomHutson's³ *Minstrelsy*, which I never heard before, and I quite understand. It has a wild poetical sort of turn about it, singularly fitted to Tom's occupation, and I think if Campbell has a good *lilt* for it, I will endeavour to patch it up with a

¹ Of the 12th, thanking for the *Tales of my Landlord*: "Why the author of these inimitable productions does still conceal his name is really a curious Problem but what every body says must be true." He sends information about the "Night Mare." He has also got a copy of an old MS. concerning the family of Invernahyle in Perthshire. See Scott's letter of 22nd February.

² Alexander Maconochie, afterwards Maconochie-Welwood (1777-1861). In July 1816 he succeeded Archibald Colquhoun as Lord Advocate. On being elevated to the bench in 1819 he took the title of Lord Meadowbank.

³ See note to letter to the Duke (15 April 1819).

verse or two in the same tone. Your Grace (or Tom) has made no mistake as to *win*, but as to *break* in the second line, which should be *brook* or *bruick*, signifying in old Scotch and northern English to *enjoy*, for which it is used as a synonym in our law as “to bruick or enjoy a farm.” The word *brook* is still used in English in an oblique sense. I cannot *brook* it, *i.e.* endure it, or rather *relish* it. The moorcock therefore gives his solemn oath

“He cannot brook the carle’s win.”

He cannot, that is, relish the carle’s (churle’s or husbandman’s) mode of living—win being equivalent to *wene*, habit of life—or perhaps *win*, mode of acquiring gain. The point turns on the preference given to a mountain life and scenery, in which I think your Grace coincides with your vassal the moorcock, although perchance that tribe may occasionally rue your similarity in taste.

I said nothing about the Records in the scroll of a Commission, but e’en put the saddle on the right horse, at least on the right hobby-horse, setting forth the lodging of the Regalia, and the reasons there were to suppose said Regalia were deposited in said chest, and the probability that said Regalia had suffered or might be suffering damage by remaining unexamined for such a length of time, and therefore issued “our sovereign will and pleasure to open said chest and examine the state of the regalia, if therein found, and report thereon, that our pleasure may be made known in the premisses,” and so forth, in good set terms.

Now as to the danger of the *quest* :—the Mob we need not fear, for it is a solemn article of the treaty of Union that the Regalia are never to be removed from Scotland. And as to the Devil—hang him, foul coalier, as Sir Toby says. Besides, it would be hard if between the authority of the chieftain and the magic of the minstrel of the clan we cannot borrow Michael Scott’s conjuring book ; and so

“Devils all, as swart as pitch,
Be ye cock-tail’d, be ye swyth,

Be ye horn'd, or be ye poll'd,
To defy you I am bold."¹

I have a curious manuscript song (a most perfect blast) which I copied with many others from an old manuscript at Arnistoun,² upon the lodging of the Regalia in the Castle; if it could be set to music and solemnly performed before the Big wiggs of the law, when they set forth to seek for the royal treasure, it would have a striking and novel effect. The chest ought not to be heavy—there is nothing stated to be lodged in it but the crown, sceptre, and sword of state—none of them very weighty articles. I think it most likely they are still there; the removal of them would have inferr'd dire responsibility; nor have our sovereigns since Queen Anne's time been so hard pushed as to pawn the Crown jewels, which could have been the only purpose of abstracting them. It is very true there is a crown shown in the Jewel Office in the Tower, London, called the Scottish Crown, but no notice of the sword and sceptre which must have accompanied them. Should these Regalia be returned *non sunt inventa*, I will believe that the said sceptre and sword went to pay the knowing cutpurse who, like Hamlet's uncle—

From the *kist* the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.

Our friend Lord Clerk Reg. has been very unwell. I think he may give the Lord of the Merse another chance one day. I trust this will find your Grace safely arrived at Bowhill, to which I propose to bring my cargo of old

¹ Scott varied two lines of this quatrain in *The Doom of Devorgoil* and was humorously taken to task by his friend Rose for the plagiarism: "My dear Scott, Hinves has just broken in upon me with the following exclamation: 'Lord! sir, to think that Sir Walter Scott should steal the two best lines out of my "Devils all, as swart as pitch," etc. and put them into the *Doom of Devorgoil* and never to make an acknowledgment of their being mine!' How you will answer this I know not." David Hinves was Rose's servant. He had been a Methodist preacher. Scott presented him with all his works. See also *Journal*, ii. 186.

² In Midlothian. The seat of the Dundas family.

iron as soon as I learn you are settled. I hope Lady Margaret is quite stout again.—Ever your Grace's most truly faithful,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 22 *January* 1817

I am about to sign my name some three hundred times for variety's sake, in order to attest officially a set of the papers in your Grace's appeal for the process before the House of peers.

[*Buccleuch and Familiar Letters*]

To JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—I received both your letters and all the inclosures together with your note which is more than the service required by one half. When I can assist you I am always happy to do it but it is only particular subjects on which I can be really useful so that I have neither right nor wish to be considered as above a common labourer in the trenches. Talking on that subject there is a young man in whom I take much interest because he is poor and friendless though of great learning and promising talent. The occasional correspondence I think would be of great consequence to himself and some to the review. His name is Bailey of Trinity College Cambridge in which university he has carried away most of the literary prizes. The last he obtained was for a most curious dissertation on Hieroglyphics. In politics you may assure Gifford that he is sound wind and limb. I think he might be safely entrusted with an article of a learned cast and you should always be looking for young labourers as the old drop off or grow lazy.

I am truly happy Lord Byron's article meets your ideas of what may make some impression on his mind. In genius poetry has seldom had his equal and if he has acted very wrong in some respects he has been no worse than half the men of his rank in London who have done the

same and are not spoken of because not worth being railed against.

I will speak to Mr. Erskine again about the tales. He is very busy just now and I fear the end of the session as hardly a circumstance to mend it. But I will jog his memory & let you know what can be done.

I reenclose Sir John Malcolms & Crokers letters which as you will see have done yeoman service in my behalf.

I am in the midst of plans and elevations for enlarging my cottage which needs it as you cannot but remember.

Yours truly,

W. S.

EDINR. 22 *January* [1817]

[*John Murray*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY

[23rd *January*, 1817]

MY DEAR LORD,—I enclose Charles Erskines report of the beastly Selkirkers & their punishment. I would greatly have preferd a gentle Switching to imprisonment but there are doubts (very foolishly I think) of the legality of private flogging & public discipline would have required summoning a jury.

What is done however will on the whole make an impression and show the ungrateful hounds that they must look to their children if not for decency at least for fear. Ever your Graces truly obliged & faithful.

EDINR. *Thursday*

W SCOTT

[*Buccleuch*]

TO HAY DONALDSON

DEAR SIR,—I send the factory as it was returnd to me. A sum of money belonging to Daniels estate was in Toms hands when he left Scotland on this I received a composition & granted an acknowledgement as Mr. Fergussons

accompts & Mr Wrights will show. Also I received I think since your management a sum in behalf of Daniels trustees. I have paid and rather over paid all interest &c devolving on me viz the annuity to the boy & the interest to my mother. The amount of the principal sum in my hands may be easily ascertain'd. I have an exact state of it but it is buried among a mass of papers & I have not time to look for it. Yours ever

W SCOTT

EDINBURGH *Thursday* [23rd *January* 1817]

[*Glen*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

28 *Jan.* 1817

DEAR MURRAY,—I write to assure you the article is in hand with much curious matter about the Whiggs¹—a sort of folks whose religion was as whimsical in the 17th century as their politics in the 18th & 19th.

The Solemn League & Covenant
 Came Whigging up the hills, man
 Thought Highland trews durst ne'er refuse
 For to subscribe their bills, man
 But Farinish & stay a while
 And speak a word or twa man
 The Highland lads wi' loud placads
 Cried fourough Whigs awa, man.

With which scrap of minstrelsy I beg to announce a Killie-crankie article which you will receive in the course of a few days. yours truly

W. S.

I shall content myself with furnishing materials to Mr. Erskine who on assurance of my finding him straw has agreed to make the bricks.²

John Murray Esq.

Bookseller Albemarle Street London

[*John Murray*]

¹ The article by Scott on Sharpe's edition of Kirkton.

² For the article on *Tales of my Landlord*.

TO HAY DONALDSON

MY DEAR SIR,—My Mother put into my hand today a parcel of papers belonging to the poor Major with which I think it necessary to trouble you because one of the letters contains a bill of mine to him for £1500 being part of the balance I gave up of his effects. He never could find this bill which was one reason for my not granting new obligation for the money or giving up that I had as I did not know where it might have gone in his way of leaving his papers about.

I return you the note about Tom's affairs and would wish you to look further [into] the receipts from Daniel's Estate because Tom got them all previous to his giving up business. I believe there was a division of about £80 apiece among us three. Yours truly

W S

Thursday night [30 January 1817]

[Griffith]

TO LADY LOUISA STUART ¹

EDINBURGH, Jan. 31, 1817

MY DEAR LADY LOUISA,—This accompanies *Harold the Dauntless*. I thought once I should have made it something clever, but it turned vapid upon my imagination ; and I finished it at last with hurry and impatience. Nobody knows, that has not tried the feverish trade of poetry, how much it depends upon mood and whim : I don't wonder, that, in dismissing all the other deities of Paganism, the Muse should have been retained by common consent ; for, in sober reality, writing good verses seems to depend upon something separate from the volition of the author. I sometimes think my fingers set

¹ For Lady Louisa's reply to this see *Familiar Letters*, i. 407 f. : "I am glad you are so indifferent about the wrath of the *Unco Guid*, as Burns calls them. You have no notion what a strong and increasing body they are in this country, and how much resemblance they bear to the gentry described in *Old Mortality*."

up for themselves, independent of my head ; for twenty times I have begun a thing on a certain plan, and never in my life adhered to it (in a work of imagination, that is) for half an hour together. I would hardly write this sort of egotistical trash to any one but yourself, yet it is very true for all that. What my kind correspondent had anticipated on account of Jedediah's effusions has actually taken place ; and the author of a very good life of Knox¹ has, I understand, made a most energetic attack, upon the score that the old Covenanters are not treated with decorum. I have not read it, and certainly never shall. I really think there is nothing in the book that is not very fair and legitimate subject of raillery ; and I own I have my suspicions of that very susceptible devotion which so readily takes offence : such men should not read books of amusement ; but do they suppose, because they are virtuous, and choose to be thought outrageously so, "there shall be no cakes and ale ?"—"Ay, by our lady, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too." As for the consequences to the author, they can only affect his fortune or his temper—the former, such as it is, has been long fixed beyond shot of these sort of fowlers ; and for my temper, I considered always, that by subjecting myself to the irritability which much greater authors have felt on occasions of literary dispute, I should be laying in a plentiful stock of unhappiness for the rest of my life. I therefore make it a rule never to read the attacks made upon me. I remember being capable of something like this sort of self-denial at a very early period of life, for I could not be six years old. I had been put into my bed in the nursery, and two servant girls sat down by the embers of the fire, to have their own quiet chat, and the one began to tell a most dismal ghost story, of which I remember the commencement distinctly at this moment ; but perceiving which way the tale was tending, and though necessarily curious, being at the same time con-

¹ Rev. Thomas McCrie, see note p. 386.

scious that, if I listened on, I should be frightened out of my wits for the rest of the night, I had the force to cover up my head in the bed-clothes, so that I could not hear another word that was said. The only inconvenience attending a similar prudential line of conduct in the present case, is, that it may seem like a deficiency of spirit ; but I am not much afraid of that being laid to my charge—my fault in early life (I hope long since corrected) having lain rather the other way. And so I say, with mine honest Prior—

“ Sleep, Philo, untouch’d, on my peaceable shelf,
Nor take it amiss that so little I heed thee ;
I’ve no malice at thee, and some love for myself—
Then why should I answer, since first I must read thee ? ”¹

So you are getting finely on in London. I own I am very glad of it. I am glad the banditti act like banditti, because it will make men of property look round them in time. This country is very like the toys which folks buy for children, and which, tumble them about in any way the urchins will, are always brought to their feet again, by the lead deposited in their extremities. The mass of property has the same effect on our Constitution, and is a sort of ballast which will always *right* the vessel, to use a sailor’s phrase, and bring it to its due equipoise.

Ministers have acted most sillily in breaking up the burgher volunteers in large towns. On the contrary, the service should have been made coercive. Such men have a moral effect upon the minds of the populace, besides their actual force and are so much interested in keeping good order, that you may always rely on them, especially as a corps in which there is necessarily a common spirit of union and confidence. But all this is nonsense again, quoth my Uncle Toby to himself. Adieu, my dear Lady Louisa ; my sincere good wishes always attend you.

W. S.

[Lockhart]

¹ Matthew Prior’s “ To a Person Who Wrote Ill.”

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I have to send you in a couple of days Harold the Dauntless which has not turned out so good as I thought it would have done. I begin to get too old and stupid I think for poetry and will certainly never again adventure on a grand scale. For amusement and to help a little publication that is going on here I have spun a doggrel tale called the Search after Happiness¹ of which I will send a copy if it is of a frank-able size if not I will put it up with Harold the Dauntless. Among other misfortunes of Harold is his name but the thing was partly printed before *Childe Harold* was in question.

My great and good news at present is that the bog (that perpetual hobby horse) has produced a commodity of most excellent marle and promises to be of the very last consequence to my wild ground in the neighbourhood. For nothing can equal the effect of marle as a top-dressing. Methinks (in my mind's eye Horatio) I see all the blue-bank the hinny-lees and the other provinces of my poor kingdom waving with deep ryegrass and clover like the meadows at Rokeby. In honest truth it will do me yeomans service.

My next good tidings are that Jedediah carries the world before him 6000 have been disposed of and 3000 more pressing onward which will be worth £2500 to the worthy pædagogues of Ganderscleugh. Some of the Scotch Whigs of the right old fanatical leaven have waxed wroth with Jedediah

But shall we go mourn for that my dear
The cold moon shines by night
And when we wander here and there
We then do go most right.

After all these honest gentlemen are like Queen Elizabeth in their ideas of historical portrait painting. They re-

¹ *The Search after Happiness; or, The Quest of Sultaun Solimaun.* See *Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces*, 1817. First published in John Ballantyne's *The Sale-Room*, No. V, 1st February 1817. See note p. 357.

quire the pictures of their predecessors to be likenesses and at the same time demand that they should be painted without shade being probably of opinion with the virgin Majesty of England that there was no such thing in nature.

I have made my arrangements for building this summer and have so many gimcracks to look after, that I must postpone my visit to the continent or run the risque to see some of my proportions departed from for as the whole plan is a whimsicality there will be no trusting to the common builder who is to execute it.

I presume you will be going almost immediatly to London¹ at least all our Scotch members are requested to be at their posts the meaning of which I cannot pretend to guess as one would think the oppositions would be much divided in views and in opinions. The finances are the only ticklish matter but there is after all plenty of money in the country now that our fever fit is a little over. In Britain when there is the least damp upon the spirits of the public they are exactly like people in a croud who take the alarm shoulder each other to and fro till some dozen or two of the weakest are born[e] down and trodden to death ; whereas if they would but have patience and remain quiet there would be a safe and speedy end to their embarassment. How we want Billie Pitt now to get up and give the tone to our feeling and opinions ! As for the Reformers I for one have little fear of them. Indeed as if they were determined to show what sort of concord would be among them were they masters they seem disposed to quarrell about the division of spoil before the battle is fought. At the same time vague and wild as their schemes and opinions are they have still a captivating effect on the lower orders which they augment by all sort of incendiary publications. Our advocate was anxious to form some plan of counter-acting the effect of these bou-te-feu publications by sending abroad others of a contrary tendency. I differ from

¹ As member for Northallerton, see Vol. III, p. 458 and note.

him however unless ours are to be of a satirical or humourous character such as would push the war into the enemies quarters for by keeping on the defensive we should give the others every advantage. The "weary knife-grinder" and your own squib over broad bottoms grave did more upon the public mind than a hundred grave arguments would do. And sure I am that the sort of light skirmishers capable of sustaining such a warfare must be levied in London and not here.

As I take up this letter to finish the same I hear the Prince Regent has been attackd and fired at. Since he was not hurt (for I should be sincerely sorry for my fat friend) I see nothing but good like to result from this assault. It will make him a good manageable boy and will I think secure you a quiet Session of parliament. At least bullying the House of Commons is a course which of late years has never succeeded. Adieu my dear Morritt god bless you. Let me know if your gimcracks come safe—I mean the book &c. Ever yours W. S.

31 *January* 1817

EDINBURGH

[*Law*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

[*early February*, 1817]¹

MY DEAR SHARPE,—It was not without exertion & trouble that I this day detected Russells MS. also Kirkton

¹ This letter, which is bound up with Sharpe's corrected proof sheets and annotations of Kirkton's *History of the Church of Scotland*, is undated by Scott, but the MS. has been pencilled 1817. Sharpe must have taken Scott's advice to make application without loss of time, for, also bound up in this volume, there is a letter from Sharpe to the Curators of the Advocates' Library, addressed from 93 Princes Street, as follows: "Gentlemen, Having an intention to print—'the Secret and true Histry: of the Church of Scotland,'—by Mr. Kirkton, from a MS: in my possession, I am exceedingly anxious to collate the said MS: with another, among the Wodrow Papers in your Library—I therefore take the liberty of begging

& two or three others which Mr. Macrie¹ had removed from their place in the library and deposited them in a snug & secret corner. Now I think you should apply either to Sir William Hamilton or some other of the Curators and borrow Kirkton which on their receipt will be given to you. I intend to borrow Russell when I return from Abbotsford on Wednesday meanwhile I have set my Amanuensis at work on him with the view to run him on to the end of Kirkton. If you think fit to

that you will have the goodness to permit me the use of Wodrow's copy of Kirkton, at my own house, the labour of collation in a public Library being very inconvenient, if not absolutely impossible." To the librarians, Advocates' Library, was then sent this communication: "You are hereby authorized to lend the above to Mr. Sharpe upon his finding security for its safe custody & return within one month to the extent of twenty pounds" (signed Alex. Irving, Curator, John Graham Dalzell, W. Hamilton). As this letter is dated 4th February 1817, it is likely that Scott's letter reached Sharpe either at the end of January or early in February. On the same sheet Sharpe has written: "Received the above MS: Sir W. Hamilton and Mr Dalzell being my securities," and a note, in another hand, remarks: "20 June 1817 Kirkton's MS. returned."

¹ Thomas McCrie, D.D. (1772-1835), a seceding clergyman and an ecclesiastical historian, was a man of literary and controversial ability. In 1788 he entered Edinburgh University but did not graduate. Controversy over church matters and ecclesiastical theory led him to a thorough scrutiny of Scottish church history, the result of which was his erudite *Life of John Knox: containing illustrations of the history of the Reformation in Scotland. . . . To which is subjoined an appendix consisting of Letters [of John Knox] . . . never before published.* 8vo. Edinburgh, 1812. This work proved him to be an historian of principle and policy. He was the first Scottish dissenter to receive the D.D. degree. To the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor* (January-March 1817) he contributed a series of papers in which he criticised drastically what he considered was a caricature of the Covenanters in *Old Mortality*. Scott affected to despise them; however, he "not only was obliged to read the articles, but found it necessary to . . . write an elaborate defence of the truth of his own picture of the Covenanters" in the January (1817) number of the *Quarterly Review*. Evidently McCrie was about to forestall Sharpe in editing Kirkton, for later [Feb. 1817] Sharpe wrote to Scott: "By chance I learnt last night that the villanous biographer of John Knox is about to edit Kirkton, after having (I believe) obtained a sight of my copy. . . . So I intend to convene Ballantyne on the subject . . . should we not advertize the book immediately, and thereby put a stop to the encroachments of the Covenant? I have a good many notes ready, and a Memoir of Kirkton; and at all events, print him who will, my comfort is that I know more about him than that canting rogue McCrie doth." See Scott's letter to Lady Louisa Stuart, 31st January 1817, p. 381.

defer the application till I come back you may but I calld to day to say no time should be lost.

I have given an infernal row on the subject of hiding books in this manner. You must push on as fast as you can & in your ear my friend James Ballantyne is more sure than swift. He requires spurring. Yours ever

Saturday

WALTER SCOTT

[*Nat. Lib. Scot.*]

TO UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT¹

GENTLEMEN,—I was honoured with your letter enclosing Ja. Ballantyne's acceptance to me not duly honoured at which I was both hurt and surprized as the Messrs. Ballantynes have always transacted their extensive dealings with me very honourably and as I should be extremely sorry to have reason to think worse of them than I have hitherto done Mr. James Ballantyne advises me that the money was remitted to your house the day after due and that his delay arose from the intervention of an holiday so that I have no doubt it has now reached you. I am deeply concerned that anything unbusiness-like should have occurred in a transaction which you so kindly entered into for my accommodation and which in the present times and with such extensive literary connections as mine I account no common favour.

I will give up the bill to Mr. Ballantyne on being advised that the contents have reached you and am Gentlemen,
Very much your obliged humble Servant

[? EDIN] 8th feby. 1817.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Carew Hunt*]

¹ Some banking firm probably; perhaps Brooks, Son and Dixon, to whom Constable applied on Scott's behalf in August 1813, or Coutts, or Sir William Forbes; probably Coutts. See letter to James of 28th August 1817, p. 503.

TO DANIEL TERRY

MY DEAR TERRY,—My men of mortar begin to be pressing for their directions as the weather is so favorable for commencing their operations. I am sensible how ungracious it is in my case to be urgent with my kind advisors who have so many more important matters to do. But what can I do? My mother as Sancho says whips me & I whip the top. I do not intend they shall begin before the 1st of March but I suspect they will desert me & go to some other undertaking unless I can furnish them with my building plans by that time. I did not fail to boast to the Duke of Buccleuch whose guest I am at present that I was to be favored with Mr. Atkinsons assistance. You will get I hope by tomorrows post Harold the Dauntless which I think would make a good pantomime or melodrame. It is a dashing thing but too many [*blank in copy*] about it & I do not augur great things of its success. What chance is there of seeing you in Scotland this season? Abbotsford will be partly uninhabitable but I intend to fit up my neighbouring farm house (that sounds grand) of Kaeside¹ to accommodate a part of my family & therefore can promise Mrs. Terry & you a *sort* of accommodation. Ever yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

DALKEITH HOUSE 9 February 1817

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN MURRAY

DEAR SIR,—Give yourself no uneasiness about the Killiecrankie article.² It is in great forwardness and

¹ The copy gives "Kenside," but a later letter shows that "Kaeside" is intended.

² The article by Scott, aided by Wm. Erskine, on his own *Tales of my Landlord* which appeared in the *Quarterly* for January 1817, a large part being given to a reply to the Rev. Dr. Thomas McCrie's attack on *Old Adorality* in the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*.

when I have done with it Erskine has promised to revise it and make such additions & corrections as may be necessary.

I was very much entertained by Mariners book¹ very much indeed—his narrative seems perfectly authentic and lets us into an hundred curious particulars which without such a narrative we should never have known. These people if they do not fall again into the rage of war & conquest may one day make a figure in the history of the world. I have not seen Miss Waldies book² which I take to be distinct from that on Waterloo. I know her father & grandmother well but am not acquainted with the young lady. Her account of Waterloo was extremely interesting.

I cannot return Southey's letter being at this House on a visit of a day or two & having left it behind me but I will send it by my first parcel. We have delightful weather almost like an English spring.

Yours very truly
WALTER SCOTT

DALKEITH HOUSE 9th February

John Murray Esq.

Bookseller Albemarle Street London

[John Murray]

TO JOHN RICHARDSON

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—I am always giving you trouble, but this is on an affair of taste and I know no

¹ William Mariner's *An account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific, etc. Compiled, etc. by Dr. John Martin.* 2 vols. 8vo. Murray: London, 1817.—Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 255.

² There were two Miss Waldies, both authors. Charlotte Ann Waldie, afterwards Mrs. Eaton (1788-1859), produced in 1817 *Narrative of a residence in Belgium, during the campaign of 1815, and of a visit to the field of Waterloo.* By an Englishwoman. 8vo. London, 1817. The B.M. Catalogue ascribes this work to her youngest sister, Miss Jane Waldie, afterwards Watts (1793-1826), who published *Sketches descriptive of Italy in the years 1816 and 1817, etc.* 4 vols. 120. London, 1820. What work is here referred to is not clear. It cannot be Miss Charlotte Waldie's *Rome in the 19th Century, etc.* 3 vols. cr. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1820.—Abbotsford Library Catalogue, p. 256.

person to whom I can more readily trust than yourself with the classical assistance of our friend Mr. Bell. The point is the purchase of a snuff-box which many of our young gentlemen here with one or two old ones are desirous to present to Mr. John Kemble to whom on the same occasion we give a dinner. The value of the box is to be about eighty guineas and we would be greatly obliged to you to get from Rundell and Bridges or any other esteemed artists in gold and silver such a box as elegant as your taste can chuse and the price I have mentioned compass. Mr. Anderson who takes the trouble of acting as collector and treasurer will write more fully on the subject. But I know your good inclinations to Auld Reekie so well that I do not apologize for giving you trouble which will apply also to Mr. Bell in any case where his credit for taste is interested. My best compliments attend Mrs. Richardson. I am happy to tell you what I am sure you will hear with pleasure that I am still continuing greatly better and have had no periodical return of my vile spasms. Perhaps we meet in spring in case I get up : surely in summer when you will probably come down. Ever yours most truly,

EDIN. 13. *february* [1817].

WALTER SCOTT

[*Brotherton*]

TO MR. CUTHILL

MY DEAR SIR,—Your very kind favour reachd me here. I heartily wish we may [be] able to pause for the great advantages so likely to be derived from engaging Mr. Smallwood in the service of my lime & freestone proceedings.

Our country masons are however so lazy that I fear they will make a terrible handle of any stoppage at the outset & perhaps under that pretence leave me unroofd this season which would be a real scrape. I have taken the freedom to write to Mr. Atkinson to thank him for

his kind intentions & to hope he will be able to give some assistance to our scrambling proceedings if he will favour us with the means of correcting (as you experienced seamen would say) our observation. I am very much obliged to you my dear Sir for the kind interest you take in my little villa & am ever very truly Yours

ABBOTSFORD 15 *February* [1817]

WALTER SCOTT

[*Buccleuch*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, DALKEITH HOUSE

MY DEAR LORD,—This serves to cover a letter to Mr Cuthill who has kindly been the *Go between* between Mr Atkinson & me. My men of mortar here get impatient so I must permit them to go on with the under-story of the new house but will not touch the old one untill we can have Mr Smallwoods valuable assistance—See what it is to be a Chief—the Welch proverb says that he who would be a Chief must make himself a *bridy*, and truly I think there is some reason in it, since the talents of your retainers are to be in requisition for your clan as well as yourself so that you can carry every one through dry-shod.—

Besides there are the holly-berries when they arrive. Moreover I shall sing

... Hey ho for the green holly
Most friendship is feigning most loving mere folly.

I sincerely hope your Grace suffered no inconvenience from being out on Tuesday. I did not much like your experiment. I intend to stay here to shew face at the meeting for the address at Selkirk on Thursday. Theres nobody with me but Sophia who is an excellent manager. I am ever my Dear Lord Duke Most truly & affectionately your obliged

W SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 15 *febr.* [1817]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

[20th February 1817]

DEAR CHARLES,—I sent up or rather carried up the two processes to Selkirk this day so I am clear till next batch. I leave Abbotsford tomorrow & return again on the 13th. as I hope.—Keep a sharp look out on the police especially at Galashiels. The London treasons are deep & atrocious & all prepared for open violence—on this subject the Secret Committee are unanimous.

If Laird Milne speaks to you or gives you a prudent opening to speak to him about the land above Abbotsford I wish you would persuade him of two things. One is that I will on no account whatever part with a yard of the thicket—not if he would give me a good farm in exchange.—The other is that if as his brother in law Knox mentioned to Tom Purdie he is inclined to *come out* of the thicket I will give him what the land cost him. I think drawing a line along his new plantation to the road to the lake would suit us both. But if we bargain at all my concern in the lake must be acknowledged. I find it in the old titles of the Abbey and have little doubt of being able to show my claim or the Dickies (?) which is the same thing to joint possession. Also I should expect Mr. Milne to plant a little there & should on my part be ready to do any thing that would accomodate him.

But all this I entrust entirely to your prudence as a much better bargain-maker than myself. Only this much I do not greatly care about the land and I know no body else would purchase it in the circumstances. And yet as completing my property on the South I would strain a point to buy it.

I have been trying to come to a point with John Moss to know whether he means to flitt or sitt still at Whit-sunday. He seems strongly inclined to the former alternative which would suit me well also for I think I shall be obliged to use Kaeside as a chapel of Ease to a part of

my family during the summer. But I will not turn old John out of the place if he inclines to sit still. I would not like to turn a man out of his father's house. Only I hope you will take him on your way as you ride up to Selkirk and find out his intention as he should know his own mind by this time. Yours truly

ABBOTSFORD *Thursday*

WALTER SCOTT

[*Curle*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

[Extract]

ABBOTSFORD, *Feb. 21, 1817*

. . . I UNDERSTAND Maturin is bringing [out] something tremendous in the way of a Melodrame.¹ Shall we see you and Mrs. Terry and young Walter this summer? I have in my offer and think I shall buy it: an ebony cabinet six feet wide which would just fill the place where the book press now is in the little drawing-room. All my planting is now really over but I have had upwards of twenty hands working all winter which I am old-fashioned enough to think is a better thing than if I could have given each of them suffrage for a Member of parliament and what is more uncommon the people think so too. I have not allowed one man in the parish to ask work in vain and must have been half ruined but for certain things you wot of. Pray send Mr [Atkinsons] letter. Compts. to Mrs. Terry. Ever yours

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

W. S.

TO JOSEPH TRAIN

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged and entertained by your continued and kind communications. That on the subject of the Invernahyle family I am much interested

¹ *Manuel*, a tragedy, which was produced at Drury Lane on 8th March 1817, with Kean in the title-role.

in¹; for Alexander Stewart, with whom the pedigree concludes, was my father's most intimate friend, and I was very fond of his society when a boy, and of listening to his old stories. I have still on my memory no small stock of legendary lore derived from that source, and always think of his memory with peculiar fondness. Pray secure me as many Galloway traditions as you can, for they are most interesting. Were I as poetical as I have been, I would most certainly weave the Tale of Plunton into verse. I have been a week at Abbotsford, and only found your kind communication on my return.—Believe me, Sir, very much your obliged friend,

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH, 22d February 1817.

[*Memoir of Joseph Train*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE²

MY DEAR MRS. BAILLIE As I am uncertain whether your brother is in London or at Windsor I send the enclosed under your cover. It respects a very violent and acute complaint—the *cramp* I believe in my stomach for I have no pretensions to the honour of the *gout*—with

¹ Train had received from his friend, Dr. Thomson, while practising in Appin, an old manuscript dealing with the genealogy of the Stewart family of Invernahyle, and with an account of Donald-na-Nord, the hammerer. Finding it a unique document, he sent a transcript of it to Scott, who made use of Donald-na-Nord's career in *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London* (1822) and in *Tales of a Grandfather*, where he condensed it into sixteen pages.

² This letter marks the quite definite beginning of the acute ill-health of the next three years—gall-stones, an inheritance from Scott's mother, for in 1793 Kerr writes to Scott: "I am truly sorry for the illness of your mother, the Cramp in the stomach is most dangerous & no less painful." By the 13th Morritt has heard from Croker that Scott is suffering from "an inflammation of the Bowels," and is making anxious inquiry. On 19th April Maturin writes expressing his heartfelt joy at the news of Scott's recovery. Joanna answered on the 3rd that Dr. Baillie does not think the malady dangerous. She has more to say about the Byrons, and reports her *Metrical Legends* dealing with Columbus, Wallace, and Lady Grizel Baillie. See Scott's letter of 17th March, p. 407.

which I have been assailed three or four times this season with the greatest possible violence. Last night in particular the agony was so great that I fainted which was quite a novelty to me and truly I thought the grim skeleton was about to take my harp out of the Minstrels hands. I have never in my life, at least since I was a boy, had any occasion for medical advice but now independent of comfort which whatever stoics say is not quite compatible with violent pain I have no desire to quit this wicked world either upon short warning or so early in life. So that I am humble petitioner to your brother that he will give a few minutes consideration to my case as I agree entirely with the said world in believing his authority in such a case is worth half the faculty beside. This is one of the pennances which he must undergo for having a sister of such poetical genius since it brings on him all the rest of the beggarly tribe and without fees into the bargain. I am much tired and exhausted by passing the whole night sleepless and in such violent pain that it was all my manhood could do to combat a strong disposition I had to groan roul and roar like a Bull calf. And here I am in the Court where I shall presently disgrace my office and fall soundly asleep. And so dear Mrs. Baillie Goodnight to you. W. S.

EDINR. 1st March 1817.

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

[? March 1817]

DEAR TERRY,—The hand is the hand of Esau but the voice is the voice of Jacob—in other words your friend J. Ballantyne is writing for your friend W. Scott. The day after your kind letter reach'd me I had a violent attack of cramp in my stomach with inflammatory symptoms which only gave way to repeated & copious

bleedings & blistering.¹ I am now quite well but very weak & unable to write owing to the tremor incidental to the loss of blood. I have given the good folks of Edinburgh a fright as like other people they are not sensible of the value of a good thing till they think there is a chance they are going to lose it. This matter has been in debate from Tuesday at midnight (with an interval of six hours which I foolishly employ'd in seeing company on Wednesday) until yesterday morning great part of which was occupied in the Clowns universal exclamation of "O Lord Sir!" I am now able to think of business again & to reply to your kind letter which I shall do succinctly to save our friends fingers.

Upon Friday 4th instant I sent the "Plan for dimensions" marked E to be fill'd up as you wished by an accurate measurement. I desired Paterson to take it himself & send it to Mr. Atkinson strait under Lord Montagues cover to save time. Hurry is of less consequence as the weather is totally unfit for building the ground being cover'd with snow. The plans of Mr. Atkinson Nos. A & B. do each of them exceed in easements & conveniences our original idea as much as guerdon is better than remuneration. Of the two I incline to prefer No B. [*This opinion Mr. Scott afterwards retracts.*²] The green house it is true lacks two windows which it has in No A. but that to the east cannot be very useful as the sun will seldom come upon it & that of the west will be obscured also from the sun by the range of building call'd the chapel. We must attend that the greenhouse should have its entry distinct from

¹ At this period, says Lockhart, "Scott was visited, for the first time since his childish years, with a painful illness . . . this first serious alarm occurred towards the close of a merry dinner party in Castle Street (on the 5th of March), when Scott suddenly sustained such exquisite torture from cramp in the stomach, that his masculine powers of endurance gave way, and he retired from the room with a scream of agony which electrified his guests. . . . His friends in Edinburgh continued all that spring in great anxiety on his account." See letters to Joanna Baillie, 1st and 17th March 1817.

² This sentence has been interpolated in the copy by Terry or the copyist.

the house, otherwise the *taxing man* will charge it as windows. This may be done I suppose by having a sashed door in the centre. Another door as in the plan No B. will connect with the little space which you propose for an armoury or repository for curiosities & may be shut up at pleasure. If however the entry in front would greatly break the arrangement of the Etage I would give the point up.

The little apartment corresponding to the armoury at the west end of the green house will I suppose be a lobby. It would be better if it could be saved for that very necessary accommodation a butlers pantry but of this I see no hope. In the case therefore supposed, there will be no occasion for more than glass doors to these two apartments. That of the armoury to be opened or kept close as we find most convenient. Such doors are marked in No. A. but not in No. B. I only prefer introducing them into the latter also. N[o] B remembers our winds & rains are tremendous. You Englishers are apt to forget this, & the best mode of securing the inside from the invasion of the water at sashed doors & so forth is with us a matter of deep importance. I was at Abbotsford one day this winter when a strong & active young fellow six feet high was actually blown from the door. But the proposed addition will remedy this grievance greatly. Before leaving the green house I pray leave to state my doubt whether, considering the eminence in front which intercepts so much of the morning sun, the three windows in front will be sufficient to keep the plants in a healthy state. Should such be the opinion of skilful persons a sloping roof might be disposed over the green-house to the breadth of perhaps four or five feet which being hidden by the cornice would afford a slope of two feet beginning the slope from the line of the side walls of the two side lobbies. This would be perilous however in time of snow & troublesome at all times from being liable to many accidents. It may however be considered. The

very important passage gained by Mr. Atkinsons ingenuity between the dining room & the back of the green house should it threaten to be somewhat dark may be illuminated in the centre by a skylight upon the leads. I quite agree with you that all the space which does not rise higher than the first story, that namely occupied with the green house & the two little lobbies will be best roofed in with lead which is just now to be had very cheap. I greatly approve of raising the roof of the kitchen buildings at least of the eastern part of them for they are divided into two by a thick wall, & gaining a second rate bedroom or two. The kitchen might be allowed to stand as it is which would only occasion another Gable rising higher than that which terminates the range. In fact I always saw the necessity of raising these buildings but thought of covering them with lead which seems unnecessary.

Proceeding in order of your letter I come to the dining room which I entirely approve of, having no doubt that Mr. A.s plan for the workmen will explain the difficulty my operators have found in the construction. Pillars are awkward if they can be avoided. I also subscribe to the great propriety of saying nothing about the old house at present the mode of connecting it with the new being distinctly arranged & understood. Concerning the stone I have a very fine Quarry of Whin stone in Cayside which will serve for the ruble work, & it is now producing specimens as it gets deep of as dark & fine a blue as that at Bowhill. The front is to be hammer dress'd & laid in courses. The free stone is dark grey from Sprouten¹ a beautiful soft colour which harmonizes with the blue of the Whin stone. And if I cannot get the Whin stone to my mind at Cayside it is but sending to Needpath where it can be raised in blocks of any size. This looks more substantial than stucco which besides suffers from our climate & in ten years looks like the most

¹ Probably Sprouston is meant. It is a Border village and parish of N.E. Roxburghshire. Trap, sandstone, and limestone have been quarried here.

miserable of all objects, a ragged beau. There is a sort of unsoundness about it at best, a plaster look which an eye used to our fine freestone cannot well away with. I stand already contracted for the rough part of my wood & at very reasonable rates. So small a job would hardly afford the expence of a Clerk of the Works though I am quite aware the work would be much better performed under such inspection. But weighing the matter every way I could, with the difficulty of accommodating such a person during our absence, prices &c. I believe I must trust to the honesty of my friends Saunderson & Patte[r]son. But the Duke with his usual goodness will permit Mr. Smallwood when he comes back to Bowhill (which will be the end of the month) to give a frequent look to their operations: he will not for many reasons find them indocile & I can easily make it worth his while. I quite agree to have the doors & wood work in wainscot & I will go a fishing for oak trees as I may. To get them on the spot is impossible: they cannot all be brought from Leith: much of this will depend on Mr. Bullocks executing his kind promise in my favour respecting the plan of fitting up & disposing the rooms. On this subject I must say that the securing the library from damp will be a matter of the last importance. The west wind would blow the devil through the walls horns & all, let alone rain, & the damp whinstone does not mend the matter: I sometimes think of having a coating of cartridge paper covered with pitch laid upon the lathing or on the plaister behind the book presses. I do assure you this is an evil the extent of which you southern folks happily for you cannot learn to appreciate. It is felt at Bowhill with all the appliances & means used to prevent it. For this, as well as another reason I incline to have book presses in the dining room as well as the study: my books are growing too many for me here, & there are already a good many at Abbotsford. If you have seen Mary Vines letter in which she hesitates thro' an order of

about three pages directed to a mantua maker whether her cloak shall be made of cloth or duffle¹ & when in addition you consider that my head is at present none of the clearest you will not be surprised that on arriving at a passage on the 3d page of your letter I incline after all to subscribe to your reasoning in favour of No. A instead of No. B. contrary to what I said before, for being more simple & involving less expence I cannot see that it yields to No. B. in any practically useful or ornamental circumstance. No. B. therefore shall stand postponed & No. A. be preferred as you advise. Besides one of the side windows of the greenhouse No. A. ought perhaps by extension of a few inches [to] be coaxed into a door for the gardeners access. A glass door in the drawing room will make all the difference instead of the window proposed to look into the green house. The bed chamber apartment brings light & convenience out of intricacy & confusion. I incline to think we shall have no chimney to the northern dressing room next the old house, but open it with a door into the north principal bed room. It gives thus the advantage of a double dressing room to our best bed room which is not only convenient when we have guests of rank but most particularly & especially so when we have a visit of a country gentleman with his wife & family : as a young lady can very conveniently be quartered in her mothers dressing room which in this case will be a very large one. The southern bed room I destine for Mrs. Scott, & from the dressing room thereof will I myself sally to my morning walk on the leads. After all like those ingenious artists the spider & the bee we have begun at the top of our building, for we have yet no *vidimus* of the sunk story, which, I have little doubt however will redound equally to the honour of Mr. Atkinsons ingenuity, who has brought light out of darkness & order out of confusion in so satisfactory a manner. Pray do not let him hurry himself. It is time enough to begin

¹“Duffel” or “duffle” = a coarse woollen cloth having a thick nap or frieze.

when we have fixed our first principles. I do most sincerely & fervently hope that your natural alarm for Mrs. Terrys health may exaggerate the cause of your apprehensions. Youth patience & good humour in the frame of a delicate female will often stifle the seeds of disease. I will write on this & other matters with my own hand as soon as I am able. In the mean time I beg you will send me the papers you mention without delay however rude or confused they may be : as it will be an amusement to me to look them over & to put them into some order. I should like the collection of prints you mention very well if not too expensive : for you must suppose that I am to have my knuckles pretty deep in my purse. Do not let Mrs. Terry work on painting on glass or painting on any thing. All that will be in time for 1818, besides I must send you the Scutcheon of my *Avi & attavi* merry men all of Robin Hoods persuasion superior in the legal distinction of *meum & tuum* who scorned pen & ink in their day as much as their unworthy descendant even from his youth to this unlucky hour despised beef tea & panada.¹ Make my best compts. & thanks to Messrs. Bullock & Atkinson & my kind remembrances to Mrs. Terry adding love to my Godson & apologies for a weary letter which has beguiled a weary morning & I am truly yours

WALTER SCOTT with my hand at the pen.



Thine truly & contritely

Quod the scribe.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO THOMAS THOMSON

*Monday Morning, 39 CASTLE STREET,
10th March 1817*

MY DEAR THOMSON,—Would you have the goodness to get me out of the Library to-day or to-morrow Blakater's

¹ A dish made by boiling bread in water to a pulp, and composed of sugar, currants, nutmegs, or other ingredients ; a batter for forcemeats.

Memoirs.¹ They are in a small quarto among the Wodrow MSS. I want to make some collations which will amuse me while I get out of this scrape. I am still in bed, but hope to get up and to be able to see you this morning if you can call. My right hand not having as yet recovered its cunning, I must subscribe like my border forefathers with my hand at the pen, led by Sophia Scott, writer hereof.—Yours truly,

WALTER X SCOTT

His mark

[*Rosebery*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

EDINBURGH, 12th March 1817

DEAR TERRY,—I am now able to write to you on your own affairs, though still as weak as water from the operations of the medical faculty, who, I think, treated me as a recusant to their authority, and having me once at advantage, were determined I should not have strength to rebel again in a hurry. After all, I believe it was touch and go ; and considering how much I have to do for my own family and others, my elegy might have been that of the Auld Man's Mare—

“ The peats and turf are all to lead,
What ail'd the beast to die ? ”

You don't mention the nature of your undertaking in your last, and in your former you spoke both of the Black Dwarf and of Triermain. I have some doubts whether the town will endure a second time the following up a well-known tale with a dramatic representation—and there is no *vis comica* to redeem the Black Dwarf, as in the case of Dominie Sampson. I have thought of two

¹ Listed in the Abbotsford Library Catalogue (p. 80) is the Rev. Dr. Andrew Crichton's *Memoirs of the Rev. John Blackader, compiled chiefly from unpublished MSS., with an appendix, giving a short account of the history and siege of the [Isle of] Bass, written by himself while prisoner on the Bass, etc.* 12mo. Edinburgh, 1823.

subjects for you, if, like the Archbishop's homilies, they do not smell of the apoplexy. The first is a noble and very dramatic tradition preserved in Galloway, which runs briefly thus :—The Barons of Plenton (the family name, I think, was — by Jupiter, forgot !) boasted of great antiquity, and formerly of extensive power and wealth, to which the ruins of their huge castle, situated on an inland loch, still bear witness. In the middle of the seventeenth century, it is said, these ruins were still inhabited by the lineal descendant of this powerful family. But the ruinous halls and towers of his ancestors were all that had descended to him, and he cultivated the garden of the castle, and sold its fruits for a subsistence. He married in a line suitable rather to his present situation than the dignity of his descent, and was quite sunk into the rank of peasantry, excepting that he was still called—more in mockery, or at least in familiarity, than in respect—the Baron of Plenton. A causeway connected the castle with the mainland ; it was cut in the middle, and the moat only passable by a drawbridge which yet subsisted, and which the poor old couple contrived to raise every night by their joint efforts, the country being very unsettled at the time. It must be observed, that the old man and his wife occupied only one apartment in the extensive ruins, a small one adjoining to the drawbridge ; the rest was waste and dilapidated.

As they were about to retire one night to rest, they were deterred by a sudden storm which, rising in the wildest manner possible, threatened to bury them under the ruins of the castle. While they listened in terror to the complicated sounds of thunder, wind, and rain, they were astonished to hear the clang of hoofs on the causeway, and the voices of people clamouring for admittance. This was a request not rashly to be granted. The couple looked out, and dimly discerned through the storm that the causeway was crowded with riders. “ How many of you are there ? ” demanded John.—“ Not more than the

hall will hold," was the answer ; " but open the gate, lower the bridge, and do not keep the *ladies* in the rain."—John's heart was melted for the *ladies*, and, against his wife's advice, he undid the bolts, sunk the drawbridge, and bade them enter in the name of God. Having done so, he instantly retired into his *sanctum sanctorum* to await the event, for there was something in the voices and language of his guests that sounded mysterious and awful. They rushed into the castle, and appeared to know their way through all its recesses. Grooms were heard hurrying their horses to the stables—sentinels were heard mounting guard—a thousand lights gleamed from place to place through the ruins, till at length they seemed all concentrated in the baronial hall, whose range of broad windows threw a resplendent illumination on the moss-grown court below.

After a short time, a domestic, clad in a rich but very antique dress, appeared before the old couple, and commanded them to attend his lord and lady in the great hall. They went with tottering steps, and to their great terror found themselves in the midst of a most brilliant and joyous company ; but the fearful part of it was, that most of the guests resembled the ancestors of John's family, and were known to him by their resemblance to pictures which mouldered in the castle, or by traditionary description. At the head, the founder of the race, dressed like some mighty baron, or rather some Galwegian prince, sat with his lady. There was a difference of opinion between these ghostly personages concerning our honest John. The chief was inclined to receive him graciously ; the lady considered him, from his mean marriage, as utterly unworthy of their name and board. The upshot is, that the chief discovers to his descendant the means of finding a huge treasure concealed in the castle ; the lady assures him that the discovery shall never avail him.—In the morning no trace can be discovered of the singular personages who had occupied

the hall. But John sought for and discovered the vault where the spoils of the Southrons were concealed, rolled away the covering stone, and feasted his eyes on a range of massy chests of iron, filled doubtless with treasure. As he deliberated on the best means of bringing them up, and descending into the vault, he observed it began slowly to fill with water. Baling and pumping were resorted to, and when he had exhausted his own and his wife's strength, they summoned the assistance of the neighbourhood. But the vengeance of the visionary lady was perfect ; the waters of the lake had forced their way into the vault, and John, after a year or two spent in draining and so forth, died broken-hearted, the last Baron of Plenton.

Such is the tale, of which the incidents seem new, and the interest capable of being rendered striking ; the story admits of the highest degree of decoration, both by poetry, music, and scenery, and I propose (in behalf of my godson) to take some pains in dramatizing it.¹ As thus—you shall play John, as you can speak a little Scotch ; I will make him what the Baron of Bradwardine would have been in his circumstances, and he shall be alternately ludicrous from his family pride and prejudices, contrasted with his poverty, and respectable from his just and independent tone of feeling and character. I think Scotland is entitled to have something on the stage to balance Macklin's two worthies.² You understand the dialect will be only tinged with the national dialect—not that the baron is to speak broad Scotch while all the others talk English. His wife and he shall have one child, a daughter, suitored unto by the conceited young parson or schoolmaster of the village, whose addresses are countenanced by her mother—and by Halbert the hunter, a youth of unknown descent. Now this youth shall be the rightful heir and representative of the English

¹ Which he did in *The Doom of Devorgoil*. See Scott's Preface there.

² Sir Pertinax McSycophant and Sir Archy McSarcasm.

owners of the treasure, of which they had been robbed by the baron's ancestors, for which unjust act, their spirits still walked the earth. These, with a substantial character or two, and the ghostly personages, shall mingle as they may—and the discovery of the youth's birth shall break the spell of the treasure-chamber. I will make the ghosts talk as never ghosts talked in the body or out of it ; and the music may be as unearthly as you can get it. The rush of the shadows into the castle shall be seen through the window of the baron's apartment in the flat scene. The ghosts' banquet, and many other circumstances, may give great exercise to the scene-painter and dresser. If you like this plan, you had better suspend any other for the present. In my opinion it has the infinite merit of being perfectly new in plot and structure, and I will set about the sketch as soon as my strength is restored in some measure by air and exercise. I am sure I can finish it in a fortnight then. Ever yours truly,

W. SCOTT

[*Lockhart*]

TO HAY DONALDSON ¹

MY DEAR SIR,—The enclosed letter which I communicate to you in strict confidence will apprize you of the very unpleasant objection which has occurred to the efforts which my kind and partial friends were making at my instance in favour of my brother Tom. The objection is even of less consequence as a total and final blight on his present prospects than when considered as one affecting his moral character and conduct, his reputation in short through life and after death ; leaving a stain even upon his family and near connections. It is therefore of the utmost importance to have his conduct placed on the right footing and the cause and extent of

¹ This letter probably refers to some question raised as to Tom's conduct in the earlier Abercorn trouble. See the letter to Lady Abercorn of 22nd March with its reference to "former follies."

his misfortunes ascertained by the best and most impartial evidence to be obtained. Your own evidence however respectable being the confidential agent of our family I think is of less consequence than that of Mr. Guthrie Wright Trustee on my brothers affairs and under whose eye and by whose means those affairs were placed from the very beginning conducted and finally adjusted and settled. My brother and he had I know some dispute in the course of those affairs which I dare say have since been matters of regret to both as interruption of old friendship. But this can only serve to render Mr. Wrights statement of these matters entirely free from partiality. I think you should also apply as my brother's agent to our friend Mr. William Erskine who was confidentially consulted as a lawyer in all those affairs and I am quite content to rest the fate of my brother's application in the present and every subsequent instance upon their report. For *me* to make an application would have the air of indelicacy *you* as my brother's agent can ask for their testimony as a matter of justice and it is a mode of enquiry which leaves them perfectly at liberty to say the truth without fear or favour. I intreat you to use post haste dispatch in this matter and am very truly Yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 14 *March* [1817]

[*Griffith*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

MY DEAR FRIEND I have been so very ill since I wrote to you that all around expected to have seen the last of me: on tuesday 4th. I had dined at Dalkeith and finding myself rather unwell I declined to stay all night which is my usual custom in that hospitable family. When I came home and got to bed I had a severe attack

of the cramp which kept Mrs. Scott¹ up all night and gave me exquisite torment. Yet on the Wednesday after lying in bed till two o'clock a thing so unusual with me that I cannot remember having had occasion to do so for thirty years, I thought I might get up to receive some friends of my sister in laws. She had come from Canada on a visit to us and was to leave us next day so I could not think of breaking up a little family party. About nine o'clock however pain grew too violent for my stoicism. When put to bed (having broken up the good meeting with most admired disorder) my stomach rejected every species of medicine and an inflammation taking place the men of art had recourse to profuse bleeding and liberal blistering. This brought the disease to reason after about four and twenty hours much of which was spent in such acute agony that what intervals of rest intervened felt like the sleep of the poor Indian during the intermission of his tortures. The medical gentleman used me as monarchs do a rebellious province, and levied such exactions and requisitions on my blood and bones as I shall not forget in a hurry I promise you. My head is still as giddy as a top and I have been these five or six days endeavouring to get rid of the consequence of the remedies. I assure [you] I consider the event as a warning and a lesson to keep as my old riding master used to say my horse well in hand and be prepared as well as I may for the tremendous *halt* which must one day and may any one day stop the career. Two *remarkables* struck me in my illness—the first was that my great wolf-dog which is positively the most magnificent animal of his species ever seen clamoured wildly and fearfully about my bed when I was very ill and could hardly be got out of the room—the other that when I was recovering all factitious or acquired tastes seemd to leave me and I could eat nothing but parritch and listen to no better reading than a stupid Scottish diary which would have made a whole man sick. As I am infinitely indebted

¹ Mrs. Tom Scott.

to your kind brother for his letter which I received the third day after I was ill I intend to make one of [my] medical friends make a memorandum. of symptoms mode of treatment &c in this violent paroxysm to accompany my letter of thanks in case they should suggest any thing additional to Dr. Baillie. He has tied me short up to the manger but I never drank wine to intemperance and am totally indifferent about the meat I eat so that I shall comply regularly being like Master Christopher Sly¹ loath to fall into my *tantrums* again.

I will not trust myself to say anything on the subject of Lady Byrons letter² but I feel a great deal. I must say I never heard any one say any thing to her disparagement though several have endeavoured to palliate and apologize for Lord B's conduct—all the Whigs by the way. I wish I had been born and bred a Whig—it is a saving faith which cloaks many an error—but this will vex you who need wear no cloak yourself and therefore cannot think how convenient it might be for other folks. I have a letter from friend Morritt (a great friend of Lady B's by the way) with this postscript "People here swear you wrote the Revw. on Ld. B. in the Quarterly you get great credit by it I hope it is true at least it contains your sentiments more than those of most others I meet with, and it does credit to your good humour." Now Morritt who is *Downright Dunstable* would not have let this sentence slip him if he could have dreamd of the review injuring Lady B. So I am much cheerd about this cursed blunder. I will lay up your letter and Lady Byrons with great care. The time may come when we are all dead and gone for many a day when it may be interesting to some one.

To a better subject—your own poems—I am delighted

¹ *Sly*. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again : I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.—*Induction*, sc. ii.

² For Lady B.'s letter to Joanna Baillie, now in the *Walpole Collection*, see *Familiar Letters*, i. 419-20, note.

to hear of your labours and particularly at your taking up the touching story of Lady Grizzell¹ with which I have been familiar from my infancy from the misfortunes of my own *forbears*. My mothers maternal grandfather was Sir John Swinton of Swinton who was an exile in Holland at the same time with Ld. Marchmont and my mother who is thank God still well and hearty tells many of the singular occurrences as if she had been there herself. Lady Diana Scott daughter of the last Earl of Marchmont (Popes friend) is alive and equally communicative and from some other family connections being far too fatally connected with these state plots I have heard a great deal about them and could almost paint Lady Grizzel. I will be delighted to see how You will treat this beautiful tale of domestic generosity and distress.² There is no chance of my being in London this spring and I conceive Mr. Frelings cover would be the safest and surest means of conveying them to me for you may believe I will not easily forgo the hope of seeing them before publication. I deny what you allege of your unpopularity. Your name stands with the highest and above most who are accounted such for strength and originality of genius. I never heard this disputed by any one whose opinion I would give a farthing for. Why an author should be in high repute and generally known and esteemed and yet his works be less rapidly dispersed by sale than many of inferior reputation and far inferior value may in some measure be answered by supposing that Dramas being properly an entertainment designd for the stage plays which are given to the public without being acted want the usual and natural introduction to general sale. But I lay almost no weight upon this remark and only notice it because I have heard it mentiond by others. My

¹ Lady Grizel Baillie (1665-1746), poetess, was the eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Hume (or Home), afterwards first Earl of Marchmont.

² This poem, with Lady Grizel Baillie as the principal person in it, appeared in Joanna Baillie's *Metrical Legends* (1821).

own idea is that our friends Longman & co/ have a sort of mercantile mode of treating all their books alike and according to what they call the rules of trade which is unfavourable to rapid sale. They have an immense collection of stock of every various description and it is their business to make the fat carry off the lean. They therefore do not and will not make the allowances to the retail trade upon a *stirring* article which others in the trade would do but let it shift for itself wisely considering that it will want less assistance than the ricketty brats which their ware-houses are loaded with. Now what is the consequence? There is a *selling time* for every popular work which may last perhaps from four to six months or a year at most. A pushing bookseller keeps the market full during that period and contents himself with smaller profits on each copy that he may be reimbursed by the quantity disposed of. He will contrive that while it is the subject of conversation it may be procured at the next Stationers in every town in England and this can only be done by giving the retail dealer handsome discounts. But if these shopkeepers are only supplied slowly and at high rates they will be sparing in their orders buying no more than they are pretty sure to sell immediately. If the demand increases and cannot be rapidly supplied people borrow from each other, or according to a yet more common practice see all about it in the Reviews and escape the disgrace of ignorance which ten chances to one was their chief motive for purchasing the book. Other works are publishd other topics of conversation occur, the story is rememberd the author praised but the period of rapid sale has gone by. Perhaps you will think this an unjust account of our book-purchasers but you remember the quack's answer to a regular physycian "You see how many individuals pass the windows of this coffee-house—what do you suppose may be the proportion of men of sense?" "Probably as one to nine" replied the graduate. "Do you take for *your* patients

these and leave the rest to me"—answerd the Empiric. I do not at all blame Longmans house for their mode of managing in this respect. They could not let down the price of a good article without exciting a demand for greater abatements in the case of a bad one and immense as their stock is this would make a dreadful hole in their profits which in the case of the heavy-selling book would be totally uncompensated by any extension of the sale. So on the whole their plan of equalizing is for them a prudent and good system. But it tells severely upon us clever folks. I had occasion (this is in strict confidence) to make some enquiries at a sure hand concerning the sale of the popular novels and I have this result from a sure hand.

Waverley managed by Constable—9000 copies

G. Mannering— Longman—5000.

Antiquary Constable—8000.

Tales of my Landlord (Murray)—8000.

I cannot think there would have been this inferiority of sale in the case of Guy Mannering to all the others had the work been equally well husbanded. The author must have lost £600 or £700 by the mode of management. Yet it is as widely known as much talkd of and as much admired as the others.

In my own case (and as Sir Terence OFay says if I cannot manage them I dont know who can) I have always found it best to allow a liberal but a temporary interest to booksellers in my labours. I sell editions but never of late years copyrights and submit to some temporary loss to keep up my right in these things the value of which may be supposed to be increased after the death of the author. Perhaps however this mode of management would be troublesome to you. But I must bring this long lecture to a close. Suffice it to say my experience and advice is always at your slightest command and that I long to see the new efforts of your muse. The

grasshopper is still a burthen to me and I feel tired and giddy with making black lines on white paper. Our kindest love attends Mrs. Agnes. Ever affectionately yours,

WALTER SCOTT

17 March [1817]

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London and Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT, M.P., PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I hasten to acquaint you¹ that I am in the land of life and thriving though I have had a light shake and still feel the consequence of the medical treatment. I have been plagued all through this winter with cramps in the stomach which I endured as a man of mould might and endeavoured to combat them by drinking scalding water and so forth. As they grew rather unpleasantly frequent I had reluctant recourse to Bailey. But before his answer arrived on the 5th. I had a most violent attack which broke up a small party at my house and sent me to bed roaring like a bullcalf. All sort of remedies were applied as in the case of Gil Blas's pretended colic but such was the pain of the real disorder that it out-devild the doctors hollow. Even heated salt which was applied in such a state that it burnd my shirt to rags I hardly felt when applied to my stomach. At length the symptoms became inflammatory and dangerously so the seat being the diaphragm : they gave way only to very profuse bleeding and blistering which under higher assistance saved my life. My recovery was slow and tedious from the state of exhaustion I could neither stir for weakness and giddiness nor read for dazzling in my eyes nor listen for a whizzing sound in my ears nor even think for lack of the power of arranging my ideas. So I had a comfortless time of it for about

¹ In reply to Morritt's letter of the 13th.

a week. Even yet I by no means feel as the copy book hath it

The lion bold which the lamb doth hold.

On the contrary I am as weak as water. They tell me (of course) I must renounce every creature-comfort as my friend Jedediah calls it. As for dinner and so forth I care little about it—but toast and water and three glasses of wine sound like hard laws to me. However to parody the lamentation of Hassan the Cameldriver ¹

The lily Health outvies the grapes bright ray
And Life is dearer than the Usquebæ—

So I shall be amenable to discipline. But in my own secret mind I suspect the state of my bowels more than any thing else. I take enough of exercise and enough of rest. But unluckily they are like a Lapland year divided as one night and one day. In the vacation I never sit down. In the Session time I seldom rise up. And all this must be better arranged in future and I trust I shall live to weary out all your kindness of which I am deeply sensible.

I am truly glad you are at length setting seriously to the Poors Laws : the great antiquity of the evil and the deep root it has taken in the constitution of England renders it like an old & inveterate cancer an evil difficult to be eradicated. The tendency of Poors Rates to increase where ever they are once introduced is a singular feature. In a small property which belondg for several years to my uncle & afterwards to myself in the neighbourhood of Kelso the rates were at first 10/ and when I sold the property amounted to about £8 in the course of fourteen or fifteen years. A great advantage would be to destroy your whole system of overseers, throw the management into the hands of the heritors, and release them from the obligation of maintaining those who are capable to earn their own livelihood. I could not but

¹ The second of Collins's *Persian Eclogues*.

hold up my hands in wonder at a proposal in the Quarterly Revw : that those who had money deposited in a Poors' Bank should be entitled to claim parish aid as if they were penniless. The truth is the poor in England seem to be getting at the effective part of Spences system without other means than the parish rates. The D. of Buccleuch says that in the Parish of Kettering Northampton the poors rates are as 17/6 to £1 of the rent. The Devils in it if the poor have not a due proportion of the produce of the soil.

I am obliged to break off hastily. I beg particular remembrances to Lady Louisa to whom I will soon write a long letter. I trust I will be able to get over the Fell in the end of summer which will rejoice me much for the sound of the woods of Rokeby are lovely in mine ear.

Ever most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 18 *March* 1817

Will you let Billet Doux commonly calld M[r] Dove throw the inclosed into the 2d. post office.

[*Law*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

[22nd *March* 1817]

MY DEAR TERRY,—You think too much about the supposed favor. Gold & silver have I none but such as I have it is natural I should try therewith to help any old friend & my godson. My head is still Whiggiggish much inclined to giddiness so I work slow & cautiously. I think the matter will be something tragic, the decay'd Baron for Young & for you a certain Edie Ochiltree of a half warlock half mendicant.¹ But my present cause of writing is about these damned measurements. Paterson

¹ This was the origin of "The Fortunes of Devorgoil," a dramatic piece "submitted by Terry to many manipulations with a view to the stage," but never accepted by any manager. It was not published till 1830, under the title of *The Doom of Devorgoil*.

insists he forwarded them a fortnight since so I fear they must be lying about Lord Montagues hand or mislaid by the carelessness of the servants. I will write to Lord Montague tomorrow. I sincerely hope the accident you mention may give a favorable turn to Mrs. Terrys complaint. My best compliments attend her. Yours very truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH.

John Kemble is here taking leave, as great as ever. I saw him.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO LADY ABERCORN

MY DEAR LADY ABERCORN,—I am very much flattered by your kind remembrance of me & truly sorry for the cause of your long silence. I sometimes think I could almost part with my thumb to have a good apology for leaving off writing & yet I no sooner have a moments release than I tire of idleness & begin to scribble again. I have got safely through a bad inflammatory complaint in the stomach but I still feel the effects of blistering & bleeding being weak & at times giddy. I do not think I shall come quite round till milder weather will permit me to go to the country & take gentle exercise on my own hills.

Kemble is beating himself as I hear : tonight I intend to venture to the theatre & see *Coriolanus*¹ for the last time. As good actors may perhaps succeed him in other parts but in his own peculiar line I think he will never be matched. The fine figure & dignified manner join

¹ Scott claimed that Kemble excelled in the Roman characters of Shakespeare : "To his peculiar art of acting also, the Roman character in its various shades afforded great facilities. There was almost always connected with it an *assumed* character which qualified, if it did not master, that which nature had assigned to the individual. The aristocratic pride of *Coriolanus*, the patriotic ardour and stoical philosophy of *Brutus* and *Cato*, form each

to the perfect good taste with which he presents before us the heroes of ancient Rome places him in a rank far beyond what I ever expect to look upon again.

I have some prospect of getting your old acquaintance Tom a better situation in Canada unless his former follies rise up in judgement against him through the means of interested competitors for I think mere ill will would hardly follow him to the wilds of America. I know no one whose ill report he has greatly to fear unless it be Lord Abercorns whose kindness he certainly neglected and misused at a moment of great streight & desperation. He has had a terrible pennance for it however of broken health & ten years struggle with narrow circumstances & I am sure I may trust to Lord Abercorns natural generosity that if (which I do not consider as the least likely) Toms name should be mentioned to him he will dwell upon faults so long past as lightly as he finds it possible. And if the said Tom should happen as your Ladyship supposes to prove the author of this celebrated family of Novels his genius as in the case of greater men may be allowed to shelter past failings.

My family are all well & beg respectful remembrances. My eldest son is grown too tall to be your page. He is fully half an inch taller than I am but strong & healthy in proportion a tolerable scholar & a skillful & graceful horseman. He is to have a command in the Yeomanry this year & will be a smart officer which I am glad of as we are not unlikely to need these corps.

Mrs Kemble tells us that you take all your gaiety at home & that my friend Lady Charlotte Campbell chaperones Lady Julia. Pray remember me to both

a shade of adventitious and adopted character, which seems to control the natural feelings of the heart, and hide, or at least colour, what cannot be altogether suppressed . . . we cannot conceive of anyone delineating, with anything approaching to the same felicity, those lofty Romans, feeling and partly exhibiting, yet on the whole conquering the passions of nature by the mental discipline to which they had trained themselves."—*Life of Kemble*.

ladies as well as to the Marquis. I ever am, Dear Lady Abercorn, Your truly obliged & faithful

22 March [1817].

WALTER SCOTT

EDIN.

Terrible hard frost.

[*Pierpont Morgan*]

TO MRS. CLEPHANE ¹

[23 March 1817]

MY DEAR MRS. CLEPHANE,—This comes to let you know you had nearly seen the last sight of me, unless I had come to visit you on my red beam like one of Fingal's heroes, which Ossianic as you are, I trow you would not readily dispense with. The cause was a cramp in my stomach which after various painful visits, as if it had been sent by Prospero and had mistaken me for Caliban, at length chose to conclude by setting fire to its lodging, like the Frenchmen as they retreated through Russia, and placed me in as proper a state of inflammation as if I had had the whole Spanish committee in my unfortunate stomach. Then bleeding and blistering was the word, and they bled and blistered till they left me neither skin nor blood. However they beat off the foul fiend and I am bound to praise the bridge which carried me over. I am still very totterish and very giddy. Kept to panada or rather to porridge, for I spurned all foreign slops and adhered to our ancient oatmeal manufacture. But I have no apprehension of any return of the serious part of the malady, and I am now recovering my strength, though

¹ Scott refers throughout to Miss Clephane's letter of 20th January, in which she sends a copy of *Allan of Moidart*, "lest future ages should not have a true reading of that delectable lyric"; welcomes the appointment of Archibald Park, but hopes he will not have trouble with his superior the Collector, "a perfect nuisance to all the country." The Comptons are at Rome. The mother adds a paragraph about going to Italy by sea. Park had trouble later with his bibulous Collector, as a later letter of his to Scott shows.

looking somewhat cadaverous upon the occasion. Many thanks (too long delayed), for the real Allan of Moidart and no fewer for the very funny verses on St. Mary's well. I have cause to remember it having very nearly stuck in the bog in my pious and persevering efforts to pay my respects to the sad and deserted spring. As for the *Collector*, it is my fault that the same knight of the yellow not sanguine *yoke* is collecting there at all. For it was the Collector's place which Park should have had, and it was only at the particular request of Mr. Earle, Chairman of the board here, and under promise of certain advantages to Archie Park that I agreed he should take the Comptroller's place and the Comptroller, who I take to be the Inspector of eggs, should be Collector. But though I had it in my power to have given Park the latter appointment yet as his future promotion must depend on the board, I thought it imprudent that he should sit at Rome and strive with the Pope. By the way, he is exceedingly grateful for your kindness, about which he writes in the warmest possible terms. I enclose a few lines to him under this cover which may go to Tobermory when opportunity occurs. They are merely to wish him joy of his settlement. Our Ettrick Foresters, very abstemious in general, are sometimes terrible fellows for a screed, and temptations occur frequently where there is plenty both of whiskey and idle time to drink it.

I much approve of your going to Italy by sea : indeed it is the only way you ought to think of it. What a famous thing it would be to get a cast in a King's ship—perhaps Capt. Clephane might arrange such a matter for you. It would save expense, and then the having it in your power to land here and there would render the voyage so interesting. But I do not know how far this is possible. I am only sorry you are going to leave us for a while, but indeed the Isle of Mull might be Florence to me in respect of separation, and cannot be quite Florence to you since Lady Compton is not there.—I

heard her mentioned in a company where my interest in her was not known, as one of the very few English ladies now in Italy whose acquirements, conduct, and mode of managing her time induced that part of foreign society whose approbation is valuable to consider with high respect and esteem. This, I think, is very likely, for whatever folks say of foreigners, those of good education and high rank have a most supreme contempt for the frivolous, dissipated, empty, gad-about manners of many of our modern belles—And we may say among ourselves that there are few upon whom high accomplishments and information sit more gracefully.

John Kemble is here to take leave, acting over all his great characters and with all the spirit of his best years. He played Coriolanus last night (the first time I have ventured out) fully as well as I ever saw him, and you know what a complete model he is of the Roman Patrician. He has made a great reformation in his habits, given up wine, which he used to swallow in pailfulls, and renewed his youth like the eagles. He seems to me always to play best those characters in which there is a predominating tinge of some over-mastering passion or acquired habit [of] acting and speaking colouring the whole man. The patrician pride of Coriolanus, the stoicism of Brutus and Cato, the rapid and hurried vehemence of Hotspur mark the class of characters I mean. But he fails where a ready and pliable yielding to the events and passions of life makes what may be termed a more natural personage. Accordingly, I think his MacBeth, Lear, and especially his Richard, inferior in spirit and truth. In Hamlet, the natural fixed melancholy of the prince places him within Kemble's range of excellence. But many delicate and sudden turns of passion slip through his fingers. He is a lordly vessell, goodly and magnificent when going large before the wind, but wanting the facility to go "ready about" and tack, as occasion demands, so that he is sometimes among the breakers before he can wear ship.

Yet we lose in him a most excellent critic, an accomplished scholar, and one who graced our forlorn drama with what little it has left of good sense and gentleman-like feelings. And so Exit He. He made me write some lines to speak when he withdraws and he has been here criticizing and correcting till he got them quite to his mind, which has, I think, rather tired me, for he would not make the alterations on the broad ground that as he was to speak them, he had a title to please himself, but dragd me into the land of metaphysics and rythmical harmony where I am not at present very equal to follow him.¹

I wish I was near you to “sit on silken seat,” hear the harp and drink goat’s whey, for unto that I am come for the present ; or I wish I was at Abbotsford if this iron frost would give way and let me get there. Did I tell you my bogg has afforded me an inexhaustible store of good marle, and I have found a tolerable quarry which tempts me to build a connection between the present farmhouse and the Chapel, in which you were tenants. So you see I have fair temptation to ruin myself with improvements and buildings for it is with quarries and marle mosses that the Demon who wasted Sir Vista’s wealth baits his hook now-a-days. I trust we will see or hear of you as you come or go towards your place of embarkation, and I hope you will find us at Abbotsford. Certainly either there or here. Mrs. Scott joins in kind respects. She was greatly obliged to Miss Clephane for some seeds with which she expects to work wonders at Abbotsford.

Ever my dear friends, most truly yours while

WALTER SCOTT

[*Northampton*]

¹ John Kemble took his final leave of the Edinburgh stage on 29th March 1817, when he played Macbeth. In the costume of that character he delivered the farewell address written for him by Scott and beginning with

As the war-horse, at the trumpet’s sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—

TO HAY DONALDSON

MY DEAR SIR,—I will enable you in the course of two or three days to send Mrs. Scott¹ the hundred and eighty pounds which with twenty more advanced to her will reduce my note to £2000 instead of £2200. It will be proper that you apprise her of this for there should be no mistake betwixt us. I have some money lying in the country which will serve this purpose well. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

EDINB *Tuesday* [24th March, 1817]

To Hay Donaldson

[*Griffith*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

DEAR TERRY,—Your very welcome epistle with the plan of the Basement story of the pigeon house at Abbotsford with which Mr. Atkinson has so kindly supplied me, reached [me] yesterday & I forwarded it immediately to the operative gentry. I saw one of them the day before & I believe not a days time has been lost ; for if they had begun, the frost must have stopt them. I trust they will now get on without delay & shall wait with confidence the working plan of the ground story also what Mr. Bullock has to say about the shape of the doors, furnishing the wainscoting &c with a view to his own cost for labour that we may have them of a price. Pray dont you think there should be niches or provisions made for arranging any busts, arms, &c in the space between the Green house & drawing room. If two niches could be made in the North wall which divides that little lobby which we will call the Armoury from the Boudoir, I would put the Indian Armour in the one, & the Gothic in the other : both suits are nearly compleat. You see I follow the old trade of beggars for though it is said they ought not to be chusers

¹ That is, I think, Mrs. Thomas Scott.

yet they are importunate from the very nature of that profession. I soon tired of painting my heraldick trash & never having attempted such a thing before I have made horrid work. The coats are

Paternal	Maternal
Scott of Harden	Rutherford
Haliburton of Mertoun	Swinton of Swinton.

As I tired of colouring I hope the description of those of Scott & Swinton may be intelligible.

I shall be anxious to hear of Mrs. Terry : those able physicians Doctors Quiet, Diet & Merryman will I trust bring her round.

The arrangement of the Basement is admirable, only I shall keep the butlers cellar for some other purpose as I always take charge of my own wine. God help me it could be easily done if I am to get only three glasses a day but I trust when we meet I shall be able to drink a bottle of claret,

“For a’ the ill it does me yet.”

I will very soon send you a *prima cura* of the first act of the Fortunes of Devorgoil. Yours in haste

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 28 *March* [1817]

I do not expect to get to the country till this day fortnight. I hope Mrs. Terry will get over the agony of flitting without verifying Dr. Franklins calculation that three white washings are equal to a removing & two removings to one *fire*.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

[29 *March* 1817]

MY DEAR TERRY,—The plans & measurement for the iron beams arrived safely. I have just expedited them to

Paterson. I have been prevented from going to Abbotsford partly by the death of one of my brethren of office whose duty devolves on my shoulders until his successors commission is signed by the Prince Regent, partly by some recurrence of my vile spasms with an oppressive pain in my chest & other inconveniences. These are ugly twinges as your friend Lord Ogleby¹ says but such things come when youth goes & strength wanes. I am however as anxious about my hall as if it were to be for ages my dwelling place & thank you kindly for the interest you take in it. I intend to be at Abbotsford for certain on Saturday 7th May so that if I get the result of your Sundays deliberation any day next week I shall have the opportunity to talk it over on the spot with my operative friends which will be the greatest possible convenience. I shall not I fear get out again till after the 12 July avis au lecteur which avis intimates that the sooner I can get the advice of my counsel learned in the laws of taste the more likely I am to profit by them. If the packet is sent to me addressed to me under cover to William Kerr Esqr. Secretary Post Office Edinburgh it will reach me safe & save some time in troubling Mr. Freeling for his cover & Mr. Kerr will forward it in case I should chance to be at Abbotsford when it comes. I should like whatever requires care of the wood work done either here or in London. My honest neighbours of Galashiels are excellent masons & have been since the building of Melrose but very sorry carpenters. I therefore joyfully acquiesce in having the windows furnished² in London as far as they may be supposed to require any particular neatness & care. Staircase & bed-room windows I suppose we may find here, as the expence of packing carriage &c would be very great in proportion

¹ A vain old fop in *The Clandestine Marriage* (1766), by George Colman and David Garrick. At the age of seventy he fancies himself an Adonis, in spite of his qualms and rheumatism.

² So in copy, perhaps "finished."

to any advantage which could be desired. I am going to despatch to Messrs. Longman a small packet for Mr. Atkinson containing a set of my poetical labours : he will probably wonder at the disproportioned size of my poems & my house but I have Ariostos excuse, words are more easily put together than bricks. I sought every where to make up a large paper set but it is quite impossible & after all it is the *Ex dono* which can alone give value to the volumes. I would like when your counsels are so far settled to know what articles should be finished in London which here. I understand the second (that is the parlour) story of the house is well on. I thought of making the balcony in front of the house a veranda of cast Iron : the bars will of course be *correct* with painted boards which will be removed in the winter season. Little advantage would arrive from making it of iron which would be expensive & I think heavy. I have some thoughts of adopting the Gas lights should I find on an accurate enquiry that they emit no smell. In other respects the saving & beauty is immense. Now suppose I do adopt this mode of lighting I intend to have the principal rails of my balustrade cast hollow & to finish at top with a fleur de lys or thistle with burners. Along the bottom will be a tube of communication which on any rejoicing occasion can be filled with Gas, & lighting the burners at the top of the rails you have an extempore illumination at pleasure. I say this is a whim that floats about my head with other whims & waits for some breeze of approbation to drive it ashore. I have some other things to write to you about but the business of the Session & this cursed pain in my breast is inimical to a prolong'd correspondence : I trust I will soon get rid of both. I am heartily glad Mrs. Terry gets stout : quiet & good hours will I trust confirm what care has begun. I am not much alarmed with the little fellows inflammatory complaint : it is the sign of a strong constitution but must of course be watched carefully. I have made some

progress in *ye ken what*¹ but not to my satisfaction : it smells of the cramp as the Bishop of Grenadas sermon did of the Apoplexy² & I must get it into better odour before sending it to you. Most truly yours,

EDINBURGH.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO HAY DONALDSON

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a cheque or rather first Bill for £180 received this morning from the Country. There is a bank at Dumfries³ so I suppose it will be as good a mode of remittance as any other. I also enclose *two* receipts of Mrs. Scott for £20. I send both but only wish you to give me credit for one of these sums the other to equip my Godson being a free gift. But as the sums are alike and the dates near each other it might be forgot that there were two of these payments. My advance being thus £200 I request [it] may be marked on my bill of £2400. Ever yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

EDINB 29 *March* [1817].

[*Griffith*]

TO [JAMES BALLANTYNE]

DEAR JAMES,—As I wrote the last three or four pages in great pain I had better look them over before going to press. I should be glad to see Mr. Hogarth⁴ in the course of today if convenient to settle about counsell etc. I should not have advised Moncrieff. As this is in my

¹ Douglas says *Rob Roy*, perhaps *The Doom of Devorgoil*.

² Douglas omits these words, I know not why. They give colour to Scott's phrase. The reference is, of course, to *Gil Blas*, vii. 4.

³ The home of Mrs. Thomas Scott's mother, Janet MacCulloch. Mrs. Tom was home from Canada with her son Walter. She sailed for Quebec on the 28th April, her mother reports, "hearing of her husband's illness."

⁴ Ballantyne's brother-in-law.

department a little I should be glad to consider it regularly & in progress.

Mr. Laidlaw leaves town tomorrow. I beg you will settle with him poor fellow for his penmanship. You have not sent me the bill. Yours ever

[*After March* 1817]

W. S.

[*Signet Library*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

[1817]

DEAR JAMES,—I beg you will make the following correction in the poem.¹

A tramontane, a heretic, the buck
Poffaredio ! still has all the luck.

Cazacco has rather a licentious derivation though constantly used. I wish much to see you this morning about Sharpes book. Yours

W S

Sharpe is to be here at three but I must see you earlier. I am at home all the day.

W S

[*Glen*]

TO W. LAIDLAW

EDINBURGH, *April* 5, 1817

MY DEAR SIR,—Nothing can give me more pleasure than the prospect of your making yourself comfortable at Kaeside, till some good thing casts up. I have not put Mr. Moss to any inconvenience, for I only requested an answer, giving him leave to sit if he had a mind—and of free will he leaves my premises void and redd at Whitsunday. I suspect the house is not in good order, but we shall get it brushed up a little. Without affectation I consider myself the obliged party in this matter—or at any rate it is a mutual benefit, and you shall have grass

¹ i.e. *The Search after Happiness*. See notes, pp. 357, 383.

for a cow, and so forth—whatever you want. I am sure when you are so near I shall find some literary labour for you that will make ends meet.¹ Yours, in haste,

W. SCOTT

[*Lockhart*]

TO J. WILSON CROKER

MY DEAR CROKER,—I have been so plagued with making up the long lee way occasioned by my illness that I almost forget my mysterious mode of correspondence.² I now send a sheet in which it is used in its most simple form & I have written the words expressed opposite to the lines in which the letters occur of which they are formed—that is when so many letters make the word I write that word opposite to the line in which the last letter occurs. It is in fact using the common alphabet in the common way—the difficulty of discovery lies in the unsuspecting form of the medium employed. A decypherer would at once find it out were [we] to give him a sheet of paper & say the secret lies here but were a secret agent arrested with a newspaper or prayer book or any other ordinary volume about his person it would scarce occur to any one to be the depositary of his secret. And I can conceive an order of marking the letters to be adopted in which those intended to be used in the correspondence

¹ Owing to misfortune Laidlaw had been forced to give up the lease of his Midlothian farm. Scott thought it would be mutually advantageous to have him installed in a house on his property. Laidlaw “surveyed with glistening eyes the humble cottage in which his friend proposed to lodge him, his wife, and his little ones, and said to himself that he should write no more sad songs on *Forest Flittings*.” He feared, however, that Scott had not perhaps sufficiently considered “Laird Moss’s” feelings, “who, having sold his land several months before, had as yet continued to occupy his old homestead.” The first literary occupation Scott provided for him was to contribute to the *Edinburgh Annual Register* a set of articles to which were to be appended extracts of new books of travel, and similar miscellanies.

² Scott and Croker had corresponded on a cipher which Scott had invented. “Nothing,” Croker reported, “is undecypherable.”

should be distinct from all others which chance or accident might put on the same paper. I could make this very plain were I at your elbow. I conceive you to be quite at liberty to take any sound opinion on the utility of this device. What I chiefly want to know is whether it be original or no—if not original it is wonderfully simple. You will observe that to enable you to understand the principle distinctly the points in the present case are made as distinct as possible were a person acquainted with the secret & in the habit of using it to be addressd the letters would be markd more faintly & in a varied order. Sympathetic ink might be used to mark the letters.

I am now in haste to enjoy at Abbotsford the coldest Spring I have seen these some years. Our treason trials are proceeding & our great Whigs make them a party question. What can these poor devils think but that so many gentlemen of fortune and respectability are of their own mind in private though they do not put themselves in the van of deliberation. There are some things funny enough. It was remitted to a committee of five weavers to consider whether the new Constitution should have any religion—psalm singing weavers they were not for they answerd in the negative. The lawyers were cried down at once :¹ they agreed that parochial juries should settle all disputed questions without troubling either bench or bar. I hope we will get a conviction or we will have awkward times here. Yours very truly

EDINR. 12 *April* 1817

WALTER SCOTT

[*L. M. Mackay*]

To JOHN BALLANTYNE

ABBOTSFORD, *Monday*. [*April* 1817]

DEAR JOHN,—I have a good subject for a work of fiction *in petto*. What do you think Constable would give

¹ I have inserted a colon.

for a smell of it? You ran away without taking leave the other morning, or I wished to have spoken to you about it. I don't mean a continuation of Jedediah, because there might be some delicacy in putting that by the original publishers. You may write if anything occurs to you on this subject. It will not interrupt my History. By the way I have a great lot of the Register ready for delivery, and no man asks for it. I shall want to pay up some cash at Whitsunday, which will make me draw on my brains.¹ Yours truly,

W. SCOTT

[Lockhart]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—Your letter reachd me this morning. I am sick of the encroachments of these gentlemen ² and will not give up an inch beyond what you proposed, that is nine months bills. They seem to have totally forgot that the credit was extended for no reason whatever to 12 months from six months upon the first three payments. There is no end of this— Were they to refuse the offer you have made I have no doubt but the edition might be sold to Constable & Longman upon very advantageous

¹ For correct version of this letter see Vol. I, Appendix, p. 514.

² The incident referred to in these letters is narrated in Mrs. Oliphant's *William Blackwood and his Sons*, vol. i. The sale of *The First Tales of my Landlord* had slackened before the third edition was exhausted and Blackwood asked Ballantyne to go slow in printing the fourth. James sent this letter to Scott, who was angry, because, I suppose, this delayed payments which he was in need of. James then wrote to Blackwood offering to allow bills at nine months and twelve months instead of six and twelve. It is to this Scott refers, implying that if the offer is refused he will pass over the fourth edition to Constable and Longman and promise them what is yet to come of the *Tales*. The fourth edition was then issued, but, to the surprise of Blackwood, a fifth was announced in Ballantyne's paper in May 1819 as to be published by Constable. Mrs. Oliphant has misdated Ballantyne's letter regarding the fifth edition 1817, and quite wrongly reflected on him. Scott had sold the copyright to Constable in January 1819. This led to protest, and nearly to a lawsuit, but, unwilling to quarrel with Scott, Blackwood and Murray sold over to the Ballantynes what remained of the fourth edition and Blackwood was "for ever severed from his great and troubled career."

terms although under the condition that they were to wait till these gentlemens 600 were off ; or else to buy them. Indeed were Constable to engage in the transaction I would probably give him four volumes more by next season on proper conditions and John might have such a share in the transaction as he could manage safely for himself. I would expect either a good lift of stock or something very handsome for 6000 of the new Jedidiah. I could not engage with any other person except Constable to write the continuation this summer because it would postpone his history. Perhaps you had better wait untill John comes to town before answering these gentry as one would not like to slip one knot till we were sure we could knitt another ; and John could easily as from himself sound the man of fraud & suet. I saw him here but he took french leave in the morning before I was up. Your cash matters cannot I think push you to a hasty settlement & you can hasten Johns return to town by a letter. I am really tired of being supposed to receive favours when I am in fact conferring them & besides Mr. Blackwood in holding the door of his puritanical magazine open to all sorts of abuse on Mr Jedidiah has no particular title to expect a continuance of his favours. I wish you had written to Murray but it now seems [too] late. I never saw the sense or propriety of considering Blackwood as his organ. I hope you will remember to pay my bills the day before due to prevent bankers clerks calling in Castle Street— Your not speaking to Blackwood for some days will have a good effect every way.

I hope you will do your utmost to break off bad habits even after forty five. It is never they say too late to mend and you suffer habits of abstraction & forgetfulness to interfere with the exercise of your good sense & excellent parts.

I will certainly look over Mr Hogarth's proofs since he wishes it conditionally that he will look over mine & suggest whatever occurs for I am aware he may detect errors which would escape both you & me.

I have not yet seen the critique on Kean, the saleroom not having found its way here.¹ I think this is all I have to say. Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 16 *April* 1817

[*Glen*]

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON[E]²

ABBOTSFORD 21 *April* 1817

DEAR SIR,—Nothing can be more obliging than your attention to the old stones, you have been as true as the sun dial itself. Of the two I would prefer the large one as it is to be in front of a parapet quite in the old taste.

I agree with you perfectly as to the state of the periodical press in Edinburgh: unfortunately great difficulties occur in any proposal to remedy it— Nothing but advertisements will ever pay a paper & every body advertises in the old established papers. The Herald sunk in spite of poor Browns efforts & now the Correspondent is gone certainly because it did not pay. Ballantyne bought the Edinr. Weekly Journal³ the other day & will make a good thing of it as I counted 75 advertisements in the last No. this is sure in its principles the rest are all so so except Donaldsons. I do not quite understand what you allude to about the . . .⁴ but I think any thing in that quarter disagreeable to the Magistrates could only arise from inadvertance or misinformation.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

¹ *The Sale-Room*, No. XV, April 12, 1817, pp. 113-120.

² Palladio Johnstone, as he was called later, "a grocer on a large scale on the North Bridge of Edinburgh and long one of the leading baillies." —LOCKHART. He was later a chief promoter of some architectural novelties in Edinburgh. Just now he is helping Scott to collect reliques of older Edinburgh.

³ Of this journal James Ballantyne, Scott and Ballantyne's brother-in-law (Hogarth) had just become proprietors.

⁴ The word here has been carefully blotted out and is quite illegible.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I have no better reason for encroaching on your patience just now than what is to me a very important one as well as to many a man besides & that is to enquire about your health. The people here will have it that you are indisposed. If it is a goutish affection I trust you will think of Bath which though a tiresome place is famous for fixing any of those uncertain attacks of that Proteous of diseases, old Podagra.¹

I have been well enough to toil a day by the loch-side (with trimmers) and catch no fish though we had a glorious nibble or two. The very monster would not show himself. But the day was delightful beyond measure. Of late it has got into frosty mornings and that repining race the farmers begin to clamour for rain—So do not I—for when our climate begins once to weep it knows as little when to stop as a Miss of fifteen at a sentimental comedy. Bowhill is by all accounts superlatively improved by shifting the road to the other side and report speaks of an aqueduct for draining the loch in mighty terms.

I have been fortunate enough to find a beautiful & excellent quarry of blue granite for the front of my future mansion which harmonizes most charmingly with the grey freestone. It bears dressing with the hammer into square pieces of any size & seems inexhaustible. Obstinacy (said to be inherent in the four letters of our clans surname) is sometimes a good thing for I stuck by this quarry on my own opinion (knowing nothing of such subjects & being therefore obstinate & not persevering) against all sober mens advice.

As I will take this opportunity to improve my kitchen-grates I would be greatly obliged to Florence if he would write down the name of the person who framed that very excellent one at Bowhill—Thrift—Thrift—Horatio—we must save coals if we can for Nicol Milne can find none at

¹ *i.e.* gout.

Lindean¹ and Hardens experiment at Maxton is equally hopeless.

I have a very curious petition from the Kerrs to Queen Mary after the slaughter of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch in 1553. They say they could neither go to kirk nor market but were obliged to forsake their houses & dwell in woods & caves from the revenge of their enemies.

Charlotte & I are here alone but I return on the 12th May to their Lordships of the Session humble service. I am ever with great respect My dear Lord your ever faithful & obliged

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 24 April [1817]

[*Buccleuch*]

TO ADAM FERGUSSON

DEAR ADAM,—The worthy Knight of Riddel has generously rewarded with a frank (volunteer upon honour) the trouble you took in opening a battery on Mr. Spalding—The breach it seems was stormed before your letter arrived. Mr. Spalding had some how become convinced that Maxwell did *not* quite make his canvass with the approbation of government and that four or five good friends (in the planting line) were *not* like to be satisfied with his vote if given to the friends of that gentleman. So if Mr. S. has learned among other negative propositions what it is that does *not* butter parsnips he has probably also learned what it is that *does*. The fact is they are more afraid than hurt. These honest burgesses will alway[s] rally to the clap of the lid of the corn-chest, though they may fast and fling for a season to accelerate the turn of the key.

We have all force on, on Monday to gravel the road at Toftfield. The Chief & Chas. Adam² have made out

¹ This word is not clear ; it might read "London" or "Lauder," or even "Lothian." But "Lindean" is the name. See *Sir Walter Scott as a Judge*, p. 62.

² Chief Commissioner Adam and his son Sir Charles.

their visit, and we had two rare days that wanted only your presence. The Chief seemed extremely pleased with what he came to see especially with your accommodations and declared though as unlike to the Queen of Sheba as his entertainer to Solomon that "the half thereof had not been told to him."

I hope to see you shortly—remember I am bound to go on the 12th and I wish to let you hear a cousin of mine play on the Pipes—the small pipe is as delightful a thing as I ever heard. Also we have a probationary piper for Abbotsford to take into consideration— So pray come so soon as you can possibly. There is much to do for your convenience in which I would like to have your own views & assistance— In short I trust to see you so soon as possible. Yours truly

W. SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 24 *April* [? 1817]

Kind compliments to the ladies & Skipper—¹ The Cellar will be quite dry, which was all I was afraid of— The garden seems to be very nicely arranged indeed & I trust is as well sown & stocked. The new fence is in a great measure up and gives you a very pretty paddock.— I have seen a number of grey fowl. Sir John is very grateful for your reinforcement and has sent it off by express to secure the victory over Mr. Spalding.—

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

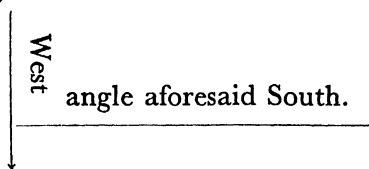
TO DANIEL TERRY

[29th *April* 1817]

MY DEAR TERRY,—Mr. Atkinson has certainly the wand as well as the good nature of the fairy Goodwill & I am not the less indebted to him that he bestows his kindness on me out of regard in a great measure to you. The place I had proposed for my grapery was the angle of my garden wall having its aspects nearly due south &

¹ Capt. John Fergusson of the Navy, Adam's brother.

west. The ground is perfectly drain'd and dry & may be made still more so : the southern wall is something obscured by the hill rising in front so that the sun does not reach it early in the winter mornings but to the west it is quite open. I have no thoughts of proceeding with this however until next year & I devoutly hope I may have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Atkinson & returning some of his kindness (at least acknowledging it) in the course of this summer & I will be then guided by his better judgment in the position of the said grapery : the bearing of the garden is about this supposing the lines to form the angle I mentioned



North with about a point to the east.

The Garden is sheltered from the north & east by thriving plantations & banks. There is a space between the north wall & the nearest plantations where I keep hot beds at present, very fit for a grapery. I intend to finish all my new buildings this year because I shall wish to have possession of it while they unroof & raise the walls of my present house next year. In this way I shall never be utterly ousted from the premises. I have made a great & important change in the arrangement of my basement story. What was marked Laundry & Wash house is now turned into kitchen & servants hall & our dinner is brought so much nearer to us. The accommodation is excellent & what was whilome kitchen & scullery makes or rather is to make very good laundry & wash house close by the pump, well, & opening into the yard. For two of my massive triangular carved stones I have found an excellent destination on the summit of the square tower containing (with reverence be it spoken) the water

closets. It has been hitherto drawn as if to be flat on the roof above the cistern but these triangular stones which are about six feet 8 inches in length by four in height will enable me to finish it like one of the square turrets of an old Scottish mansion thus they will form the upright gables & we will slate it between them : Of course they must rest on a projecting block cornice. Nothing can look handsomer of its kind than the greyish blue granite of my new Quarry when neatly dress'd with the hammer & laid in courses & it harmonizes uncommonly well with the freestone which I chose for its sober grey tint though it costs some more expence in drawing. The basement story is now well up & in a few days my masons will be like Michael Scotts fiend roaring for employment & certainly doing mischief until the arrival of the plans give them the means of proceeding by line & level : the weather has been most favorable & the building advances in proportional rapidity so that we will look anxiously for the promised plans. I intend to do nothing about the interior until I hear the voice of Mr. Bullock on that important subject.

Were you to see Abbotsford now it would confirm you in your vocation of planting groves & plantations for our labours begin now to make a distinguished appearance & every year will add to them. The banks next the house are allowed to have thriven faster than any in this country & make some show though only between four & five years planted. The Counsellor slipp'd through my fingers like a knotless thread through muslin, so I had no opportunity to charge him with special greetings. I just had a glimpse of him on one of Keans squeezes as I was handing an old lady to her carriage & when I came back lo ! he was not. I am bothering my brains about Devorgoil but I have it at heart to try my hand fairly & handsomely. Even the sketch I will send you shortly I consider as a mere *Esquisse*. Have you read Schlegel

on the Drama ? There are good things in it though he is something too dogmatical. I have taken a few lessons from him. But whether the fancy of a modern audience will entertain the supernatural I have some doubts. It must be previously strongly excited if possible. That you may not think us altogether strangers to the drama here I will inclose you by the first parcel a couple of bills for the theatre at Melrose being for the *Lady of the Lake & Guy Mannering*. By the way Listons *Dominie*¹ is a very fine thing & does him infinite credit. I saw him for a second behind the scenes. I am delighted to hear Mrs. Terry is restored to health & to the occupation she understands so well—but do not let it amount to fagging. The little pickaninny has my kindest wishes. They grow up on us fast these young sprouts : Mine you would hardly know. The girls are fast becoming young women. Walter is taller than I am by an inch : he is a most beautiful horseman & I resign my yeomanry saddle & broad sword to him this summer as I do not now get on horseback once in a month.

The eldridge knight gave up his arms
With many a sorrowful sigh !

However people must grow old or die which is the best apology I have for folks declining in activity or strength. In the meantime let us live while we live & be merry & build the lofty & the lowly cottage as long as we can. Pray look at Swifts verses on Vanbrughs house² & you will see a very apt comparison between the

¹ In the play of *Guy Mannering* on the Edinburgh stage in April.

² *Vanbrugh's House. Built from the Ruins of Whitehall that was Burnt.* He built his house, as he wrote his plays, by theft :

So Van resolved to write a farce ;
But well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies :
Takes a French play as lawful prize :
Steals thence his plot and every joke :
Then, from this motley mingled style
Proceeded to erect his pile.

writing a play & building a house. I fear in this case the Architect will beat the Playwright. We will be in great want of precise directions for our green house : that is a matter in which my free & accepted brethren have no experience. It occurs to me that in the passage between the green house & the dining parlour, a borrow'd light from the greenhouse will be necessary. As I design to make the little armoury between the drawing room & green house, a closed anti room & not a mere lobby the passage will take no benefit from its window & very little from the light in the lobby at the other end which will I suppose be a fan light over the outward door. Talking of the said armoury or anti room should it not communicate by folding doors with the Boudoir which doors being made to correspond in breadth with the thickness of the partition might be fasten'd back on occasions & thus throw the two appendages to the drawing room into our room communicating with it & with each other. I pray Mr. Bullock to think on this—also whether it would not be possible by handsome arches to open all these three rooms as it were into one : to be sure the fire would be in the middle which would be something new except in a herds cottage. Hamlet (*cidevant Marmion*) turns out a most beautiful dog & to judge from his activity in puppyhood will maintain the honors of his illustrious descent. Yours truly ¹

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

To JOHN BALLANTYNE

ABBOTSFORD, *Saturday, May 3, 1817*

DEAR JOHN,—I shall be much obliged to you to come here with Constable on Monday, as he proposes a visit, and it will save time. By the way, you must attend that

¹ An extract from this letter is printed in *Familiar Letters*.

the usual quantity of stock is included in the arrangement—that is, £600 for 6000 copies. My sum is £1700, payable in May—a round advance, by'r Lady, but I think I am entitled to it, considering what I have twined off hitherto on such occasions.

I make a point on your coming with Constable, health allowing.¹ Yours truly,

W. S.

[Lockhart]

TO GEORGE BARTLEY²

ABBOTSFORD 5 May 1817

DEAR SIR,—I am this morning favoured with your obliging letter and thank you very much for giving me an opportunity to add my name to the list of Mr. Kemble's admirers who have come to the honourable resolution of testifying their respect for him and [? sincere] sorrow for the loss which the stage is about to sustain through his retirement.

I trust you will excuse my declining to write anything

¹ For correct and full version of this letter see Vol. I, Appendix, p. 514, as well as a note by John Ballantyne at the bottom of the foregoing letter, before it was seen by his brother, indicating the result of this meeting, which Lockhart thus contracts :

“Half-past 3 o'clock, Tuesday.

“DEAR JAMES,—I am at this moment returned from Abbotsford, with entire and full success. Wish me joy. I shall gain above £600—Constable taking my share of stock also. The title is *Rob Roy—by the Author of Waverley*!!! Keep this letter for me. J. B.”

On the same page there is later written (in fresher ink)—

“N.B.—I did gain above £1200.—J. B.”

² George Bartley (1782?-1858) was a comic actor. To the influence of Mrs. Jordan he was indebted for Sheridan's engaging him to play at Drury Lane, where he first appeared in December 1802. Dissatisfied with his salary, he toured the country, and in 1809-11 he mismanaged the Glasgow theatre. In 1814 he married his second wife, Sarah Smith, the tragic actress, who completely overshadowed him in dramatic art. He was most successful in his interpretations of comic old men, and throughout his later career his favourite character was Falstaff. In 1818 he and Mrs. Bartley went to America, and on their return he accepted a winter engagement at Covent Garden. During this summer he played at the Lyceum, where, during Lent, he was in the habit of discoursing on astronomy. He also lectured on poetry.

for the occasion considering how very lately I have been engaged on the same topic and I have the less hesitation in pleading this apology as from the literary talents belonging to the names which you enumerate you must certainly be considered as having Moses & the Prophets on your side of the border and cannot need assistance from our northern regions.

I have been here for about three weeks recovering as well as I can from the effects of a severe inflammatory disorder or rather of the Doctors treatment of it. Mrs. Scott joins in kindest respects to Mrs. Bartley & I remain—Dr Sir Your obliged humble Servant

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

MY DEAR SIR,—For once I have got what you I know will think too good an apology for long and ungracious silence for I have been extremely ill, and not far from giving up the ghost. The complaint was of an inflammatory nature and it was only brought under by copious bleeding, blistering and so forth. The doctors (whom I have not consulted on my own account for thirty years) used me as if they had a mind that I should not with my good will come near them again for thirty years more for besides all the ill usage I have alluded to they have laid my victuals and drink under so many restrictions that you would think Sancho's physician in ordinary had presided on the occasion at their consultation. I believe however they have acted for the best for now that I have got over the weakness incidental to their first operations my health is better than it has been all winter and I feel none of those abominable spasms which used to remind me of the cramps with which Prospero visited Caliban. I have been in this place for about a month superintending my numerous improvements. I shall make as many

changes as Augustus did at Rome (I love a grand comparison) when he found it of brick and left it of marble. A considerable addition to my cottage is at present going on so when you next favour us with a visit you will find more comfortable accommodation than the last time. I still retain the old cottage in which however I must make some alterations next year. You know I have purchased two small farms in addition to Abbotsford proper so last season I was enabled to keep a great many of mine honest neighbours at work who would otherwise have had little enough to do. I do not call this charity because I wanted the work done and could never have done it so economically—but it is a pleasant sauce to such indulgences that the expense goes to support the honest labourers. I hope things have not been so bad in your island as with us for the labouring poor have suffered much notwithstanding all that has been done to relieve them and find them work.

Two kind remembrances arrived from you two days ago under Mr. Frelings cover. The Valliados¹ is a little book of great rarity and I need not say both as your gifts are most acceptable to me. It is singular among all the poetry Wallace has given rise to how little there is of any real intrinsic merit. Blind Harry the old rhiming minstrel beats the whole of them. Then as if it were not [enough] that he was murdered by Edward I, he has been murdered on the stage in about a dozen bad tragedies. I intend to read Valliados in order to discover if it forms any exception to the general rule.

I have little or no news to send you except what relates to my own family—the girls are fast becoming young women and Walter is an inch taller than I am and one of the best horsemen of his age I ever saw. So fast do young people grow up on their elders. Do you intend to look

¹ A Latin poem, "*Valliados libris tribus opus inchoatum*," by Patrick Panter, Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews, was published in 1633. See *Abbotsford Library Catalogue* (p. 20), Panteri (Patricii) *Valliados libri iii., opus inchoatum*. 12mo. Edin. 1663.

about you this year and if so, do you design to take Scotland into your tour or have you it in your thoughts to sit down quiet in the Green Isle and look out for a companion and house-keeper. "Get thee a wife—get thee a wife" as Benedict says, a man is never settled in this world without it. I have the songs with which you have obliged Campbell and will endeavour to get them fitted in whole or in part with tunes so soon as I can muster courage to face Alaster Dhu for I have promised him some rhimes myself and never found myself in the humour of writing them which I fear he has not taken well.

Do you ever hear of the Edgeworth family? Beast that I am I have fallen into disgrace with them too for putting off writing till I am ashamed to write at all and besides I have half a letter lying by me which stares me in the face every time I open my writing desk as if to say Why don't you finish me? It is Goldsmith I think says that he loves his correspondent as much as a dog loves roast-beef and yet felt when taking up the pen the same reluctance that the same dog exhibits to mounting the wheel in the capacity of turnspit. Mrs. Scott joins me in kindest compliments and I am ever truly yours,

ABBOTSFORD, 6 *May*, 1817.

WALTER SCOTT

I must leave this on Monday—Alas! Alas! durum cano for all the trees are bursting into leaf. The season has been the driest ever known.

[*Brotherton*]

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, NO. 15 QUEEN ANN STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON

[*No date. PM. 7 May 1817*]¹

MY DEAR SOUTHEY,—I have been a strangely negligent correspondent for some months past more especially as I

¹ Lockhart dates "May 9, 1817."

have had you rarely out of my thoughts for I think you will hardly doubt of my sincere sympathy in events which have happened since I have written. I shed sincere tears over the pilgrimage to Waterloo.¹ But in the crucible of human life the purest gold is tried by the strongest heat and I can only hope the continuance of your present family blessings to one so well favoured to enjoy the pure happiness they afford.

My health has of late been very indifferent. I was very near succumbing under a violent inflammatory attack and still feel the effects of the necessary severity of the treatment. I believe they took one third of the blood of my system and blistered in proportion so that my flesh and blood have been in a woeful reduced state. I got out here some weeks since where by dint of the insensible exercise which one takes in the country I feel myself gathering strength daily but am still obliged to observe a severe regimen.

It was not to croak about myself that I took up the pen but to wish you joy of your triumphant answer to that coarse-minded scoundrel William Smith.² He deserved all he has got and to say the truth you do not spare him and have no cause. His attack seems to have proceeded from the vulgar insolence of a low mind desirous of attacking genius at disadvantage. It is the ancient and eternal strife of which the witch speaks in *Thalaba*. Such a man as he feels he has no alliance with such as you and his evil instincts lead him to treat as hostile whatever he

¹ *The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo* (1816).

² William Smith (1756-1835), M.P. for Norwich, had expressed indignation at the difference between the views of Southey as laureate and writer in the *Quarterly Review* and as author of *Wat Tyler*, an early drama which had just been issued piratically. Southey failed to get an injunction from chancery to stop the publication. Smith's derisive allusion to the matter in the House of Commons provoked a letter from Southey to the politician, which, intended to be annihilating, "was not even pungent." It was at the table of his friend and colleague, Hector Macdonald Buchanan, that Scott met Smith. "The company, except Scott and Smith, were all, like their hospitable landlord, Highlanders."

cannot comprehend. I met Smith once during his stay in Edinburgh and had what I seldom have with anyone in society a high quarrel with him. His mode of travelling had been from one gentleman's house to another abusing the well-known hospitality of the highland gentlemen by taking possession of their houses even during their absence, domineering in them when they were present and not only eating the dinner of today but requiring that the dinner of to-morrow should also be made ready and carried forward with him to save the expense of inns. All this was no business of mine. But when in the middle of a company consisting of those to whom he owed this hospitality he abused the country of which he knew little the language of which he knew nothing and the people who have their faults but are a much more harmless, moral and at the same [time] high-spirited a population than I venture to say he ever lived amongst I thought it was really too bad and so c'en took up the debate and gave it him over the knuckles as smartly as I could.

Your pamphlet therefore fed fat my ancient grudge against him as well as the Modern one for you cannot doubt that my blood boiled at reading the report of his cowardly and insulting speech. Enough of this gentleman who I think will not walk out [of] the record in a hurry to slander the conduct of individuals. I am at present working at our head-court of freeholders, a set of quiet unpretending but sound judging country-gentlemen and whose opinions may be very well taken as a fair specimen of those of men of sense and honour who are not likely to be dazzled by literary talent which lies out of their beat and who therefore cannot be of partial counsel in the cause and I never heard an opinion more generally even more warmly expressed than that Smith had acted like an ungenerous scoundrel and that your triumphant vindication brands him as a slanderer in all time coming. I think you may not be displeased to know this because what men of keen feeling and literary pursuits must have

felt cannot be unknown to you and you may not have the same access to know the impression made upon the general class of society.

I have to thank you for the continuation of the history of Brazil one of your gigantic labours, the fruit of a mind so active, yet so patient of labour. I am not far advanced in the second volume reserving it usually for my hour's amusement in the evening as children keep their dainties for *bonne bouche*. But as far as I have come it possesses all the interest of the commencement though a more faithless and worthless set than both Dutch and Portuguese I have never read of, and it requires your knowledge of the springs of human actions and your lively description of hair-breadth scapes to make one care whether the boy bites the dog or the dog bites the boy. Both nations were in rapid declension from their short-lived age of heroism and in the act of experiencing all those retrograde movements which are the natural consequence of selfishness on the one hand and bigotry on the other.

I am glad to see you are turning your mind to the state of the poor. Should you enter into details on the subject of the best mode of assisting them I would be happy to tell you the few observations I have made not on a very small scale neither considering my fortune, for I have kept above thirty of the labourers in my neighbourhood in constant employment this winter. This I do not call charity because they executed some inclusive plantations and other works which I could never have got done so cheaply and which I always intended one day to do. But neither was it altogether selfish on my part because I was putting myself to inconvenience in incurring the expence of several years at once and certainly would not have done so but to serve mine honest neighbours who were likely to want work but for such exertion. From my observation I am inclined greatly to doubt the salutary effect of the scheme generally adopted in Edinburgh and elsewhere for relieving the poor. At Edin. they are

employed on public works at so much a day 10d I believe or 1/- with an advance to those who have families. This rate is fixed below that of ordinary wages in order that no person may be employed but those who really cannot find work elsewhere. But it is attended with this bad effect that the people regard it partly as charity which is humiliating and partly as an imposition in taking their labour below its usual rateable value to which many add a third view of the subject, namely that this sort of half pay is not given them for the purpose of working but to prevent their rising in rebellion. None of these misconceptions are favourable to hard work and the consequence that I never have seen such a set of idle faineants as those who work on this system on the public works and I am sure that notwithstanding the very laudable intention of those who subscribed to form the fund and the yet more praiseworthy because more difficult exertion of those who superintend it the issue of the scheme will occasion full as much mischief as good to the people engaged in it. Private gentlemen acting in something like a similar system may make it answer better because they have not the lazy dross of the metropolis to contend with, because they have fewer labourers to manage and above all because one individual always manages his own concerns better than those of the country can be managed. Yet all who have employed those who were distressed for want of work at under wages have had less or more similar complements to make. I think I have avoided this in my own case by inviting the country people to do piece-work by contract. Two things are only necessary—one is that the nature of the work should be such as will admit of being ascertained when finished to have been substantially executed—All sort of spade-work and hoe-work with many other kinds of country-labour fall under this description and the employer can hardly be cheated in the execution if he keeps a reasonable look-out. The other point is to take care that the undertakers in their

anxiety for employment do not take the job too cheap. A little acquaintance with country labour will enable one to regulate this but it is an essential point for if you do not keep them to their bargain it is making a jest of the thing and forfeiting the very advantage you have in mind—that namely of inducing the labourer to bring his heart and spirit to his work. But this he will do where he has a fair bargain which is to prove a good or bad one according to his own exertions. In this case you make the poor man his own friend for the profits of his good conduct are all his own. It is astonishing how partial the people are to this species of contract and how diligently they labour acquiring or maintaining all the while those habits which render them honorable and useful members of society. I mention this to you because the rich much to their honour do not in general require to be so much stimulated to benevolence as to be directed in the most useful way to exert it.

I have still a word to say about the poor of our own parish of Parnassus. I have been applied to by a very worthy friend Mr. Scott of Linton in behalf of an unfortunate Mr. Gilmour¹ who it seems has expended a little fortune in printing upon his own account poems which from the sample I saw seem exactly to answer the description of Dean Swift's country house.

“Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse

I wish from my soul they were better or worse.”²

He tells me you take some interest in him and I understand that all Mr. Gilmour's hopes of fame and fortune now rest on getting a play acted on Drury Lane Stage. Against his hopes there are terrible odds : for it is two to one they will not receive the play—three to one that being a regular

¹ A Robert Gilmour produced *Lothaire : a romance in six cantos, with notes* in 1815. Presumably he is the person mentioned.

² See Swift's lines, *On Gaulstown House* (seat of George Rochfort, Esq.)—

It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—

I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

tragedy it will not succeed and four to one that if it do he will never get a farthing for Drury is bankrupt an hundred times over. But you are the Dean of our corporation and I am informd take some interest in this poor gentleman. If you can point out any way in which I can serve him I am sure my inclination is not wanting but it looks like a very hopeless case.

I cut a slip off a letter I have just received from my friend and chief the Duke of Buccleuch who is a Noble of the right old stamp, firm, generous and manly. I think you will like to know how much all sorts of people enjoy the trimming you have given Master William Smith who will chuse another anvil for himself I think the next time he wishes to rise a clatter.

I beg kindest regards to Mrs. Southey and am always sincerely and affectionately Yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, MELROSE

[*Symington*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—It was with equal pain and surprise that I yesterday learn'd the melancholy loss which your Grace and your family have sustained in the loss of my much regretted friend, Lady Douglas,¹—a loss

¹ Frances, Lady Douglas, was the daughter of Lord Dalkeith and Lady Caroline Campbell (later Lady Greenwich). After Lord Dalkeith's death Lady Caroline married the brilliant wit and politician, Charles Townshend, who was devoted to his step-daughter. It was in 1769, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, that Townshend became Lord Greenwich. Following his death, and owing to the indifferent attitude of her mother towards her, Lady Frances was left to shape her own life. She had inherited a house of her own and an independent income from her aunt, Lady Jane Scott. In 1782 she spent a gay winter in Dublin. Lady Lucy Graham, who had married Mr. Douglas, died in 1780. About four years later Lady Frances became his wife, and in 1790 he was created Baron Douglas of Douglas. They proved themselves extremely hospitable at Bothwell Castle, where Scott's friendship with Lady Frances first took root. From this time (1799) till her death in 1817 Lady Douglas was one of

which life cannot easily fill up ; for where are we to look for so much sound sense and penetrating judgment, joined to such powers of fancy and kindness of disposition, or for wit so happily blended with gentleness and good-humour ? When I last saw her we parted in a place of public amusement, and with the hope on my part that I should soon enjoy her society for two or three days in the ensuing summer. And now I learn, that with all who knew her, I must regret her as lost to us during the reign of time. As we advance in life, and those whom we most honour and value are snatched from us by unexpected strokes of fate, it requires some reflexion not to form a conclusion that the best and worthiest are earliest called home, and to tremble for the friends whom life yet holds among us. But it is not so ; the same doom waits us all, and these strokes seem most frequent only because they are most impressive, and because, while we should hear with comparative indifference the loss of those less marked by worth and talents, the death of one so much distinguished by both as Lady Douglas seems to form a landmark and an era in our life, from which all who were distinguished by her friendship are to begin a new career, deprived of what afforded pleasure to their past journey in proportion to the intimacy which they had the happiness to hold with her. It is now many years since Lady Douglas honoured me with her regard, and such was my respect for her good opinion that I feel I shall have an object fewer in any task I may in future undertake, since I can no longer look forward to the approbation she so often and so kindly conferred. To her own family & to that of your Grace I well know how extensive this loss must be & how painful from its suddenness since the state of Lady Douglas's years & health by

Scott's dearest friends. It was suggested by Lady Louisa Stuart, her cousin, that Lady Douglas's character helped to mould Scott's creation of Jeanie Deans, though the novelist himself admitted the character of Jeanie had been based on the life-story of Helen Walker. Lady Douglas was also an intimate friend of Morritt and C. K. Sharpe.

no means prepared [you] for such a rapid dissolution. Receive my deep sympathy which also attends her family & poor Lady Louisa Stuart to whom this will be a heavy blow.

I return to Edinburgh to-morrow & will take an early opportunity of waiting on your Grace at Dalkeith when I learn that you are likely to be disengaged. Believe me with true regard My dear Lord Duke Your Graces most obliged & truly grateful

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 11 May [1817]

[*Buccleuch and Familiar Letters*]

TO JOHN RICHARDSON

EDINBURGH, *Monday, 19th May 1817*

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—Many thanks for your kind remembrances and the pleasant prospect they give me of seeing you in summer. I am always bringing you trouble, and what is worse, inefficient trouble, and I fear the romantic circumstance which I am going to apprise you of will be only another draught on your benevolent patience. But it is a story in which you will be somewhat interested, and I will give it to you at length.

About two years ago, a man in the extremity of poverty and distress applied to me for *work*. He had ten children, he said, and was nearly starving. Finding that his character was good, I *did* employ him in such work as his exhausted strength permitted him to undertake, and having been bred a nurseryman, he was able to do many little things, though not in Tom Purdie's phrase "to work a day's work." It seemed to me that this poor devil was really marked out for a butt for misfortune to shoot at. He fell on the ice at one time and injured himself greatly ; at another he had a slow fever ; at a third a rock fell on him from the quarry, and nearly smashed his hand off ; and the scarlatina has been perpetually wrestling with one

or other of his ten children—one down, t'other come on. The very servants called him *par excellence* “the poor creature.” I do not know whether fortune has reserved, as a final blow, to hold out to him a Pisgah prospect of great wealth, and then puff the vision away, or whether she intends to make a real *fortunate youth* out of poor Aitken, but there is a large property of an intestate merchant of London in which there seems to be a considerable chance of this man having some interest. The father of this man had a younger brother bred a gardener, and who left this country early for the West Indies. His name was George Aitken, and my pauper says that he is named after him. He returned to London a great many years since, certainly much above twenty, wrote to his brother from London more than once, and sent them a trunk with presents. But none of these letters have been preserved, though perhaps should it prove worth while, something might be found out concerning them ; and I believe the existence of George Aitken and his departure for the West Indies, also the fact of his returning and settling in London, could be established. This however would be a very imperfect step towards proving the identity of my labourer’s uncle with the defunct. I hope you will be able by looking over the enclosed letter to me from my very sensible Sheriff-Clerk, Andrew Lang,¹ to obtain without much trouble the information which he points at, and I will reimburse any of the necessary expenses. As the body is under my banner, I would not like him to lose any right which he may actually possess, at least for want of a little inquiry.

Many thanks to you for your classical efforts on behalf of John Kemble.² I am informed the medallion is most beautiful. I hope we shall soon have some merry days on Tweedside.—Ever yours most truly, WALTER SCOTT

[*Familiar Letters*]

¹ Who had succeeded his father in 1805 : see Vol. I, note 1, pp. 98-9.

² A snuff-box presented to Kemble by his admirers in Edinburgh.

TO JAMES BAILEY

DEAR SIR,—I write a hasty note to say that your letters have no otherwise miscarried than as being directed to a man in health they found a valetudinary. I was very near bidding the world goodnight in the month of March and when my physicians commanded me to get me to Abbotsford and remain quiet they positively interdicted me the use of pen and ink & indeed my head was for a long time too giddy to make it easy for me to write letters. So all my correspondence literary & of business has run into one great chaos & I am but now (for I only came to town last week) busied with bringing up my leeway. Mean while how does the *res domi* stand with you? I ask the question because I shall have in the course of ten days a small cheque heartily at your service and to take off the unpleasant feeling of obligation real or supposed I will request the favour of you to copy a very curious Manuscript for me call[d] William & the Wer-Wolf¹ a sort of romance which is in the Maudlin College library. Professor Smythe once got it for me but I had no friend at that time to whom I could entrust the transcription. This will be a change from your classic

¹ "William of Palerne, the earliest, or, after Joseph of Arimathie, the next to earliest romance of the fourteenth-century alliterative revival is preserved in MS. Kings College Cbg. 13. . . . It consists of 5540 alliterative long lines, in which generally the alliteration is not so regularly sustained as in the later alliterative romances. . . . The ultimate source of the story is uncertain. The werwolf motive was known among Romans, Scandinavians and Celts &c."—WELLS, *A Manual of the Writings in Middle English*, 1050-1400. 1923. Scott seems to have been misinformed as to the college in which it was. Of William Smyth we have heard before—see note, Vol. II, p. 63. Several letters of Smyth are in the Walpole Collection, but I have not been able to trace Scott's letters. In a letter of February 1807 Smyth writes: "Do not rail at our Mathematicians, you Minstrel! what becomes of you among your own Metaphysicians—the dry bones of their disquisitions are as bad as the dry bones of our diagrams—We hold them worse." Which suggests an amusing correspondence. They had a common interest in Robert Jamieson. Smyth wrote much verse. His *English Lyrics* (1797), which were highly praised in the *Edinburgh Review*, ran through five editions. Moore accused him of appropriating his metres and copying his songs. Smyth contributed some of the words to Clarke Whitfield's *Twelve Vocal Songs*.

labours but every thing has its time and to read old Manuscripts of all kinds distinctly & currently is a great requisite in a librarian. I will endeavour to get access for you to the Manuscript should that be difficult if you think you can undertake the task of copying it. There is no hurry whatever and I entreat you will not think of it untill you have time on your hands. Believe me dear Sir Your very faithful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR. 20 *May* 1817.

Mr. James Bailey Trinity College Cambridge.

[*Fitzwilliam Museum*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Above is a cheque of two hundred & fifty pounds which I beg you will have the goodness to apply in payment of Mrs. Mercer &c. There will not be enough to clear with Moss as he must have the balance of £400 paid [*the MS. has been torn at this point*] besides his £70 interest. But I intend to be out on Saturday se'en night to settle matters with John Usher and if you will let me know what balance on a full accounting is due to Moss I will put you in cash for that at the same time. Pray allow him whatever is necessary for his fixtures to let him part in good humour. I am always ready to purchase peace at a little expence, and am now thank God more able to do it than at some former periods of my life. The processes came safe I will bring them out with me on Saturday for out I must be if I should travel all night. Our new Clerk is Robt. Dundas but he has not yet got his commission. I trust in heaven he will get it in the course of the week that he may do my business on tuesday 3d. & the 4th. being a holiday I shall be a man at large for two days & will have full time to settle my marches with Mr Usher &c. Yours ever

EDINR. 23 *May* [1817]

[*Signature torn out*]

[*Curle*]

TO MAJOR PRYSE LOCKHART GORDON, BRUSSELLS

MY DEAR SIR,—My little friend John Ballantyne bookseller being on a tour through the Continent to see what he can do in the way of collecting books or whatever is rare and curious I take the advantage of his going by Brussels to send you the Laurence Kirk box of which I beg your best acceptance. The arms came all safe by favour of Mr. Huntley Gordon. I have had them burnished and they look most splendid. The sword found in Hougomont must I think have belonged to one of the old Lairds of Buccleuch for there is a fellow represented on the hilt catching a deer by the legs.

I have not been able to find a good opportunity of sending the ale but trust to get one. If you can favour John Ballantyne with a word of advice concerning the persons with whom he should deal you will find him civil and grateful and he can tell you much Edinburgh news. I have been very dangerously ill this spring but am now got stout again. My kindest and best respects attend Mrs. Gordon and all your family and I ever am Dear Sir
Your obliged humble Servant

WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH 25th May 1817

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I have been pretty well thanks to your kind interest and inquiry I might say *very* well but for an attack of the cramp which I had in consequence of eating butter-milk with my oatmeal porridge. But I soon got over it and shall take it for a warning to meddle as little with acids as I possibly can. I suppose this gave rise to a report that I had had a relapse which fortunately has not been the case. I spent about a month at Abbotsford—cold backward weather and the young plantations

suffering for lack of rain. We have had a fine seedtime however and please God to send us warm weather we may look for a good crop an event to be devoutly prayed for. Pray let me have your pamphlet on the Poors-rates so soon as it is out. It is an Augean stable—it is the very canker in the bosom of the country and no small claim will he have on the gratitude of Old England who can suggest a practical remedy. In general I think you English both in high and low degree stand rather too much isolated and too much detached from connections and relationship. I own this makes some of the finest points in your national character—your high spirit of independence your freedom from prejudice and partial counsel and the free exercise of your judgement on all occasions without fear or favour. But I think it has corresponding inconveniences. In Scotland men of all ranks but especially the middling and the lower classes are linked together by ties which give them a strong interest in each others success in life and it is amazing the exertion which men will make to support and assist persons with whom you would suppose them connected by very remote ties of consanguinity and by no other link whatever. They have in the lower ranks a wholesome horror for seeing a relation on the poors roll of the parish—it is a dishonour to them in all cases and if they are in close relationship as parent and child or brother and sister it is such a blot on their moral character that the communion has been refused to those who having the means did not prevent such a circumstance. Hence in most parts of Scotland poors-rates are not very grievous, but in those abominable manufacturing districts they are little better than English without English independence to make amends for this hard heartedness. It is evident also that Poors-rates, when the recurrence to their assistance becomes matter of common course, strike at the very root of industry and providence—for if you do not give Hob parish-assistance till he has not a crown

left Hob will be a great fool if he works for more than he can help or spends a farthing less than his whole wages by the time Saturday night comes round. This is a sad temptation and I do not well see how it can be done away. I have been attending practically to the effects of the various modes fallen upon to employ the poor and I think I see some of them are of a kind to make irreparable havoc with their habits of industry notwithstanding the excellent intentions of those by whom they were promoted. For instance a large subscription was raised in Edinr. by means of which 100 or 200 men were set to make a walk round the Calton. To prevent persons from coming to be employd on this job who could get work elsewhere, the wages were fixd so low as 10d. or a shilling with some extra allowance to those who had families. But so far were they from feeling grateful for this species of assistance that they seemd unanimously to agree 1st. that the wages were mere charity and therefore dishonorable to the acceptor 2d. that the rate of wages (considering their pay as such) was an imposition upon them 3d. that it was a *bonus* or *solatium* paid to them by the gentry to prevent their rising and righting themselves at the expence of the aristocracy. And with these various views of the transaction I declare to you that one good labourer whose heart was in his task would have wrought harder than any three of these grumbling faineants and where young fellows were so employd I consider their education to be as much improved as if they had been working a turn with the convicts. These observations refer it is true to the mob of a corrupted and large city. But it is evident to me that unless you can make it the interest of labourers to exert themselves and make what we call a days work they acquire very bad habits by being employd in this manner and that the best way is to allot the work to them by the piece taking care not to fix it so low but what an industrious man might make wages of it. The man then works with his whole heart and strength

and reaps the benefit of his labour or if that benefit prove to be small he has at least maintained the habit of honest and bona fide labour.

I need not say how much I sympathise with you on the subject of Lady Douglas's death to me a most unexpected event. She was at Dalkeith in the second week of March and came to Edinburgh to see Kean. I handed her to her carriage and thus we parted at the door of a place of public amusement not to meet again on this side of eternity—so does this transitory world glide away from under us with all its pleasures and enjoyments. I dare not write to Lady Louisa and yet I must after I see the Buccleuch family which will be this day. I am well aware what a cruel blow she has sustained: indeed it seems to me that of all the persons I have known Lady Louisa has been most frequently under affliction from the loss of friends—rarely out of mourning and formed too for suffering so acutely under these recurring blows.

For Lady Hood Mackenzies views of happiness they must depend much on the character of the man of her choice who is externally a pleasant and well-bred man and the little I have seen of him I like very well. *But* after being a keen Pittite he has become a zealous Whig and I am prejudiced enough to think this bespeaks either no steadiness of principle or a peevish & discontented temper. Moreover both are proprietors of large entailed estates and both are much burdend—there is little prospect of children since Lady Hood had none by Sir Samuel and should their union be childless it will be a fretting circumstance to both that they have to keep up their rank and at the same time to limit their expenditure for the sake of Heirs of entail. Their present plans are very prudent for I understand from Lady H. M. that they intend to settle in Scotland and live quietly and regularly. If they do this and if he is kind and attentive they will be a happy couple. I trust he has a good heart and warm affections and if that be the case her choice

is a wise one for unquestionably her second marriage supposing the choice prudently made is a natural as well as a prudent step. It is said here he has *gambled* & if he retains any itch of that kind I would as soon see a friend married to the Knave of Clubs—But our ladies' tongues in Edinburgh are not so well scraped as those of our sheep-heads and a single instance of thoughtlessness may be easily metamorphosed into a habitual vice. You will see from all this that I dont know well what to say on this subject. It is as near my heart as yours for she is a noble creature frank honest high-spirited and with all the warmth of a kind and generous disposition I wish her intended—I presume yesterday made him her actual bridegroom¹—had less smile and plausible civility in his manner. I dont know what there is in that sort of politeness which always puts me on my guard—it often intimates a bad temper. But I will croak no longer for really I have nothing to say against the man & he is rather handsome polite and pleasant in conversation.

As for Jedediah—

The creature's at his dirty work again.

But all this I will write to you about another time. I sincerely hope to get over the march to Rokeby this season which I may do the more easily as the workmen will make residence at Abbotsford [disagreeable]—Nota bene most of this letter was written on Wednesday last—Charlotte and all the bairns salute you—Walter gets another dog to assist Trout—conditionally that he learns his Tacitus thoroughly against the 12th of August. Believe me most truly yours

EDINBURGH 27 May 1817

WALTER SCOTT

[Law]

¹ "May 21. At Lady Seaforth's, Charlotte Square, James Alex. Stewart, Esq., of Glasserton, to the Hon. Lady H. Mackenzie, of Seaforth."—*The Scots Magazine*, 1817, p. 478. Scott's prognostications that the couple were unlikely to have children proved wrong, as by her second husband Lady Stewart-Mackenzie had three sons, of whom the eldest was Keith William Stewart-Mackenzie (1818-1880), and three daughters.

TO MR. LAIDLAW, KAESIDE

[June 1817]

MY DEAR SIR,—Kind thanks for your letter and your friendly advice. I will certainly relieve the poor horses while there is grass for them and they can be useful. Respecting the grass in the plantation, I have some fears of the scythe, and should prefer getting a host of women with their hooks, which would be a good thing also for the poor folks. But Tom¹ must set about it instantly and watch them closely. He suffered all the grass cut in the plantation to spoil last year, partly through being too late in cutting it, partly by wet weather. He is too much frightened for the expense of doing things rapidly, as if it were not as cheap to employ twelve men for a week as six men for a fortnight. I think of going to Drumlanrick for two or three days, so it will be a fortnight at soonest ere I get to my little dominions.

There is no news here—all as dull as ditch water. I have some idea of going to Loch Lomond and thence to Drumlanrig by the Lead hills. I never was at the top of the lake, and have now an excellent opportunity, a boat with six men being placed at my command. *Interrupted*—
Yours ever,

W. S.

Friday.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO LORD MONTAGU, DITTON, LONDON

MY DEAR LORD,—I am honoured with your letter² and will not fail to take care that the Shepherd profits by your kind intentions and those of Lady Montagu. This is a scheme which I did not devise for I fear it will end in

¹ Tom Purdie.

² “An advertisement in the Edinburgh papers has caught my eye announcing a new Edition of the Queen’s Wake undertaken by the friends of the author for his benefit. You are probably one of the promoters of the plan.”—LORD MONTAGUE, 1st June. He and Lady M. will subscribe.

disappointment but for which I have done and will do all I possibly can. There is an old saying of the seamen every man is not born to be a boatswain and I think I have heard of men born under a six penny planet and doomed never to be worth a groat. I fear something of this vile sixpenny influence has gleamed in at the cottage window when poor Hogg first came squeaking into this world. All that he made by his original book he ventured on a flock of Sheep to drive into the Highlands to a farm he had taken there but of which he could not get possession so that all the stock was ruined and sold to disadvantage. Then he tried another farm which proved too dear so that he fairly broke on it—Then he published divers publications which had little sale—brought him accordingly few pence though some praise—Then came this Queens Wake by which he might & ought to have made from £100 to £200 for there were I think three editions. When lo his bookseller turned bankrupt and paid him never a penny. The Duke has now with his wonted generosity given him a cosie bield and the object of the present attack upon the public is to get if possible as much cash together as will stock it. But no one has loose guineas now to give to poor poets and I greatly doubt the scheme succeeding unless it is more strongly patronized than almost can be expected. In Bookselling matters an author must either be the conjuror who commands the devil or the witch who serves him and few are those whose situation is sufficiently independent to enable them to assume the higher character. And this is injurious to the indigent author in every respect for not only is he obliged to turn his pen to every various kind of composition & so to injure himself with the public by writing hastily and on subjects unfitted for his genius but moreover these honest gentlemen the booksellers from a natural association consider the books as of least value which they find they can get at least expence of copy-money and therefore are pro-

portionally careless in pushing the sale of the work. Whereas a good round sum out of their purse like a moderate rise of rent on a farm raises the work thus acquired in their own eyes and serves as a spur to make them clear away every channel by which they can discharge their quires upon the public. So much for bookselling the most ticklish and unsafe and hazardous of all professions scarcely with the exception of horse-jockeyship.

You cannot doubt the sincere interest I take in Lady Montagus health. I was very glad to learn from the Duke that the late melancholy event had produced no permanent effect on her constitution as I know how much her heart must have suffered.¹ I saw our regretted friend for the last time at the theatre and made many schemes to be at Bothwell this next July—but thus the world glides from us and those we most love and honour are withdrawn from the stage before us. I know not why it was that among the few for whom I had so much respectful regard I never had associated the idea of early deprivation with Lady Douglas. Her excellent sense deep information and the wit which she wielded with so much good humour were allied apparently to a healthy constitution which might have permitted us to enjoy and be instructed by her society for many years—*Dis aliter visum*—and recollection dwelling on all the delight which she afforded to society and the good which she did in private life is what now remains to us of her wit wisdom and benevolence.

The Duke keeps his usual health with always just so much of the gout however as would make me wish that he had more—a kind wish for which I do not observe that he is sufficiently grateful. I hope to spend a few days at Drumlanrigg castle when that ancient mansion

¹ “Lady Montagu was the daughter of the late Lord Douglas by his first marriage with Lady Lucy Grahame, daughter of the second Duke of Montrose.”—LOCKHART.

shall have so far limited it's courtesy as to stand covered in the presence of the wind and rain which I believe is not yet the case. I am no friend to ceremony and like a house as well when it does not carry its roof en chapeau bras. I heartily wish your Lordship joy of the new mansion at Ditton & hope my good stars will permit me to pay my respects there one day a prospect to which I look forward with great pleasure. The discovery of the niches certainly bodes good luck to the House of Montagu and as there are three of them I presume it is to come threefold. From the care with which they were conceald I presume they had been closed in the days of Cromwell or a little before and that the Artist employd (like the General who told his soldiers to fight bravely against the Pope since they were Venetians before they were Christians) had more professional than religious zeal and did not even according to the practice of the time think it necessary to sweep away Popery with the besom of destruction.¹

I am here on a stolen visit of two days and find my mansion gradually enlarging and improving. Thanks to Mr. Atkinson (who found out a practical use for our romantic theory) it promises to make a comfortable station for offering your Lordship & Lady Montagu a pilgrims meal when you next visit Melrose Abbey and that without any risque of your Valet (who I recollect is a substantial person) sticking between the wall of the parlour and the backs of the chairs placed round the eating table. This literally befell Sir Harry Mackdougals fat butler who lookd like a ship of the line in the loch at Bowhill ; altogether unlike his master who could glide wherever a weazell could make his way. Mr. Atkinson has indeed been more attentive than I can express when I consider how valuable his time must be and I am fully

¹ Ditton Park, near Windsor, Lord Montagu's house, had just been destroyed by fire. Among the ruins were some niches with antique candlesticks, etc., evidently part of a former domestic chapel.

sensible of the obligation.¹ We are attempting no castellated conundrums to rival those Lord Napier used to have executed in Sugar when he was commissioner and no cottage neither but an irregular somewhat like an old English hall in which your Squire of £500 a year, used to drink his ale in days of yore.

If your Lordship could spare me a few acorns or holly-berries this next season I will make bold to be a beggar for them as they far excell what can be purchased for money or got for love in Scotland. I am making considerable plantations (that is considering) being greatly encouraged by the progress made by those I formerly laid out. I have banks of four & five years planting where though I cannot (to be candid) boast of walking under the shade of my oaks yet I think with some arrangement I could contrive to lie under them which is the more classical & pastoral posture. Read the veracious Gullivers account of the Windsor forest of Liliput and you will have some idea of the solemn gloom of my Druid shades.

May I request your Lordship would favour me with a line to say how Lady Montagu gets over her confinement. All good things my dear Lord attend her & you. I beg her acceptance of my kind respects in which Mrs. Scott joins and I am ever Your Lordships truly faithful humble
Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 8 *June* [1817]

This is the *eighth*² June & not an ash-tree in leaf yet—the country cruelly backward & whole fields destroyed by the grub. I dread this next season.

[*Buccleuch*]

¹ “Mr. Atkinson, of St. John’s Wood, was the architect of Lord Montagu’s new mansion at Ditton, as well as the artist ultimately employed in arranging Scott’s interior at Abbotsford.”—LOCKHART.

² So spelt.

TO MR. LAIDLAW

EDINBURGH, *June 16, 1817*

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you “rare guerdon, better than remuneration,”—namely, a check for £25, for the Chronicle part of the Register.¹ The incidents selected should have some reference to amusement as well as information, and may be occasionally abridged in the narration ; but, after all, paste and scissors form your principal materials. You must look out for two or three good original articles ; and, if you would read and take pains to abridge one or two curious books of travels, I would send out the volumes. Could I once get the head of the concern fairly round before the wind again, I am sure I could make it £100 a-year to you. In the present instance it will be at least £50. Yours truly.

W. S.

[*Lockhart and Huntington Library*]

TO JAMES BAILEY ²

DEAR SIR,—It is only the multiplicity of business that has prevented my writing which I ought & meant to have done long since. Some twinges of the cramp in my stomach may be added and after all I will remain guilty of negligence. I enclose a cheque upon Coutts for twenty guineas of which I beg your acceptance as a slight acknowledgement of the trouble you are willing to take on my behalf. The Mans. I allude to is called

¹ Scott was superintending Laidlaw's operations for the *Annual Register*.

Costard. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

Biron. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing. . . .

Biron. There's thy guerdon, go.

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon ! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better. Most sweet gardon . . . Gardon ! Remuneration !

Love's Labour's Lost, III. i. 140-165.

² This letter was printed in the *Athenaeum*, 25th June 1910.

William and the Wer-Wolf.¹ It is not in the Pepysian collection as far as I know— I mean not among the collection of ballads ; but the librarian will of course be able to point it out. Will you be so good as to point out the nature of the application to be made to obtain permission to take a copy. I have no acquaintance in the University excepting Professor Smythe and yourself. Ballantyne is gone to Hamburgh but I have no doubt he will upon his return account for the papers and I dare say his brother will do so in his absence which has probably occasioned the puzzle. He intended I know to give up the Sale-Room but I suppose received some encouragement to proceed. At any rate you will have your money as you are well entitled to.

I wish I could say I saw any prospect of assisting your views here but at present there is not any opening in the Advocates Library and I fear in the first that may occur my assistance will be expected by an old friend who I was once in hopes had other & better views. I mentioned the possibility of this in my first letter to you but did not then think it probable : now it seems more likely that he will be a candidate than that the opening will occur soon.

The Church is one of those lines in which in your establish[ment] there is the most certain encouragement for learning and talent. The number of illustrious names in the Church the owners of which have risen from circumstances of indigence and difficulty is one of her proudest honours. The patronage is in some degree vested in the Universities which is so favourable for a young scholar of your high attainments. I therefore cannot but regret that you do not turn your thoughts that way as a literary man is peculiarly favourable to it. A man of business even a lawyer does not take any advantage from literary acquirements ; they are on the contrary sometimes supposed to divert him from his professional pursuits and so far the reputation of possessing them is a positive

¹ See p. 453 and note.

disadvantage. But in a clergyman literary talent is always graceful becoming and suited to his character and in general by attracting attention and patronage they secure advancement. To live the life of a mere author for bread is perhaps the most dreadful fate that can be encountered. Booksellers like other men drive the best of bargains they can: with those who have no independent means of support they make them very narrow indeed & sometimes contrive to evade fulfilling them. Besides they become masters of your time & your labour as well as dictators of the subjects on which they are to be employed and working under their direction a man who has got a reputation is in all probability forced upon some undertaking unfavourable to his talents by which he loses it. And those who may be disposed to befriend him have scarce the means of doing so since he does not possess the character and sort of education which enable a man to get forwards. A clergyman may be befriended—he may get a living—a lawyer he may get an office—a soldier he may be promoted in the service. But the mere man of letters possesses no quality whatsoever upon which he can pretend to a certain line of advancement *Cela ne tire a rien* as the French say. I beg you will not think that I insist too much on this topick & I assure you whatever resolution you may ultimately take your interest in me to the extent of my limited power will remain perfectly the same. Especially as I willingly allow that there may be a degree of repugnance to the clerical profession which conscientiously cannot be surmounted and if this exists you will discharge your duty in giving way to it. But it is right you should have the alternative fully before you and I entreat you to consider what I have stated as entirely the result of my anxiety on your account.

I cannot add to this long letter at present as I am just going to the country but I will be back before you can write to me. Although I mentioned William & the Wer Wolf yet I would not have you give yourself any trouble

should it prove difficult of access. My only motive was the wish to prevail on you to use the enclosure in a way most agreeable to your own feelings. I remain Yours very truly

EDINR. 21 *June* [1817]

WALTER SCOTT

Mr James Bailey Trinity College, Cambridge
[*Fitzwilliam Museum*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

[*July* 1817]

MY DEAR LORD,—Many thanks for the perusal of the letter which I have seen or heard of before but I cannot tell which. My mother who knew old Sir Hew¹ well and was related to him adds something of the marvellous to the circumstance of the minister happening to preach at North Berwick. I think she was living with Mrs. Dalrymple (now Lady Dowager Hamilton Dalrymple) when the thing happend. I will copy the letter & bring back the original on Wednesday when Mrs. Scott & I with one of our young folks propose ourselves the honour of dining at Dalkeith at four o clock—

I cannot suppress the joyful intelligence that I killd with some assistance ten dozen of perches in Caldshields Loch but saw no monster. The said perches would have added a good dish to our slender house keeping had they not come like your Graces ancestor to the field of Melrose “with ane leathern coat” on their backs. As it is they would require the skill of Monsr. Florence² who could I suppose have made an excellent dish even out of the buff coat and black-bonnet of the old Baron himself. Ever your Graces truly obliged

PARLT. HOUSE *Saturday*

WALTER SCOTT

¹ Sir Hew Dalrymple (1652-1737), Lord President of Session, was returned to the last Scottish Parliament for North Berwick burgh in 1702. He was twice married. His first wife was Marion, daughter of Sir Robert Hamilton of Presmennan; his second was Elizabeth, daughter of John Hamilton of Olivestob and widow of John Hamilton of Bangour.

² See note to letter to Capt. Fergusson [April 16, 1819].

I will not fail in my promised visit to Drumlanrig. I have a plan to go to the head of Loch Lomond if I make it out I will come to Drumlanrig by Douglas Mill.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO HECTOR MACDONALD BUCHANAN

To Hector MacDonald Buchanan, Esq	}	Ross Priory
Favoured by R. N. Lord Ashley		
& honble Mr. Howard		

DEAR HECTOR,—Please upon sight of this my first bill of Exchange of strangers to show a little countenance to two very pleasant young men Lord Ashley (eldest son to Earl of Shaftesbury) and honble Mr. Howard (eldest son of Lord Morpeth and grandson to the Earl of Carlisle) and draw on me in favour of any of your friends who may wish to see Melrose. I would not plague Mrs. Buchanan & you with these two youngsters but they are really agreeable young men and for many reasons I would be glad to show them any kindness in my power. Believe me with great regard and with best compliments to Mrs. B. Missie & family ever most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 8th July [? 1817]¹

[*Lady Leith-Buchanan*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

MY DEAR LORD,—I have an unexpected opportunity of augmenting my retinue to Drumlanrig with no less a

¹ I cannot ascertain the year of this letter. On 30th August 1839 Lord Ashley, visiting Scotland, records in his diary: "Walter Scott has contrived to throw an indescribable charm over the whole region. People have absolutely talked themselves and quoted themselves into a full belief of everything he imagined; a sufficient proof of the excellence of his genius! But it is all melancholy to me; I knew and loved the master-mind which is now dead and gone; and I cannot divest myself here in Scotland of the recollection of him."—EDWIN HODDER, *The Earl of Shaftesbury*, 1886. But I cannot find a reference to this visit. See also *Journal*, I, p. 292.

person than the renowned Adam Fergusson. As I know very few men that possess equally generally the powers of giving and receiving amusement and as your Grace seemed as if you would like to see a little more of [him] I will be disposed to embrace this opportunity of making him better known to you unless anything should render another time more convenient. It is not prudent to *prôner* any one whom we desire should be agreeable but I think I am pretty sure of my card in the present instance otherwise I would not lay it down (for I deny the American visitor). Besides the father of the said Adam (the celebrated philosopher and historian) was always a wellcome guest at Dalkeith.

On Monday I propose to be on the Braes of Glenfalloch at the head of Loch Lomond and on Wednesday steer my course towards Drumlanrig with my wife Sophia and the aforesaid Adam. I am sure your Grace will acquit me of any wish to thrust my own friends upon you but I really wish you to see this singular person although I should lose my reputation (as I flatter myself I possess some) of being *conteur* and *diseur* in ordinary to the House of Buccleuch as well as their born minstrel and devoted friend.

I have just seen Macconochie who insinuates hopes. But Mac was always sanguine and I hardly dare trust myself to think on the probability of my arriving when your Grace has had the news of being really Lord of Linne and free to cut and carve at will upon your goodly domains.¹ After all I will stick to my principle—in planting as in war you must contrive to throw out a few sharp-shooters to cover and mark your line of enclosure—But it is time to *enclose* my own *line* if I mean it to go by this post and yet I have almost forgot to say that our gracious presence will present itself at the portal of Drumlanrigg on Friday evening or Saturday morning

¹ Douglas has strangely altered this sentence reading: "To cut and carve and mark your line of enclosure," dropping almost a whole sentence.

health allowing & as we can get forwards. I had written a day earlier but recollecting that to go to the head of Glenfalloch & return must be a 24 hours at least I reform my plan according to the interlineation.

I have a humble request for your Grace if you can gain the lawsuit which as Satchells¹ says ought to be the better for all poor friends—

It is not gowd it is not gear

It is not lands nor far nor near.

But it is a draught on your patience as well as your purse and is nothing less than your picture to hang in my long room at Abbotsford now building

To shine the bright palladium of the place.

Pray think of this. You should sit for your own family and a copy will gratify me beyond description. Ever your Graces truly obliged

WALTER SCOTT

EDINR 9th July [1817]

My address if your Grace favours me with a line will be care of Hector MacDonald Buchannan Esq. Ross by Dunbarton.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, DRUMLANRIG CASTLE²

[July, 1817]

From Ross where the clouds on Ben-Lomond are sleeping
 From Greenock where Clyde to the Ocean is sweeping
 From Largs where the Scotch gave the Northmen a drilling
 From Ardrossan whose harbour cost many a shilling
 From Old Cumnock where beds are as hard as a plank Sir }
 From a chop & green pease & a chicken at Sanquhar }
 This eve please the fates at Drumlanrigg we anchor.

¹ Captain Walter Scot's (of Satchells) *A True History of several honourable families, etc.* Printed 1688; reprinted Edinburgh, 1776. 4to.

² Only the opening rhymed lines of this letter appear in Lockhart. He dates the letter 30th July, but this is a little late. See letter to Joanna Baillie (24th July 1817). The excursion 9th July-20th July Drumlanrig Castle.

MY DEAR LORD,—I wrote from Ross that we left the banks of Loch Lomond two days sooner than we expected but probably my letter may not have reachd your Grace as it requires skill in calculation to make the posts bear on each other to the greatest advantage. I therein also mentiond that we meant to take a round in Ayrshire & be at Drumlanrigg this evening instead of last night as we had intended. They had a little boy unwell at Ross with a feverish complaint & although there was no possibility of our having any interference with the patient or his attendant we thought it best to take flight & to take an airing of a few days in order that our bill of health might keep clear & indisputable. We will wait on your Grace & the Ladies by the time you are calling for coffee. Ever your Graces truly obliged

SANQUHAR INN *two o'clock*

W SCOTT

[*Buccleuch*]

TO MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE

MY DEAR HARTSTONGE,—I am just favoured with your few lines and lose no time in sending you my poor advice since you are so good as [to] ask it and I hope I need use no apology for writing with the most perfect sincerity. N'allez pas dans cette galere—do not think of committing yourself by writing for the stage. There are a thousand good reasons against it and there can only be *one* in favour of the attempt and that is the pecuniary recompense in case of success which to you is no object, or if it were one is likely to be of little consequence where Drury Lane is concerned.¹ You do not know half the plague you undertake—to London you must go, cut, carve and correct at the pleasure first of the managers and then of the players, have your whole play to write half over again. Your own talent does not appear to me (though in this I may

¹ See extract from Maturin's letter on p. 481.

easily be mistaken) to lie decidedly in the dramatic line and a failure in an attempt of this nature is attended with something more unpleasant than in any other case. There is a touch of the ridiculous which clings to the author of an unsuccessful piece while success by no means makes up to the candidate for public applause the risque which he runs in case of failure. Then supposing your work to be in every respect as deserving of success as you could desire still you committ yourself to the taste or rather to the caprice of a mob of people assembled by no means from the best informed classes of society and even the very excellencies of your piece may be hissed if they do not jump with their humour. In short there is so little to be gaind and so much trouble to be taken, so many people to be humoured and wheedled any one of whom by mere exertion of caprice can impede your success and after all as times go the applause of a London audience is so little to be desired that it has allways appeared to me that writing for the stage is a most desperate business. If however you are inclined to amuse yourself in that way and feel case-hardened against the risque (which has so often attended the first authors) of whoops and catcalls and all the hubbooboo of damnation take the advice of some person constantly and habitually, if possible professionally connected with the theatre. I have seen plays written by play actors succeed upon the stage merely as it seemed to me by practical or rather technical experience in the mode of combining scenes and exciting surprize, the dialogue and interest of which was much inferior to the elegy of Cock-Robin and the dramatis personæ not half so interesting as that in the House that Jack built. Whereas on the contrary even Miss Baillie's beautiful poetry and impassiond sentiment falls short of effect in the mouths of the actors. God only knows why. Now my dear Sir you have my full and free opinion which I give you the more freely as you cannot suppose that it implies any disrespect to your talents being

formed upon principles entirely general. I like your little Satirist¹ very much and am greatly obliged to him for putting me on his white list instead of his black one. I must cut short here for I am at present at the foot of Loch Lomond and a boat is waiting to carry me up to Glenfalloch which is near the top. My companions are clamorous and the showers passing off to the leeward so I have only time to assure you that in all my best to serve you, I always am, Yours very truly, WALTER SCOTT

ROSS ON LOCH LOMOND 13 *July* [1817]

I will be at Abbotsford in about a fortnight.

[*Brotherton*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

MY DEAR FRIEND Many thanks for your kind letter which followed me hither from Edinburgh. I had one or two recurring attacks of my spasmodic attacks in the stomach though I am a good boy and do upon the whole as Dr Baillie was so kind as to recommend. Since the rest of our courts I have been at liberty to take a little tour and to make a run up to the head of Loch Lomond which I feel myself much the better for as my life in Edinburgh is necessarily very sedentary. I have been for some time with my Chief in this magnificent old Castle where one would require a clew or a plan to guide you from tower to tower and gallery to gallery. The late Duke of Queensberry cut down the magnificent woods which once surrounded Drumlanrigg² but there are

¹ "Your little Satirist": Hartstonge had sent Scott *Musomania, or Poet's Purgatory* (by whom, I do not know), in the letter of 1st July, in which he consults him about the fitness of his tragedy for the stage.

² Now as I live, I pity that great Lord
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,

already five hundred acres replanted and the Duke proposes to extend them to upwards of a thousand. At his various seats this hard winter he has employd daily upwards of nine hundred and forty labourers at the expense of £70 per day. This is something better than hoarding useless thousands or squandering them in profuse luxury or losing them at games of hazard.

I have always delayd to write about Columbus¹ till I could write fully and quietly which is not easy in Edinburgh especially when by the death of a brother in office I had a double proportion of my usual duty to discharge. At present I will only say that both William Erskine and I were delighted with the tale. I must remark at the same time that it labours *as a story* under two defects the one that it is necessarily well known in all its parts and the other that it must (also from necessity) be told in a general manner and without these details which you can render so striking and interesting. These defects will weigh more with the ordinary mass of readers than with lovers of poetry who admire the beauties of sentiment and expression in which its excellence principally consists without demanding as essential the interest of a narrative. I think you may have curbd your genius a little too tightly up from the desire to make a markd distinction as widely as possible between your dramatic and narrative

A brotherhood of venerable trees
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged ! Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old trees, and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to heed :
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green, silent pastures yet remain.

So Wordsworth writing to Scott in 1803. He afterwards changed the opening words to

Degenerate Douglas—oh, the unworthy Lord !

¹ It would seem that Joanna's legend of Columbus, as she calls it in another letter, remained in MS. I cannot discover that it was ever published.

poetry. Or perhaps it may be that with the beauties of the dramas so strongly impressd on my mind as essential to your stile I am led into critical conclusions which I would [not] have entertaind had I read the story of Columbus before the plays. But with this qualifying circumstance which I express because I hold it stuff of the conscience to be sincere I repeat that the story is told in a manner noble simple and interesting. I observe you are laudably accurate in your rhymes but not quite determind enough in avoiding the flattering facility which the structure of verse holds out for writing without effort. The family of *haths dos* and other expletives should be peculiarly avoidd in a kind of rythm the fault of which is its too great ease and a few lines might be advantageously altered with some attention to this criticism. What I mean is calculated to throw more *bone* as it were into the diction and you have so much power always in the sentiment that you ought not to suffer it to lose in expression. As what I mean will be best understood by an example or two I will return a few of my minute observations with the valued manuscript itself through Mr. Freelings office in the course of two or three days. You see that like all the world I start up a critic at the sight of a manuscript. Indeed it has always the effect of making even those who never thought themselves judges before throw their minds into a critical attitude that they may not seem altogether unworthy of the honour conferrd on them by the author. But I differ from most critics in supposing the authors own opinion of far greater consequence than that of any friend whatsoever and in holding it for a fixd principle that a far inferior judgement than yours ought never to resign itself unless in case of conviction to that of any adviser whatsoever. There are many things which may perhaps be subject of criticism considerd separately that nevertheless agree so well with the general tone of composition as to render it imprudent to alter them and it is therefore

very possible that if you should think it worth while to attempt the alterations which I mentiond you might render your verses more stiff and less simple rather than more forcible. So that I deprecate being supposed to insist upon my own opinion while I shall not scruple to state it frankly. But more of this in my next.

Sophia is much honourd and obliged by your remembrance which she deserves as far as gratitude for your kindness can render her worthy of it. She will not I think be much taller but she has great health and spirits and a very good temper. My son Walter is an inch taller than I am and I think a very handsome lad. I have some thoughts of taking him with me to France and Italy next year if I can make out a long projected tour in those countries. Methinks I will not die quite happy without having seen something of that Rome of which I have read so much.

This year promises a fine harvest and the poor folks are particularly favourd in a copious supply of the finest potatoes which if our good weather continues will be soon in the market. They need all this for their distress has been extreme and they may be said to deserve it for generally speaking they have borne severe privations with great patience. On Saturday night I will be at my poor kingdom of Abbotsford where I hope to find my subjects rejoicing at the expected return of plenty. The pasture grass is far more plentiful than I ever observed before so that there is a profusion of verdure upon the hills and the meadows which belongs to a better climate than poor auld Scotlands. I send you all this disjointed chat amidst a great clamour of preparation among the young and old of the castle for a sally to some remote place among the hills where we are to dine on the turf. What I would give that you were with us, only they are singing so many jacobite songs that it is thought the full length pictures of King William and Queen Mary which hang in the ante-room will walk out

of their frames like that in the Castle of Otranto and march off in their royal robes to some mansion where their canvas ears may avoid being shockd with such sounds. I beg my kindest compliments to Mrs. A. Baillie the kind Doctor and his lady whose manuscript of Columbus is so beautifully distinct in all which my wife and Sophia cordially join. I am sorry Lady Byron does not extend her tour to Scotland¹ as somehow or other I might perhaps have been useful to her which would have given me particular pleasure. I trust and hope she would not have refused me the opportunity of being so had such occurd.

I think Miss Edgeworths last work² delightful though Jews will always be to me Jews. One does not naturally or easily combine with their habits and pursuits any great liberality of principle although certainly it may and I believe does exist in many individual instances. They are money-makers and money brokers by profession and it is a trade which narrows the mind. I own I breathed more freely when I found Miss Montenero was not an actual Jewess. The second tale, Ormond, is excellent and King Corny³ one of those inimitable sketches which miss Edgeworth alone can draw. The dramatic tales I did not quite so much admire—they wanted from the very plan that vivacity of description which Miss Edgeworth throws into her narrations. But the Irish Scold is most excellent ; I would have liked to have written the Scotch military musician for her in the last drama he wants a spice of our peculiar nationality. But whips crack wheels rattle dogs bay and all is in

¹ But Lady Byron *did* extend her tour to Scotland, and visited Scott at Abbotsford in August. See letter to her, p. 497.

² *Harrington, a tale, and Ormond, a tale. With a preface by H. L. Edgeworth.* 3 vols. 120. London, 1817. *Harrington* was reprinted with the *Thoughts on Bores from Comic Dramas* (1817).

³ “A figure which may fairly be placed alongside of the Antiquary, or of the Baron of Bradwardine.”—HON. EMILY LAWLESS, *Maria Edgeworth (English Men of Letters)*.

motion so I must close up this kiver while I can get Borthwickbrae to frank it. Ever my dear friend most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

DRUMLANRIGG CASTLE 24 *July* [1817]

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Abbotsford Copies*]

TO HAY DONALDSON

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will bring the Baronet to pay at Lambmas so as to reimburse yourself advances on account of us. I left the Duke admirably well at Drumlarnrick after spending a few merry days with him not the less blythe that we hope for good from this remit of the Chancellors. The Duke deserves it for he pays 950 workmen exclusive of his establishment every day he rises. I hope you will give us a summer visit from you while the trouting lasts. Is there any chance of selling the Fife land now that money must be getting plenty? Yours ever

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 27 *July* [1817]

We arrived here last night after a rainy march through the mountains. . . .

[*Griffith*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

ABBOTSFORD, 29th *July* [1817]

MY DEAR SIR,—This will be presented to you by Mr. Phillips,¹ a young gentleman who has a desire to look towards literature as a profession, and of whose talents I think well. I thought it right to lay before him the difficulties which attend such a scheme at this time, and

¹ A W. G. Phillips has deposited "a small packet of Poems" at Scott's house in Edinburgh. He then writes from "Miss Hunter's, Melrose," and, I presume, secured an interview, and Scott now hands him on to Constable. Better be a dog and bay the moon than a popular author besieged by the would-be poets.

as he has respectable friends, I hope they may be able to provide for him in a line of life less precarious. At the same time I cannot refuse him the advantage of being known to you : in case you should think well of his plans it may prove an advantage to both, or at anyrate he will have the benefit of your good advice and experience.— I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

[Rosebery]

WALTER SCOTT

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR SIR,—I have been since the rising of the Session chiefly taking a little tour in Dunbarton & Ayrshire & residing at Drumlanrigg. Air & constant exercise have greatly removed the stomach complaints which I was afflicted with & labour must now again take its turn. What you are concerned in will immediatly go on at double quick time to meet your London visit. I write chiefly to inclose extract of a letter from Mr. Mathurine which I wish you would answer yourself. He has a good name in literature & I think you may safely oblige him to a reasonable extent. If not pray let me know as I will endeavour to help him through by some other means ; as one or two of the trade were anxious about his novel. I wish Mr. Napier would be so kind as to send me the *Memoires de la Chevalerie* by Mons. de St. Palaye.¹ I shall want it to help out my promised article which must now be thought upon.

I wish you would make me a visit here this fine season and bring young Mr. Constable with you. Everything is [in] greatest beauty around Tweedside with the

¹ Jean Baptiste de la Curne de Sainte-Palaye's *Mémoires sur l'ancienne chevalerie, considérée comme un établissement politique et militaire*. [With a preface by J. P. de Bougainville.] 3 tom. 120. Paris, 1759-81. His *Memoirs of the Life of Froissart, etc.*, translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq., figures in the *Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 29. Scott is working at his article on Chivalry. The extract from Maturin's letter is in what looks like a lady's hand.

prospect of a plentiful harvest. Believe me Dear Sir ever
your most faithful Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 29th. July 1817

Archibald Constable Esq, Cross, Edinburgh

[*Stevenson*]

EXTRACT FROM MR. MATHURINE'S LETTER

I fear I am fated to be a torment to all my correspondents till this day I was led constantly to expect the receipt of what was due to me by Drury lane theatre, which they acknowledge to amount to 100£ or 130£
this day I have just received a letter written in Cavalier to inform me they cannot pay me, an answer I presume they would scarcely give to a candle snuffer who asked for his weekly salary.

Under these circumstances of severe and unexpected disappointment from both quarters, I am induced to hope that perhaps Mr. Constable on the receipt of the first volume of my work (which shall be forwarded in a few days, and has been delayed only by my writing for the quarterly Review) would advance me something for it—it is my only resource but if my request appears unreasonable to you do not mention it to him.—I think the originality of the plan may give some chance of popularity to my work, it is properly neither novel or romance, and much more resembling life than any thing I have yet attempted—

[*Stevenson*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, DRUMLANRIGG CASTLE

MY DEAR LORD,—We made our retreat from Drumlarnrick with great success and passd the defiles of the Greymares tail¹ annoyd by some severe showers which we felt the more severely as we had to walk great part of the way through the pass. The road is very fair till we enter Selkirkshire after which there is no road at all. I hope the two Mr. Pringles will take this into their

¹ A waterfall passed on the road between Moffat and St. Mary's Loch, falling from Hart Fell into Moffat Water.

consideration as no great outlay would complete an admirable road between Selkirk & Moffat. About ten miles is the space which remains to be made & if the line be taken along Lord Napiers side of the Loch there will be very little cutting or bridging excepting over small reservoirs. Our friend Adam Fergusson left us on Monday delighted with the hospitality of Drumlanrick & promising himself much pleasure from renewing his visit in the winter.

My principal reason for adding to your Graces too numerous correspondents at present is to communicate the enclosed passage of a letter from Donaldson & to take your Graces directions how I shall answer it. There is no occasion for his attendance at Jedburgh nor would he wish it but I really think there would be great pity to lose the benefit of the complete experience which he has acquired in these affairs. At the same time it can only be at Your Graces expence that these researches can be continued & I am afraid those of last year will also fall to be placed to your Debit. The amount is inconsiderable especially considering the high importance of watching & securing the county which can only be preserved by keeping a vigilant eye on the motions of the enemy who is not dead but sleepeth. Your Grace has so much to attend to that you will I am sure pardon my acting as a flapper on the present occasion. The duty presently to be executed is merely that of examining all claims which are to be presented at the Head Court. It must be executed by some one or we shall fall into our former state of infirmity & for the present at least I should presume it will be best left with the person who has already executed it with such uncommon acuteness. But this will be of course as your Grace shall please to determine. Believe me with greatest respect & regard Ever Your Graces truly obliged

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 30 *July* [1817]

I send another slip of Donaldsons letter respecting the grand Cause. It would be hard after your Graces ancestors drove such hetacombs of English cows that one single Bullock should be too hard for their descendant.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON

ABBOTSFORD 30 *July* 1817

DEAR SIR,—I have been on a short tour through the West & spent a week at Drumlanrick. The crops are fine every where but there is much reason to pray for warm weather. If we have not sunshine our crops will be as late as last year & precarious of course an event devoutly to be deprecated.

I fancy the tolbooth still keeps its feet but as it must soon descend I hope you will remember me. I have an important use for the niche above the door & though many a man has got a niche *in* the Tolbooth by building¹ I believe I am the first that ever got a niche out of it on such an occasion. For which I have to thank your kindness & to remain &c

W. SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO DAVID WILKIE

ABBOTSFORD, NEAR MELROSE, 2d *Aug.* 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,—I learn with great pleasure from your letter just received, that you have revisited your native country. I cannot, now-a-days, pretend to point out any good Highland originals, to be rendered immortal on your canvas, for the old Forty-Five men, of whom I knew

¹ *i.e.* by rendering himself a bankrupt. Scott is to place a niche *from* it in Abbotsford. A touch of Sophoclean irony. Johnston's letter of the same day inquires why Scott's carts delay, "the heart of Lothian being now razed. The Council have this day recognised or designated a *Poet's Corner* near the Calton Hill by granting a few Indian Gentlemen a neuk upon which to build a Monument to the memory of Burns." Scott gets also "the Door with its ponderous Locks and Keys."

many in the days of yore, are now gathered to their fathers. But I am sure you will be gratified by the scenery which time cannot make any impression upon. Pray do not omit to visit the head of Loch Awe, which I look upon as equal to any thing in the Highlands. There is some curious scenery near Aberfoil, in Perthshire, particularly a waterfall at Ledoard, at the top of Loch Hard,¹ within an hour's walk of the inn, which, from its size and accompaniments, I should think particularly qualified to fill up a Highland landscape. I never saw any thing which I admired so much : the height is not remarkable, but the accompaniments are exquisitely beautiful. In a different style, and at no great distance, is an island called Inchmahome, which has some ruins of a monastery surrounded by huge chesnut trees, very striking, though looking of no importance from the shore. To mention minute information of this kind would exhaust your patience ; but there is no corner of the romantic region, in which this letter will find you, which may not present something worth your looking at. I hope, on your return, that you will pay me a visit. I have my hand in the mortar-tub, but I have a chamber in the wall for you, besides a most hearty welcome. I have also one or two old jockies with one foot in the grave, and know of a herd's hut or two tottering to the fall, which you will find picturesque. Of scenery we can boast but little ; the best we have to say of ours is, that it is simple, pleasing, and pastoral. I am labouring to produce landscapes to please some future generation, by planting as busily as I can, and I would be most happy to have your advice and opinion. If you delight in old stories and fields of battles, there are plenty to be had ; and I must add, that we are within three miles of Melrose Abbey, and I will be happy to be showman over these beautiful remnants of architecture. A coach passes three times a week within

¹ i.e. Loch Ard, a little west of the Lake of Menteith. From the Falls of Ledard Scott took his description of the waterfall in *Waverley*, beside which Flora McIvor sang to her harp.

a mile of my door ; it is called the Blucher, and tickets are issued at the Black Bull, Leith Walk ; its destination is Melrose and Jedburgh, but my guests stop at the turnpike gate at the end of Melrose bridge, where I will meet you, if you will let me know when I am to have the pleasure of expecting you. I am almost never from home.

Let me add my wishes for good weather and a pleasant expedition. I would offer you letters of introduction, but you bear them in your own high and deserved reputation, nor can I think of a mode of transmitting them. Believe me, dear Sir, Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

[*Life of Sir David Wilkie*]

TO FRANCIS JEFFREY ¹

MY DEAR JEFFREY,—I flatter myself it will not require many protestations to assure you with what pleasure I would undertake any task that can give you pleasure. But in the present case I am hampered by two circumstances—one, that I promised Gifford a review of this very Kirkton for the Quarterly ; the other that I shall certainly be unable to keep my word with him.² I am obliged to take exercise three or four hours [in the] forenoon, and two after dinner, to keep off the infernal spasms, which since last winter have attacked me with such violence as if all the imps that tend to plague poor Caliban were washing, wringing, and ironing my unshapely but useful bag, which Sir John Sinclair treats with such distinction—my stomach, in short.

Now, as I have much to do of my own, I fear I can hardly be of use to you in the present case, which I am very sorry for as I like the subject, and would be pleased to

¹ See letter from Jeffrey (*Walpole Collection*), to which this is a reply, and to which the next letter refers. This letter was printed in the Appendix to Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey* and reprinted in *Familiar Letters*. It is here printed from a copy of the original.

² In March Scott told Murray he had laid aside the article on Kirkton for the *Quarterly Review* uncompleted.

give my opinion respecting the Jacobitism of the Editor, which, like my own case, has a good spice of affectation in it, mingled with some not unnatural feelings of respect for a cause which, though indefensible in common-sense and ordinary policy, has a great deal of high spirited Quixotry about it.

Can you not borrow from your briefs and criticisms a couple of days to look about you here? I dare not ask Mrs. Jeffrey till next year, when my hand will be out of the mortar tub, and at present my only spare bed was till of late but accessible by the feudal accommodation of a drawbridge made of two deals, and still requires the clue of Ariadne. Still, however, there it is, and there is an obliging stage coach called the Blucher, which sets down my guests within a mile of my mansion (at Melrose bridge-end), three times a week, and restores them to their families in like manner after five hours' travelling. I am like one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines, master of all things in miniature. A little hill, and a little glen, and a little horse-pond of a loch, and a little river I was going to call the Tweed, but I remember the minister was mobbed by his parishioners for terming it in his statistical report an inconsiderable stream. So, pray, do come and see me, and if I can serve you or pleasure you in the course of the winter you shall command me.¹ As I bethink me, I can contrive a bachelor-bed for Thomson or Jo. Murray, if either of them will come with you, and if you ride I have plenty of hay and corn, and a bed for your servant. Ever yours affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, 5th August, 1817.

Our posts are not very regular, so I was late in receiving yours.

[*Hawick Arch. Soc.*]

¹ Accordingly Scott wrote for the *Edinburgh* (June 1818)—“the first for ten years and written for the love of Jeffrey”—an article on Maturin's *Women*; or, *Pour et Contre*.

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I have a letter from Jeffrey to the purport you mention but as I have already mentiond to Gifford my wish to review Kirkton in the Quarterly I cannot without breach of faith transact with the other publication.¹ Jeffrey seems to be struck with the publication itself & gives willing praise for the notes though a little too Jacobitical for him as he expresses it. I hope he will get the article well done but I should have liked to have done it myself & left the high-church people to have blunderd out their own article. There would have been some pleasure in shelling the Whigs out of their own grand battery and leaving them only to maintain a dropping & unheard return of heavy artillery out of the Christian Instructor² or some such obscure field-work. I cannot say my health is by any means bad—and yet it is not to be trusted to—these damnd spasms seem to be now constitutional & defy every thing but diet and exercise—the Merchant Abudahs hag was a hen wife to them when they give me a real night of it & the provoking thing is that I am perfectly well next day after such a prolongd agony.

I was at Drumlanrick for a week & went half through the great box of papers—it is a *box* as you said, not a hamper as I insisted. There is much that would interest

¹ Sharpe, writing to Scott this month, tells him Constable had revealed to him that Jeffrey was approaching Scott to review Kirkton for the *Edinburgh*. His answer to Constable had been non-committal, though he kept to himself the remembrance of Scott's intentions "of joining King James and Kirkton in the 'Quarterly.'" In replying to Scott's letter Sharpe hopes "the reviewing will make the book sell for the sake of Ballantyne who has lately been cheated out of 200 Pounds at Brussels and hath sent a printed hue and cry hither, the brothers of the trade are very much delighted with this I can see tho they pretend extreme sympathy—they detest Ballantyne because he is a Tory & moreover sets up for a fine gentleman."

² See note on McCrie, p. 386. This month Sharpe writes to Surtees, "I had a letter lately from Scott, containing no very comfortable statements of his health—the minor Poets are beginning to cock their tails already." Mrs. S. S. Clephan's Collection.

though I think little of what is strictly & historically valuable—autographs without end—I made some progress in separating the private letters & memorandums from public proclamations grants instructions etc etc & both from the mass of mere private accompts by factors & so forth but I did not get through one half of the box for the weather cleared up & then walking & driving came in fashion. The quizzical picture of the lady & child is in great preservation with a few other scare-crows. I am interested in what you tell me of the D. of Monmouth—She saved my G. Grandfather from being hangd whether before or after his becoming the sire of my immediate progenitor I wot not—though the point of obligation may be considerably varied by the circumstances as I might revise the verse of Swift

He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he married.

As for the Knight of Allanton¹ I suspect him to be in a scrape if his antagonist be as shrewd as his old adversary Andw. Stuart who keel-hauled the knight in his character of an anonymous author all along professing a profound respect for him in his own. A masque should observe one rule—never to speak of himself as a third person. It was indeed impossible to doubt that the article was his writing & the solemn manner in which he referd to his own opinions & sentiments & authority is ridiculous enough. Yet I believe the expression of Goodman was given of old to persons of great consequence who happend to hold their land of subject superiors as the epithet of

¹ “The allusion here is to what was known as the Saltfoot Controversy, which arose out of the publication by Sir Walter Scott of the *Memorie of the Somervilles*, in which Lord Somerville states that the ancestors of the Steuarts of Allanton had sat beneath the salt at his table. Sir Henry Steuart replied in a *Vindication of the Memorie of the Somervilles*; and the controversy extended to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which Sir Henry's pretensions were severely assailed by Mr. Riddell, the well-known genealogical and peerage lawyer.”—*Sharpe's Correspondence*, ii. p. 154. See again letter of 13th September, p. 508.

Baron (particularly in the Highland districts) was often given to the most petty proprietors who held of the crown though not actually lords of a Barony. I remember hearing of a Baron Mackfunn of the Dreip, a Baron Reid & two or three other petty feudatories not to mention the Baron of Kincleven whose property consisted in a ferry over the Tay near Stobhall and a few acres bestowed on his ancestor for fathering (with reverence) a fart of Queen Mary's who happend to make the little mistake in stepping into the boat whereupon the boatman steppd forward & cravd pardon of the company a strain of politeness greatly pleasing to the Queen who instantly demanded Whose knave art thou? & learning he was a tenant or bondsman of the Earl of Mar askd his freedom of her cousin Jock & moreover the barony aforesaid which the Earl conferd on him accordingly. Anne rejoices in the success of her remedy and we would all rejoice if you pay us a visit here. I can give you a quiet bed though the masons are busy around us and my addition rises with more noise though less splendour than the temple of Solomon. A coach calld the Blucher runs three times a week & sets you down at three o'clock at the Melrose-bridge-end about a mile & a half from us where the carriage would meet you & I have room for your servant if it will make you comfortable to have him. Said coach returns three times a week & sets you down at Edinburgh. I am an early riser but the young Misses will make you breakfast when you list or it shall be manufactured in your own room. Pray think of this & oblige your truly faithful

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 7 *August*. [1817]

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe Esq
Princes Street Edinr.

[*Hornel*]

TO UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT¹

DEAR SIR,—I have at length received and read with pleasure your very able defence of Swift against the violent and unnatural attack of the *Edinburgh Review* which written in the worst spirit of party spared neither the acknowledged virtues or distinguished talents of that great writer because he was a great name on the opposite side of politics— His secession from the Whig party was a crime neither to be forgotten or forgiven—yet they would be very angry were we to call Fox a turncoat or renegade because he changed the Tory principles in which he was educated and professing which with no ordinary keenness he held a share in his uncles administration. I own that in a country like ours where two great parties are as necessary to the steadiness of the constitution as the slings to the mast of a ship I cannot look upon a change of political connections as so heinous and inexpressible a crime—Swift no doubt felt himself illused and neglected by those Whig patrons who had been attracted by his display of his abilities whom he had certainly served and by whom he had been promised preferment. But to deny him on that account the credit of being actuated by any other motives than those of a personal nature is an unwarrantable want of candour. As to the imputations concerning Walpole you have distinctly shown them to be the *grave dicta* of the critic—Swift had unquestionable faults of temper mixed with his

¹ I have not been able to identify the person addressed in this letter nor to fix its date. Scott's edition of Swift appeared on the 1st July 1814. Jeffrey's review was the opening article in the *Edinburgh* for September 1816. His savage attack on Swift greatly moved Edward Berwick, who wrote to Scott on 11th March complaining bitterly of Scott's long silence "since our Swift correspondence ceased," and pleading that Jeffrey should be answered. He cites the testimony to Swift's character of the Scotchman, Arbuthnot, and of Pope. Ultimately Berwick published in 1819 a Defence of Dean Swift in answer to Jeffrey. I had thought the letter might be addressed to Berwick, but the closing paragraph implies that Scott is addressing a stranger. I am placing the letter in 1817, but it *may* be a year later.

great talents and from an early period displayed some of that oddity which finally terminated in mental disorder. But I think you have done good service to English literature in the able manner in which you have shown how industriously a reviewer has extracted everything that could be termed blameworthy in his character and by the assistance of much exaggeration has a lacquer with which to blacken the whole.

Nothing could be more completely absurd than to reproach Swift with neglecting the Catholic interest in Ireland. To have constituted himself a champion of an interest against which all parties were at the time united would have been at once exposing himself to the charge of Jacobitism and popery—the idea of relieving the Catholics *as such* no more entered or could enter the head of a philanthropist of that time than it would have occurred to Marcus Antoninus to abolish slavery. The best thing the Catholics of that time had to expect was forbearance and to share unnoticed and unnamed the advantages which Swift was desirous to secure for Irishmen in general.

I could be very prolix on this subject but I should return many of the feelings and arguments which you have expressed so well. I am much obliged to you for pointing out the article to my attention and have to wish you joy of turning your attention to literary composition. It forms the best as well as most respectable amusement both in youth and age and with talents and sound principle such as you display in that article cannot but render its possessor respected as well as happy. I am always Dear Sir very much your most obedient servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 10 *August* [? 1817]

[*Miss G. Scott*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

ABBOTSFORD, 10th August [1817]

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks to you for your kind offer and your son's to take commissions for the continent.¹ If Mr. Constable can pick up for me a *complete* set of the old German Romantic poetry, published originally by Muller at Berlin, and continued in three or four parts, containing the Helden-buch and other of their early romances of chivalry, I will be much obliged to him. Poor Weber had a copy, the only one I ever saw, and he would not part with it. I hope Mr. Constable will have good weather and a pleasant journey.

In reference to what is now in hand, will you send me the loan of a copy of Burn's *Justice of Peace*,² no matter what edition. Our intercourse with Selkirk being more rare, please send it by the Blucher coach, between Edinburgh and Jedburgh, by Melrose, and address to be left at Melrose bridge end, where my boy finds it in the morning.

I have a letter from Mathurin who is greatly delighted with your liberality. He is certainly a man of very

¹ Constable replied on the 16th that his son has started but that he will write to him at Leipsic. "The Edinburgh Register for 1815 will be published in a day or two—I am very glad to find *another* work in such forwardness—the orders *for it* exceed greatly those for any [of] the former similar productions—indeed the impression (6000) large as it is will not do more than supply the demand of the first two or three weeks that I am inclined to urge the necessity of increasing it at once to the full 10,000. I go to London early in October & if put in my power as I confidently depend it will I hope to be able within a very limited time indeed to render a good Account of the whole—the Author has done me the honour to acknowledge that I can sell Books *when I fairly set to it*." The draft or copy breaks off and I do not *know* that the letter was sent. It illustrates well how Constable was affected by the sale of Scott's works and suggests how that confidence reacted upon Scott encouraging him to think he had a bottomless mine to discover. Compare Constable's tone with that when Swift was on the point of appearing.

² Dr. Richard Burn's *The Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer*. 2 vols. 8vo. In the Savoy [London], 1755, which Scott wants for *The Heart of Midlothian*, the novel Constable refers to in last note.

considerable talent, though deficient perhaps in the knowledge how he should apply it to the greatest advantage. J. B. will soon give you the first vol. of the new work which is almost all in hand.—Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Rosebery*]

TO JOHN B. S. MORRITT

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I am arrived from a little tour in the West of Scotland and had hoped in compliance with your kind wish to have indulged myself with a skip over the border as far as Rokeby about the end of this month. But my fate denies me this pleasure for in consequence of one or two blunders during my absence in executing my new premises I perceive the necessity of remaining at the helm while they are going on. Our masons though excellent workmen are too little accustomed to the gimcracks of their art to be trusted with the execution of a bravura plan without constant inspection. Besides the said labours lay me under the necessity of working a little myself and I find I can no longer with impunity undertake to make one weeks hard labour supply the omissions of a fortnights idleness. The upshot of all is my being under the necessity to remain an inhabitant of Abbotsford operative and residentiary for this season unless I should get my matters so far advanced in October as to make a run to Rokeby of which I have very little hopes. Like you I have abridged my creature-comforts as Old Mortality would call them renouncing beer and ale on all ordinary occasions also pastry fruit &c. and all that tends to acidity. I have not had a return of the cramp since the 11th of last month when I was assailed by it with the greatest violence insomuch that my stomach rejected even the laudanum which was thought necessary to appease it and they were obliged

finally to have recourse to Monsr. de Porceaugnac's treatment—a *lavement*. These are awkward warnings but—*sat est vixisse*—to have lived respected and regarded by some of the best men in our age is enough for an individual like me—the rest must be as God wills and when he wills. What I have chiefly suffered by is a sedentary habit for one half of the year which has weakend my stomach & deranged the powers of digestion in an uncommon degree. At the same time I am as strong as a horse in many respects for within a few hours after the paroxysm is over I find no difficulty in taking exercise as usual. So I believe with care all will do very well.

The poor laws into which you have ventured for the love of the country form a sad quagmire. They are like John Bunyans Slough of Despond into which as he observes millions of cart loads of good resolutions have been thrown without perceptibly mending the way. From what you say and from what I have heard from others there is a very natural desire to trust to one or two empirical remedies such as general systems of education and so forth. But a man with a broken constitution might as well put faith in Spillsbury or Godbold. It is not the knowlege but the use which is made of it that is productive of real benefit. To say that the Scottish peasant is less likely than the Englishman to become an incumbrance on his parish is saying in other words that the country is less populous—that there are fewer villages and towns—that the agricultural classes from the landed proprietor down to the cottager are individually more knit and cemented together—above all that the Scotch peasant has hardier habits of life and because he can endure from his infancy a worse fare and lodging than your parish Alm-houses offer is rarely a burthen on the public. There is a terrible evil in England to which we are strangers—the number to witt of tippling houses where the labourer as a matter of course spends the overplus of his earnings. In Scotland there are few and

the Justices are commendably inexorable in rejecting all application for licenses where there appears no public necessity for granting them. A man therefore cannot easily spend much money in liquor since he must walk three or four miles to the place of action and back again which infers a sort of malice prepense of which few are capable—and the habitual opportunity of indulgence not being at hand the habit of intemperance and of waste connected with it is not acquired. If finances would admit a general limitation of the alehouses over England to one fourth of the number I am convinced you would find the money spent in that manner would remain with the peasant as a source of self-support and independence.

All this applies chiefly to the country—in towns and in the manufacturing districts the evil could hardly be diminishd by such regulations. There would perhaps be no means so effectual as that (which will never be listend to) of taxing the manufacture[r]s according to the number of hands which they employ on an average and applying the produce in maintaining the manufacturing poor. If it should be alleged that this would injure the manufacture[r]s I would boldly reply “And why not injure or rather limit speculations the excessive stretch of which has been productive of so much damage to the principals to the country and to the population whom it has in so many respects degraded and demoralized.” For a great many years manufactures taken in a general point of view have not partaken of the character of a regular profession in which all who engaged with honest industry and a sufficient capital might reasonabl[y] expect returns proportional to their advances and labour ; but have on the contrary rather resembled a lottery in which the great majority of the adventure[r]s are sure to be losers although some may draw considerable advantage. Men continued for a great many years to exert themselves and to pay extravagant wages, not in hopes that there

could be a reasonable prospect of an orderly and regular demand for the goods they wrought up but in order that they might be the first to take advantage of some casual opening which might consume their cargoe let others shift as they could. Hence extravagant wages on some occasions for those adventurers who thus playd at hit or miss stood on no scruples while the chance of success remaind open—hence also the stoppage of work and the discharge of the workmen when the speculators faild of their object. All this while the country was the sufferer—for whoever gaind the result being upon the whole a loss fell on the nation together with the task of maintaining a poor renderd effeminate and vicious by over wages and over-living and necessarily cast loose upon society. I cannot but think that the necessity of making some fund before hand for the provision of those whom they debauch and render only fit for the alms-house in prosecution of their own adventures though it operated as a check on the increase of manufactures would be a measure just in itself and beneficial to the community. But it would never be listend to—the weavers beam and the sons of Zeruiah would be too many for the proposers.

This is the eleventh of Augt. Walter happier than he will ever be again perhaps is preparing for the moor. He has a better dog than Trout and rather less active. Mrs. Scott and all our family send kind love. I beg my respects to Lord Lindsay if with you. I had the honor to know his mother very well. Ever my dear Morritt most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 11 *August* [1817]

[*Law*]

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON

11 August 1817

DEAR SIR,—The stones arrived quite safe many thanks to your kind attention. I am now about to trouble you with another commission in this hobby horsical affair. As I must leave an open space in the north gabel of my house to insert the niche which is over the gate of the tolbooth, I am very desirous of knowing its height & breadth that I may regulate the space to be left accordingly. Would you have the goodness to cause some accurate tradesman make out this measurement distinguishing at the same time the extent of the stones of which the ornamented work is composed where they extend beyond the carving as I would wish to place it just as it exists without cutting any of the stones & in short to transpose it as in the scrawl below which will hardly render my meaning more intelligible. I trust however to your ingenuity to guess my meaning by my mumping according to the old saying & beg you to believe me your obliged humble servant

WALTER SCOTT

[*Sotheby Sale Catalogue facsimile
and Abbotsford Copies*]

TO LADY BYRON

August 14, 1817

I HAVE just received the honour of your Ladyship's letter and hasten to say with what pleasure we shall receive you at Abbotsford and accompany you to Melrose or to any other scene in this neighbourhood which may possess any interest. Mrs. Scott desires me to add more apologies than I am able to express for the very humble stile of accommodation which we are able to offer, as great part of this cottage is at present in the act of being rebuilt. But I have always found my house like the fairy tent capable of being stretched to any dimension to

receive those we wish to see, and have only the hope that the goodness which promises us a visit so agreeable will overlook the inconvenience of a garret bedroom in consideration of the warmest welcome we can give. There is no chance of our being engaged on any day, but if your Ladyship will honour me with a line to say when you leave Edinburgh, I will take care to be absent on no rambling excursion.

Permit me to add that few things give us more pleasure than the honour of receiving Lady Byron.

The people at Bankhouse know the way to this place but pray do not permit them to try the ford which is sometimes dangerous—the bridge is about three miles round but much more safe. . . . I am afraid your Ladyship must have found Edinburgh very empty, for the inhabitants migrate like wild geese about this time of year.

[*Miss Mayne's Life of Lady Byron*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I am heartily concernd for the *fate* which seems to lie on Johns proceedings. I should fear he may suffer much temporary inconvenience at least from Ainslies affair¹ although I think the man should pay in time : & I need not add I am vexd at your share in the probable loss or inconvenience. I return the note accepted as drawn. You will recollect there is some interest personal to you paid by the company—there is no hurry for the money but of course you will not lose sight of it as by accepting for the present balance I might in the way of business seem to discharge it.

I will be glad to have your note of acceptances also of the payments for the Journal² as they occur.

You say nothing to my proposal that Mr. Hogarth & you should visit me. *Item* Lady Byron writes me she had made some communication through *you* of her purpose

¹ See letter to John, 6th September, Vol. I, Appendix, p. 516.

² See note to letter to James Ballantyne, 12th September 1819.

to come to Abbotsford. I should be glad to know her motions for as we stand at present it takes a little time to *redd up* when we expect a guest.

I send you some more of R. R.¹ In a day or two you shall have a larger allowance but I have had attacks of the cramp and am obliged to work piano—If Constable seriously thinks of the 10000 I shall not object—if it is so much lost to the printer it is so much gained to the author. He is a dashing dog worth the whole bunch for spirit & adventure. But we find PAPER—that must be understood—he getting it as cheap from Duncan² as he can work it out of the Gracious King of reams & foolscap. You will not settle about any of these things without correspondence with me.

Will you send me by the carrier on Wednesday morning two or three copies of the *Antiquities*³ (the Introduction) & one of the Register which I have never seen.

I hope R. will answer. I will study to make it do it is so much better dealing with Constable than with the other ungracious fellow.⁴

Pray glance over my letters before you write in answer & say something were it but a word to the contents. Consider I am a hermit here & anxious about the trifles I ask about. Yours truly
W. S.

16 August [1817]

I send this by Mr. Pole who has been with me harping & carping each evening very delightfully. Inclosed is a letter to Johnstone.

[Glen]

¹ *Rob Roy*.

² Duncan Cowan, son, and with his brother, Alexander, partner of Charles Cowan who purchased the paper mills at Penicuik in 1779.

³ *The Border Antiquities* (2 vols.), which appeared this year with an introduction by Scott.

⁴ William Blackwood, with whom, nevertheless, Scott has friendly correspondence in the autumn concerning the new magazine and work for Laidlaw.

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON

16 August 1817 ABBOTSFORD

MY DEAR SIR,—I trouble you with these few lines to thank you for the very accurate drawings &c of the tolbooth door & for your kind promise to attend to my interest & that of Abbotsford in the matter of the Thistle & fleur de lis. Most of our Scutcheons are now mounted & look very well as the house is something after the model of an old hall (not a Castle) where such things are well in character. I intend the old Lion to predominate over a well which the Children have christened the Fountain of the Lions.¹ His present den however continues to be the hall at Castle Street.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO HAY DONALDSON, W.S., FREDERICK STREET,
EDINBURGH

[PM. MELROSE]

[17th August, 1817]

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote to the Duke of Buccleuch my earnest advice and opinion that you should continue your investigations as usual upon the business of the Roxburghshire politics. You will observe by the enclosed which please to lay up among your papers that His Grace is entirely of my opinion & also is desirous of settling your last years accompt. You will of course lose no time in setting about your investigation & when the information obtained assumes a distinct form you had better communicate it to the Duke. In the mean while any advice which I can give is always at your service and I beseech you to take no step where any matter of personal delicacy may interfere without consulting me as I know the *carte du pais* and I need not add have every motive for endeavouring

¹ A note on the typescript mentions that this was a relic from St. Giles.

to advance both your character and interest. A thread delicately handled has been the means of pulling up a cable and I would fain think this partial but confidential employment may lead to something better hereafter. I expect Lady Byron here in a day or two

[*The remainder of the sentence and signature cut off*]

P.S. Perhaps as your accompt has lain over it may be as well to send it in with that for the present High Court business.

[*Walpole Collection*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—Constable has written to me concerning the 10,000¹ to which of course I gave ready acquiescence & directed him to communicate with you as to particulars. I mentiond formerly the paper a convenience which I do not chuse to want. John also had a share in the adventure on condition of his paying ready money instead of bills. There may be doubt if he can follow this up but at any rate you will take care to keep it open for him—it may be the means of helping him materially or bringing home in part your own £360. As to any other proposals I suppose they will be the same as formerly ; if any thing new is stated you will let me know. There should be every exertion made to get forward the printing. You will recollect there is no Melrose post on Tuesday.
Yours truly
W. S.

ABBOTSFORD 17 August [PM. 1817]

[*Signet Library*]

¹ Number to be printed of *Rob Roy*.

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

ABBOTSFORD, 18th August [1817]

MY DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your letter and am very glad to find the Register¹ is forthcoming ; I have made some economical arrangements respecting the Chronicle, &c., which I hope may render the work more profitable. Relating to the other matter, I am very glad you think the thing so promising, and of course acquiesce in what you recommend. I am labouring regularly, though I cannot work hard, and have no doubt of meeting October at least, so that you may have the whole early in that month. I write to Jas. B., with whom you will take the trouble to communicate as to particulars. I should wish much to see you here before you go to London ; we shall have comfortable apartments roofed in during the course of next month, and if you will bring Miss Constable with you, Mrs. Scott and the girls will be very happy to see her, and Tweedside will be a novelty.

If there is any change to take place in the Farmer's Mag.² I hope you will think on my friend Will. Laidlaw who has more real genius than most folks whom I know.—I remain, your faithful Servant,

WALTER SCOTT

[Rosebery]

TO MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

DEAR SIR,—I received your favour. There can be no objection to the work getting forward. I inclose a letter & packet from Mathurine of Dublin—He wishes much to have a London Bill in exchange for yours as there are no Scotch houses in Dublin. If you will give the bill to James Ballantyne he will probably get such a bill at par & remit it minus the discount to Mr. M. The

¹ Constable had taken over the *Edinburgh Annual Register* and Scott was to write for it the history of 1815.

² One of Constable's publications.

work¹ which I have glanced over has very considerable merit but I think requires softening in some passages where religious sectaries are treated with severe satire. I would at least smoothe over some expressions & I shall mention this when I write to Mr. M. I remain Yours very truly

W SCOTT

Mr. Cadell

Monday [docketed 25 *August* 1817]

[*Stevenson*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I send you the end of Vol. I. These bad days have brought me well up. In your letter you perfectly explain Coutts matter but it is not the less a most unlucky business & I wish in transactions with London Houses where you must pointedly go on the square that you would remit through the Banks or Sir W. F. which would render discussion & dispute impossible. I think you acted prudently in not hinting anything to Coutts that might be disagreeable to them to hear.

Your poor fathers death will make some ease to the business for I suppose the Book-keeping on the present scale can be managed without great expence. Indeed I suppose from the state of his health the conclusion will not make much difference to what it has been for some time before. We must œconomise as we can when work is failing & rates low. Please to speak to this when you write.

¹ Probably Maturin's *Women*; or, *Pour et Contre*, a tale by the author of "*Bertram*," &c. 3 vols. 120. Constable, Edinburgh; Longman, London, 1818. "I have just had a most liberal letter from Constable who appears to have caught a shred of your mantle, he offers me his acceptance at 90 days but there are so few Scotch houses in Dublin that I would prefer if possible getting it discounted in Edinburgh. . . . I am preparing another tragedy and Lamb gives me high encouragement, in *Manuel* (which after all is a bad play) I sacrificed myself to Kean's curiosity to try an aged character." —MATURIN, 2nd August.

I will be glad to hear when Mr. Hogarth¹ & you are likely to come. I should have had gay lodgings for you but these rainy days have baulkd the plaisterers. At any rate you will have beds *tales quales* & wellcome.

W. S.

28 August [1817].

[*Signet Library*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I return the sheets & will be very happy to see Mr. Hogarth & you at dinner on thursday & also Alexander. It is possible that erratic planet Adam Fergusson & his sister may be here in which [case] you may be a little crouded but we can make many shifts as I have the hay-loft still in reserve which you know of old.

I have your note of sums due. I wish before you come out you would renew Constables bill of the 12 to meet mine of 6th & I will renew mine to take up his. We must try to [make]² some arrangement about the £1040 to meet R. R. who I trust will be forth early in October if you can get the printing through. I wish you would bring with you the calculations of expence paper printing &c. I am anxious about John—he had better let his loss be loss and come home—his share of profit on R. R. will more than balance it. I always feard the Philistines would bite him at last. I send a little copy but have more ready.

I would not have plagued Mr. Hogarth about his thousand. But my brother Tom has tipd me bills for £500 at ten days sight.

Never fear Rob making his appearance—if he has not done so already—but you are aware the Highlands are rather a worn out subject. Ne quid nimis—My health is

¹ Ballantyne's brother-in-law.

² "May" is actually written.

greatly mended. I rise a mornings & sleep a nights—Will you call or send to Castle Street & bring me any letters &c that are there— You will of course ask the Great Constable his commands. Yours truly W S

September [1817]

[*Glen*]

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON

ABBOTSFORD 3 *Sep* 1817

DEAR SIR,—I am greatly obliged to you for securing the stone. I am not sure that I will put up the gate quite in the old form but I would like to secure the means of doing so. The ornamental stones are now put up & have a very happy effect. If you will have the kindness to let me know when the tolbooth door comes down I will send in my carts for the stones. I have an admirable situation for it. I suppose the door will be kept for the new Jail : if not & not otherwise wanted I would esteem it curious to possess it. Certainly I hope so many sore hearts will not pass through the celebrated door when in my possession as heretofore.

WALTER SCOTT

[“ *The door, lock, key, &c., were all sent.*”]¹

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

[PM. 3rd *Sept.* 1817]

DEAR JAMES,—I reinclose the bill which you can either discount now or manage it as directed in my last & date it later—observe to use the same ink in dating with which the body of the bill is written. Bankers look sharp after this. I own that it surprizes me that knowing John as you do know him you should again plunge deep into his bill-transactions. Assuredly you will destroy your

¹ Is noted on the transcript.

own credit if you continue this conduct & that will not be very just to those already connected with you. I will assist John myself & have done so in all feasible matters but *not* with credit & I assure you it will do him no good. The only chance I see of your getting out of the scrape is to keep hold of his share of R.R. for I suspect that between Ainslie¹ and these misadventures John will have a bad account of his affairs when he comes home. He is an unlucky wight. I expect you on Thursday.

W. SCOTT

[*Signet Library*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

ABBOTSFORD, 5th Sept. [1817]

MY DEAR SIR,—I will get to CHIVALRY² next week. I will not have time to make the article long but will try to make it lively. I am just finishing an apartment which will be habitable in eight days, and make Miss Constable and you more comfortable than I can at this moment, so I hope to see you the week after the next any day that is most agreeable, avoiding the 22d which is circuit-term. James Ballantyne bears my mind in some matters which will not be, I think, unpleasant to you. I wish you to turn them in your mind.

I am much obliged to Mr. Forrester for his very kind attention. Will you be so good as let me know the amount of the balance, all discounts &c. taken off, when you have time to enquire after it.—Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT

[*Rosebery*]

¹ See letter to John, Vol. I, Appendix, p. 516.

² Scott's article for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

MY DEAR JAMES,—I have an important communication from John announcing that Longmans people are willing to clear our hands of the whole remaining stock on getting the next *Tales*. But I presume our freind at the Cross ¹ will be willing to do the same a point which you must lose no time in ascertaining. Mr. Constable will not I am sure wish or expect me to be a loser by my preference of him. Murray has through an indirect channel offered advantages equivalent or more than equivalent in a pecuniary point of view : but I cannot stomach some things which occurred formerly. I have little doubt Longman & Co/ will go hand in hand with Constable the latter managing. But as the bills of one House however reputable would embarrass us it would be necessary we should have bills in London for one moiety of the concern.

Respecting the Stock Longman have proposed to take it by valuation but to this I will not consent : indeed they do not make a condition but only a suggestion to that effect to which assuredly I shall not listen. The terms will be the same as formerly only including the whole stock which after all these gentlemen *must* have taken soon or syne. Being in their own hands they may make it valuable and they are not ignorant that 10,000 copies of the *Tales* must produce at least £8000 divisible between the author and publishers—£4000 is not to be sneezed at though encumberd with some heavy stock which they can use so as to secure themselves against loss if they cannot turn it to advantage. I inclose Johns letter. I have written in answer that we are in communication with Constable. It will be necessary also to enquire if John himself can take any share in the proposed negotiation. I fear it greatly for of course the *ready* will be the terms on which he must deal. I do not wish to disoblige Longmans people but certainly to give a preference to Constable on

¹ *i.e.* Constable.

any terms by which I shall not be a loser. A very desirable purchase has occurred in this neighbourhood, a sort of fairy land marching with Abbotsford. I have little doubt our speculations will enable me to clear it with advantage to my family—these are sunshine prospects after rough weather. The first matter will [of] course be to pay off the Bond at Mart?¹

I have had a slight return of my complaint which keeps me from my desk but I set to work tomorrow with renewed vigour. Believe me Very truly yours WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 10 *Sept.* 1817

It will I think be best to keep the treaty quite open till we hear from John.

[*Glen*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR SHARPE,—“Doubt truth to be a liar” but do not doubt my continued and anxious wish to do whatsoever is like to be agreeable to you : my article² was begun but owing to the want of divers volumes ponderous of conveyance or rare in occurrence I really had not the means of completing it for you know we have to do with a perverse generation who would take every advantage of a slip of memory & therefore we must walk according to the square. But it will & shall assuredly grace the next Quarterly. The feuds of the booksellers³ are most diverting & I have no doubt the rival Magazines like opposition coaches will run the race untill their efforts to outstrip each other shall overthrow one or both. Wilson⁴ will be a spirited character or I mistake him and take the corner with four starvd authors in hand in great stile. As for the Bart.⁵ I cannot conceive

¹ The bond to which the duke had given his name payable at Martinmas (11th November).

² Review of *Kirkton's History*.

³ Blackwood and Constable.

⁴ John Wilson (Christopher North) whom Scott takes to be editing *Blackwood's Magazine*.

⁵ Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton. See letter of 7th August, p. 488.

what on earth made him enter into the lists as an unknown knight thus depriving himself of all the courtesy usually paid to one who wears his beaver up. Having formerly undergone a rude shock in the same career I should have judged that he would have tired playing the Stranger Knight— Goodman has certainly a mean sound yet it has been applied to families who now hold their head pretty high. I have seen a letter from James V to Ye Guidman of Torwoodlee in which he calls him his right traist friend or some such epithet & speaks I believe of dining with him. Now these same Pringles of Torwoodlee were Crusaders & men of consequence as appears from their reliques—the heart of a valiant champion of the family sent home from the Holy Land in a porphyry case plated with silver. Even the *carta supellex* may be matched by examining the wills of old families—but after all I doubt Allanton's honours are in a scrape. I thought I had known all the battles of Scottish history but can remember nothing of this same battle of Morningside. The heraldic Riccelli¹ has made a most ferocious attack:— what the devil can be the meaning of his extreme ardour?—in demolishing the champion of Morningside he will realize the old maxim *cedant arma togæ*.

I renounce with much regret the hope of seeing you here this season. Next year we shall be better prepared for your reception & I can give you a den where you shall be as sulky as the day is long when you do not incline to be merry with us. I am finishing a whimsical house here when the Heart of Midlothian pays contribution. Item I am attempting to eke out a little cascade in a certain glen belonging to my High-German dominions of Bowden Moor. So your prudence has escaped much hammering & knocking (for we want the silence as well as the wisdom of Solomon's temple) with a quantum sufficit of lime to daub your clothes & stones to break

¹ This may be the J. R. who published a strong "Reply to the Article 'Stewarts of Allanton'" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1817. Whether Riccelli is a joke for Richardson I cannot tell.

your shins upon, not to mention that in constructing the waterfall as the Potter's old song hath it

All the livelong day
We dabble among the clay
And we do smoke tobacco
As I do suppose.

Which admirable fragment I give you from tradition as sung at the Potteries near Prestonpans when I was in sea-bathing quarters there some forty years ago. From all these inconveniences your prudence has saved you though my selfish wish to see you here would have exposed you to them— Davie Williamson¹ is a special hawl—I am interrupted & forced to conclude in haste Most truly yours

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Friday* [Sep. 13, 1817]

All the folks here are gratified by your remembrance. If you like blackcocks we can send you plenty—off my own moor—Ha ! I will caper in mine own free hold—Dogs & cats all well & send remembrances.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe Esq
Princes Street Edinburgh.

[*Hornel*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

DEAR JAMES,—I have a letter from John today. He has gone fully farther with Longmans people than I intended. I gave him a general direction when he left Britain to sound them on the subject of the stock but understood from John on his return nothing could be done owing to Rees's absence. The seniors of the House have however oped their oracular jaws and profferd

¹ " Mr. David Williamson, elsewhere spoken of as ' Cherry-trees Davie ' and ' Dainty Davie,' whose exploits must be familiar to all readers of Covenanted literature."—*Sharpe's Correspondence*, ii. 162.

Sharpe, as he relates to Surtees in a letter of 1st August, has just discovered a portrait by Sir John Medina of Mr. David Williamson—" seven-wife Davie—which is in the possession of his great-granddaughter, a prim old maid, residing at Porto-bello." (Mrs. S. S. Clephan's Collection.)

mighty things—in a word are anxious to accede to my terms. They cannot therefore be left out entirely and the Tales (say 10000 copies) must be divided as in the case of Rob Roy Constable taking the uncontrold management. I should have been well pleased to have let Constable have the whole but besides that it would be using Longmans ill to shut them out of a bargain which has been mentiond to them by an authorized agent it is very desireable where acceptances are taken for so large a sum that they should be divided between two houses. To save further discussion the following are the terms on which you may close with Constable.

1. The Tales 4 volumes 10000 copies to be ready by Whitsunday at farthest.
2. I retain the option of finding paper.
3. Acceptance for authors profit at six months as in the former cases.
4. In consideration of being preferd to this work Messrs. C. & Co/ take the *whole* remaining stock of J. B. & Co/ on the same terms of discount acceptance etc as formerly. But as this is a heavy lift we will aid them with such renewals of credit as may be agreed on at *their* expence however not *ours*.
5. Constable & Co/ are to offer Longman etc half the above bargain and there may be a reserve made of some small corner for the doughty John to cover his swindling losses at home and abroad (to be deducted proportionally from the two moieties of Constable & Longman & managed as in the case of R. R.)

If Mr. Constable agrees to these terms you may close with him directly under this understanding that as many acceptances etc must be granted in November as will take out of the way the £4000 bond. Should these terms be less acceptable than I trust & expect they will prove the arrangement will go to London for Longman

have signified their disposition to acquiesce in the authors plan. Indeed the only thing that seems heavy is the quantity of stock but if the old is heavy the new is light enough & being once all out of the warehouse they will escape this drug on future occasions. As to the union of interests with Longman it is what Constable himself seemd to like on former arrangements although it is very natural he should like the whole better than a moiety. Half a loaf however is better than no bread.

As I said before I should like much to place G. M.¹ under *his* care instead of Longmans if it can be done without offending them. In the mean time you will please lose no time in ordering paper for an edition of 2000 and putting the same to press as it will fill up gaps in R. R.¹ which may be delayd for a few days longer.

Respecting Johns mission you may recollect I mentiond to you at Abbotsford that I had desired John when he left Britain to take an opportunity to sound Longman & Co/ & that you told me (which indeed his first letter confirmd) that nothing could be done there in Rees's absence. But undoubtedly as a prudent man I was desirous to hear the *breath* of more than one house on a transaction which involves first & last a most important sum of money. Nothing is concluded with Longman so if Constable accedes to my terms before John arrives the affair may be closd. Direct pecuniary advantages equal to half the price of the stock have been offerd in another quarter so that I am quite fixd not to lower my terms.

I have settled nothing yet about my arrondissement but shall soon—it is a beautiful spot—Your Journal will do admirably—it is a great defect in you that you distrust [your] excellent abilities. Yours truly

ABBOTSFORD 14 *Sept.* [PM. 1817]

W. S.

[*Signet Library*]

¹ *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*. See the letter to Joanna Baillie of 17th March showing how much worse Longmans had managed the sale of *Guy Mannering* than Constable had that of other novels.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, DRUMLANRIGG

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I enclose the state of the claims on the Roxburghshire roll drawn up by Donaldson. The objection to Williamson which seems fatal it is not for us to mention nor do I think there would be prudence or propriety in being active to state that against John Pringle. He is said to be adverse but he is a very young man and can hardly be supposed to know his own mind. Moreover he is what is now commonly termed a *Dandie* and is therefore comeatable in many ways especially by occasional attention from Bowhill. So as his vote could only be winged for a time & that when there is no prospect of its being of consequence I think it would be prudent to spare him the aggravating feeling that it was set aside. With your Graces permission I will speak to him *cannily* & point out the objection that we may not lose the grace of waving it. If however in your Graces better judgment it should appear of consequence to keep him off we will take care he shall not get on. As to Donaldsons attending the head court it would certainly be of little consequence on the present occasion. But he is a freeholder on the roll & perhaps it may be as proper that he now should remain so ; his attendance therefore becomes a business of course & can attract no particular observation & the expence attending it may be a means of balancing the interest of his qualification which remains on his hand. As to this point also your Grace will be pleased to honour me with your directions which shall be implicitly attended to.

I send under a separate cover two letters of a painful nature from my cousin Willie Scott younger of Raeburn & I do it with the greatest reluctance. I have told him a dozen times that I do not see how your Grace standing as I know you have reason to do with ministers should solicit them for any one & that moreover I saw no propriety in troubling you on his score in particular.

I found him howsoever so much disposed to think that I exaggerated these difficulties that I cannot without unkindness to a very near relation & really meritorious young man avoid transmitting his own statement of his case. His father—if he can be calld a father—has at least £1400 „ a year clear of which he spends at least in visible expence about £300 „ yet will he allow his son & heir a man (I must scratch out *young*) of unexceptionable character & conduct with an increasing family of seven or eight fine children actually to fly to servitude to support the necessary means of subsistence. I should mention it to Willie's honour that he has positively declined such pecuniary aid as I among many of his friends was most willing to have afforded & even pressed on him. Indeed I do not well see what can be proposed or done for him unless something of a consulship in a foreign country could be obtaind. At any rate may I pray your Grace to pardon my complying with his wish in placing his situation before you although he as well as I must be sensible that much more of this most disagreeable business devolves on your Grace than you can possibly execute to the satisfaction of the applicants.

A more pleasant communication relates to myself. Your Grace is so apt to forget the kind & good things you do that perhaps you do not remember that you had the goodness to become my security for no less than £4000 which at time of need I was compelld to levy [?] in order to keep my copy-rights in my own hands. It is with pride & pleasure that I can assure your Grace that I will put the bond in your hand at Martinmas that you may scratch out your name. I know it will give your Grace great satisfaction to know that through your kind confidence I have been enabled to realize property to the amount of at least thrice the sum contained in the Bond & which promises greatly to increase. But I will say no more on this subject except that I am aware that the knowlege that your kindness & confidence has been used

with discretion & attended with most singular benefit to the party obliged is the only acceptable excuse I can offer for troubling you with my grateful thanks. And let me add I hold my little fortune doubly valuable that it has its foundation in a confidence so honorable to me & so gratifying to my feelings.¹

I dined with Lord Lothian two days since & saw his monument the finest piece of masonry I have seen in this part of Scotland Bowhill & even Abbotsford itself not excepted. The said monument is made of real *granite*—my house as well as your Grace's mansion at Bowhill are as Sir Humphry Davy assures me of simple Grawacky² (a hard word which I write in my best hand). Now this *Grawacky* has only one advantage over the *real Granite* that it is practicable to the hammer in such a superior degree that your industrious workman will square twenty pieces of Grawacky for one piece of real granite. Yet the true thing is the true thing & I have fallen in my own eyes one degree and a half since I have learned that I have been using mere Grawacky for the *ipsissimus* granite. As however it is an inferiority which I share in your Graces good company which would console me for heavier evils I will be comforted by the recollection that Grawacky will keep out wind and rain as well as granite itself. But without jest the Peniel monumment³ will [be]

¹ With the advance received from Constable for a new series of *Tales of my Landlord*, "Scott was able to cancel his bond of £4000 to the Duke of Buccleuch. He had now discharged all his debts to personal friends, but at the cost of mortgaging far ahead his creative powers."—BUCHAN, *Sir Walter Scott* (1932), pp. 172-3.

² Graywacke or Greywacke, a kind of sandstone, consisting of rounded pebbles and sand firmly united together; literally Ger. *grauwacke*—*grau*, gray, and *wacke*, a flint. G. Young, *Geol. Surv. Yorksh. Coast*: "The hard porphyritic-looking rocks . . . usually designated by the harsh-sounding name *grawacké*." Smiles, *Sc. Natur.* viii. (ed. 4): "The hills, which descend to the coast, are composed of hard *grauwacke*."

³ Peniel Heugh (774 feet high) is in the parish of Crailing, Teviotdale, Roxburghshire. On Peniel Heugh stands the Waterloo Column (150 feet high), whose top is reached by a spiral staircase. It bears the inscription: "To the Duke of Wellington and the British Army, William Kerr, sixth Marquis of Lothian, and his tenantry dedicate this monument, 30 June 1815."

one of the most simply grand which has ever been built.

Walter has been very successful on the moors as well as about the doors. We have got amazing numbers of black cocks on the sheep farm. I never go out without seeing numbers. I burnt the water last night with Lord Somerville but we had poor sport. Report says your Grace is to be soon at Bowhill which will give us great pleasure. Believe me ever most truly Your Graces truly grateful & obliged Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 20 *Sept.* [1817]

[*Buccleuch*]

[TO THE AUTHOR OF "BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST"]¹

ABBOTSFORD, NEAR MELROSE,

21 *September*, [1817]

SIR,—I assure you I do not merit the accusation of neglecting what I promised. Your poem of "Belshazzar's Feast" which has very considerable merit I caused to be inserted in the "Edinburgh Annual Register."

¹This poem appeared anonymously in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1815 (vol. viii., part 2—pp. ccli to cclv), though the publication was not published till 1817. The title of the poem is *The Vision of Belshazzar: An Ode*. The opening lines are somewhat in the manner of Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*:

The lamps are bright in Babel's tower,

Belshazzar feasts in pride of power.

On golden throne,

Clothed in his grandeur, haughty and alone,

He sits in state.

Around him wait

A thousand Satraps in their crested pride;

And, never seen, his lovely queen

Wears the dread splendours of a monarch's bride.

From letters in the Walpole Collection it is clear that the author was a W. B. Villiers, Thorp Hall, near Leeds. He had sent Scott a poem called "Charmion," which Scott acknowledged with his usual kindness, evoking an enthusiastic letter of 12th June. Later he must have sent *B.F.* Scott wrote this letter, but addressing "Mr W. B. Villars Thorpe Hall Near York" the Post Office, after various "Try this" and "Try that's," returned the letter. See also Scott to Ballantyne [21st September 1817], p. 518.

It is a mere trifle they can afford to give for fugitive poetry probably two or three guineas at most. But I understood the principal object to be an experiment on the public taste and a gratification of your wish to lay your verses in some shape or other before the World. You seem to think that if I possessed the will I have the means of patronizing you effectually. But this is a very inaccurate though not an unnatural view of the case. I live in great retirement upon a moderate fortune and with health which is gradually giving way to severe chronic afflictions. I have therefore little the means of assisting you myself and still less that of influencing others to any effectual purpose.

I requested Mr. Ballantyne (printer, St. John-street Edinburgh) to send you a copy of the Miscellany (Edinb. Register) when printed. He is a good judge of poetry and approved of yours very much. I repeat my request to him by this post. I could not myself attend to this matter having been in the Highlands for some time and since my return a constant inhabitant of my summer quarters at this place.

I grieve I assure you for your acuteness of feeling. But if you knew what literary reputation is your aspirations after it would be far less fervent ; and as to your turning a monk in this disappointment I believe the case would be singular since though the love of terrestrial beauty has sent many a man to the cloister you would certainly be the first victim to that of the Muses. I hope you will excuse me for smiling at such a fancy which if you had been reviewed some five hundred times struck up and struck down praised and parodied and flattered and back-bitten for fifteen years would appear to you as ludicrous as it does to me. At any rate [be] pleased to hold me exculpated on the charge of neglecting poetry which I really think has strong indications of genius.—
I remain Sir your obedient Servant WALTER SCOTT

[*Walpole Collection*]

To JAMES BALLANTYNE

MY DEAR JAMES,—I received¹ Yours with Messrs. Constable's inclosed which is perfectly satisfactory excepting as to the reference to me concerning Longmans share. On this point as it is not said in what manner or on what terms Messrs. Longman are to receive their share it is clear I can return no answer since I cannot say I understand what is to be proposed. Indeed I should at any rate postpone this part of the arrangement as I learn by a letter from Terry that John will be here about Wednesday and that Rees will be there almost as soon as he. I think Johns share should be $\frac{1}{4}$ th. He wishes a third but as in the arrangement proposed by Longman a $\frac{1}{4}$ th was named for him & as he will immediatly transfer it to the other publishers at a discount I think a $\frac{1}{4}$ th will be very handsome.

I inclose copy—I agree with you that the English scenes are not so striking as the Scotch but we must beware of pressing one spring too hard— Enfin nous verrons—

Your negligence or mine is like to occasion a singular catastrophe as you will see from the inclosed from the author of Belshazzars vision inserted in [the Register]. You see the man is in danger of turning monk. Please send him carriage paid a copy of the Register & two or three guineas as you think reasonable with an apology for the smallness of the sum and a quantum sufficit of praise. The man has genius but I take him to be mad.

Inclosed is a letter to Constable & one to Hay Donaldson : please to forward both by careful Devils. Yours etc

Sunday [21 September 1817]

W. S.

I have a letter from Terry & expect John & Bullock on Wednesday. I say nothing to Constable about the bargain leaving that to yourself.

[Signet Library]

¹ This word is really "reserved" in the MS.

TO MR. CONSTABLE, CROSS, EDINR.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you have not forgot your purpose of coming here. To-morrow I go to the Circuit, and about Thursday we expect some young people to attend the county ball. From Saturday onward we are totally disengaged, and will take care to continue so, when we know when to expect Miss Constable and you. We have every prospect of fine weather and a glorious harvest, after so many fears and tremors on that important subject. My cramps have been tormenting, but are now mitigated ; I trust they are going off by degrees, as they have not near the violence of the attacks in spring.—I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

W. SCOTT

John Ballantyne, who like a cat, can tumble out of a ten-pair of stairs window and light on his feet, is on his return here. I expect Bullock and him about Tuesday. John is in full feather and high spirits.

[ABBOTSFORD] *Sunday 21 Sept. 1817*

[*Kilpatrick and Constable*]

TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD

I WOULD have written to you long since had anything occurred worth plaguing you about. But from an idle man—and such I have been, from the necessity of taking much hard exercise to keep the cramps at [arm's-length]—there is but little to be looked for, always excepting the gratitude due for the Stirling Heads,¹ which are most beautiful. I think of getting some of them done for the ornament above the compartments of my library here, which they will accord with very happily.

On the subject of the Magazine, I am too much a veteran of literature to be surprised at the unexpected shoals on which the fairest undertakings sometimes are

¹ A book of engravings published by Blackwood.

wrecked, or at the unforeseen causes of difference which occur between publishers and authors. Mr. Pringle wrote me a few lines on the subject, to which I answered, expressing the interest I feel for Scottish literature and its supporters in general, and my intention to be completely neutral, reserving the privilege of contributing any trifling assistance to either or to both publications. Indeed, understanding that the principal conduct of yours is committed to the charge of a gentleman whose talents are of the highest order, and whose good opinions and goodwill have been expressed to me in more ways than one, it is naturally to be supposed I should be desirous of aiding a work he is interested in, so far as I have it in my power. As to any pecuniary recompense, I cannot in conscience stipulate or accept of any ; for as it can be only broken hints, detached fragments, and so forth, that I can offer, and that but occasionally, I would be very unreasonable to exact any emolument for such trifles, nor have I any thoughts of doing so.

It is, however, in your power to interest me more deeply in the success of your attempt, in the event of your securing, as you propose, the assistance of my friend, Mr. William Laidlaw, on the footing of a regular contributor. He is one of my oldest and best friends in this country—a man of a singularly original and powerful mind, acquainted with science, well skilled in literature, and an excellent agriculturist. Having lately given up an over-rented farm, he is at present inhabiting a farmhouse of mine called Kaeside, about half a mile from me, and I am heartily desirous, both for his sake and my own, to secure myself the benefit of his neighbourhood, as he is *amicus omnium bonorum*, my confidential adviser on rural economy, and my companion in field sports. If, therefore, you should think it advisable to trust to Mr. Laidlaw for supplying a certain portion of your Magazine with agricultural or literary articles, I have not the least doubt they will be executed to your satisfaction, and will

consider myself as completely responsible for what he may supply. He shall have my best advice and frequent assistance ; and as a very special friend of mine answered Dr. Lawson of Selkirk, when in the course of the Carritch they came to the question, " What is Effectual Calling ? " " I have little doubt we will make it out between us." But, my good sir, if I am to give this sort of pledge, the emolument derived to Mr. Laidlaw's family must be such as will answer my selfish purpose of keeping him in my neighbourhood, and that will cost you such a rate of copy money as shall enable him to make at least £120 per annum. Mr. Laidlaw is a good antiquary, and both he and I would have pleasure in contributing to that branch. He has by him an excellent essay on converting high and over-ploughed lands into grass, written for the benefit of your humble servant in a manner likely to be generally interesting. I have a curious letter of the well-known Chevalier Ramsay to Mr. Bayers on the state, political and economical, of France about sixty years since, and I daresay I can find some other quodlibets for your starting number if you think my plan likely to answer.

I am glad there is a chance of our seeing Mr. Moore, and sincerely happy that Mr. Irving liked Abbotsford as much as its inhabitants liked him.

[WALTER SCOTT]

[ABBOTSFORD, 21st September 1817]

[*Mrs. Oliphant's William Blackwood*]

TO JOANNA BAILLIE

MY DEAR MRS BAILLIE—You must [be] quite devoid of the irritability of which as a poetess you are so well entitled to claim your share if you are not very angry with me. The only excuse you can figure for me is that the cramp having been driven by the Doctors skill out of its stronghold in the stomach has like its kindred complaint the gout taken possession of the extremities and

occupied my fingers so absolutely as to prevent the possibility of my writing where I have owed a debt so long and so ungraciously. But the verity is I have little else to plead than the delay of those good intentions with which some Divine says the infernal regions are paved. A series of little trinketty sort of business and occupation and idleness has succeeded to each other so closely that I have been scarce able for these seven weeks past to call my time my own for half an hour together. But enough of apologies—they are vile things and I know you will impute my negligence to anything rather than forgetting or undervaluing your friendship.

You know by this time that we have had a visit from Lady Byron¹ delightful on its own account and because it was accompanied with good news and a letter from you. I regret we could not keep her longer than a day with us which we spent on the banks of the Yarrow and I hope and believe she was pleased with us because I am sure she will be so with every thing that is intended to please her. Meanwhile her visit gave me a most lawyer-like fit of the bile. I have lived too long to be surprized at any exertion of human caprice but still it vexes me. Now one would suppose Lady Byron young beautiful with rank and fortune and birth and taste and high accomplishment and admirable good sense qualified to have made happy one whose talents were so high as Lord Byrons and whose marked propensity it is to like those who are qualified to admire and understand his talents, and yet it has proved otherwise. I can safely

¹ Joanna had written on 9th August announcing Lady Byron's intention of visiting Scotland and her efforts to secure a meeting. To this letter Lady B. adds a note from Edinburgh, 13th August: "I have the pleasure to derive from this letter and its envelope to myself an additional assurance that my wish to see you has not led me to make an intrusive offer thro' Mr Ballantyne, for I had previously requested him to inform you of my intention to return by Melrose, and to wait upon you and Mrs Scott—I have through the civility of Messrs Manners and Miller obtained every assistance to the gratification of my curiosity since I arrived here, and I believe I need not trouble you in this respect," etc.

say my heart ached for her all the time we were together. There was so much patience and decent resignation to a situation which must have pressed on her thoughts that she was to me one of the most interesting creatures I have seen for this score of years. She has however a great deal of firmness and a certain decision of character which perhaps is more graceful in adversity than it might have at all times been in prosperity.¹ So at least it seemd to me : and I am sure I should not have felt such strong kindness towards her had she been at the height of her fortune and in the full enjoyment of all the brilliant prospects to which she seemd destined. All this is of course for your own eye but I know you will be desirous of knowing how I liked your friend of whom before I had seen but little.

I have read Columbus over again and I think I like it a great deal more than on the first perusal though I was then struck with its beauty. This is in the course of the capricious turns of human taste. In the first perusal we are apt to look much for novelty of interest and this cannot be found nor did you propose to seek it in a story so very well know[n]. We also seek a sort of individual interest arising from the collision of character and the detail of incident. These also your plan excludes and certainly so far you quit some of the most powerful claims you possess on the attention of the interest. But on a second perusal these objections are not so powerful. We

¹ "I have had the honour," says Laidlaw, "of dining in the company of Lady Byron and Lord Somerville. Her ladyship is a beautiful little woman with fair hair, a fine complexion, and rather large blue eyes ; face not round. She looked steadily grave, and seldom smiled. I thought her mouth indicated great firmness, or rather obstinacy."—CARRUTHERS'S *Abbotsford Notanda* from *Laidlaw MS.* in Edinburgh University Library. In her reply to this letter of 22nd October Joanna writes : "That trait which struck you of her character I have often observed but I believe that while she lived with Lord B. she was most compliant to his will in everything excepting when she was required to mingle & become an associate of the profligate and debased. I do not believe that she ever for the sake of argument & consequence opposed him ; but nothing would satisfy him but the grovling devotedness of a Gulnare."

are then more attentive to the manner in which the story is told than to its interest as a narrative and the poet has of course much more fair play. The story is admirably told and the few pencil observations which I have made I offer rather as subjects of consideration than with any confidence that they are just. You will however give them what weight you please. I have made them frankly for I know you would wish me to do so. I do not make them dogmatically because after all Ilka man buckles his belt his ain gait and in communicating our sentiments to our friends as in stating our opinions in society we may expect a hearing from their candour but should never presume to demand acquiescence.

You will wish to hear of my complaint. I think that thank God it is leaving me—not suddenly however for I have had some repetitions but they have been fainter and fainter and I have not been disturbd by one for these three weeks. I trust by care and attention my stomach will return to its usual tone and I am as careful as I can. I have taken hard exercise with good effect and am often six hours on foot without stopping or sitting down to which my plantations and enclosures contribute not a little. I have given up the gun this season however finding myself unable to walk up to the dogs. But Walter has taken it in hand and promises to be a first rate shot. He brought us in about seven or eight brace of birds the evening Lady Byron came to us which papa was of course a little proud of. The black cocks are getting very plenty on our moor ground at Abbotsford but I associate them so much with your beautiful poem¹ that I have not the pleasure I used to have in knocking them down. I wish I knew how to send you a brace. I get on with my labours here—my

“ Good-morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage dark and sleek,
Thy crimson moon, and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy ! ” etc.

house is about to be roofd in and a comical concern it is. I will cherish the idea we shall one day meet under the roof which is now rising. I have a little armoury to be filld with real armour none of your paris-plaster *make-believes* I have plenty of it and some pieces of historical or traditional interest ; besides a number of little odds and ends of urns and fragments and bronze utensils which defy all antiquarian conjecture.

Mrs Scott, Sophia and all my household join in kindest love. The bower is getting on—yet another year or at most two and it will lose its old character entirely and become a fine thicket of evergreens. Remember me most kindly to Mrs A. Baillie the Dr and Mrs Baillie and all friends. I hope the Tragic muse is not slumbering though the lyrical nymph has superseded her for a space. Pray let me hear what you are doing and once more believe me Ever yours

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD 26 *Sept.* [1817]

[*Royal College of Surgeons, London*]

TO DANIEL TERRY ¹

[26 *Sept* 1817]

MY DEAR TERRY,—I was a few days ago delighted by receiving Mr. Bullock as your letter promised : he could but give me a few hours nor indeed did I much press him to stay for he has the Highlands & the Isle of Skye before him & I am truly sorry he is to encounter the Hebrides at such a season, & think he is ill advised not to have come early in Summer. He does not suspect what he is to encounter with rough & dangerous seas,

¹ The two letters to Terry here printed are from Abbotsford Copies. That beginning "I was a few days ago" breaks off as printed, the letter having been bound with, or rather in the middle of, an earlier one. Then a page or two later follows that beginning in the middle of a sentence, and over it is written : "End of a letter sent in last packet dated I think 1817 Sept. 26."

long nights unskilful boatmen & very bad boats. But I trust the Apollo Belvidere will keep a look out after him or whatever other deity protects taste spirit & good-nature: he is to return to me I hope before I go to Edinburgh, meanwhile I have had a full conversation with him on the subject of my wants & wishes which has occasioned Mr. Atkinson receiving from me a long & very troublesome letter. I really feel criminal in trespassing so much on his time. I wait his directions & instructions for all the interior of the building as library drawing room & so forth requiring any taste, the bedrooms as they will only require to be neat & plain I will not trouble him with. Whatever can conveniently be done in London I should of course wish to be executed there because it is sure to be right—What is to be done here we will execute as men of mould may. The house looks uncommonly handsome & you will be surprised as Bullock was at the peculiar harmony of the colour. The stone is not properly *whin* or *granite* but Grawacky so says Sir Humphry Davy. Be which it will it is very handsome a sort of twilight greyish colour very different from the deep blue stone which looks so cold & sombre. They are now busy with the roof & chimneys and we shall have all winter for preparing the woodwork. Bullock has seized upon the room hitherto call'd the Boudoir for an armoury & threatens mighty things. I have so much real ancient armour as will fill it compleatly. It is thought it will be best to let the old house stand exactly in its present state only gaining a temporary door from the present drawing room into the new house. For as it is in the state of the Highlanders gun which required only a new stock lock & barrel to put it in perfect order we now think it may be as well one day to rebuild entirely & gain a good drawing room & a library above it. I shall not I suppose be obliged to pull the oar at the Clerk's table all my life & when I retire I will settle here for good. So we will adjourn all idea of

touching Mr. Redfords¹ mansion till we meet at Abbotsford and concert it on a grand scale. I trust this will be next year. Should it stand in its present condition I have contrived a clever mode of uniting the upper story with the new building by throwing a circular turret into the angle where the old & new house join. This will look handsome being corded off at top & bottom & will afford the means of turning the passage into the old house without making the dressing rooms betwixt which it passes oblique lines as thus. [*Drawing in copy.*] A window in the turret would also light the passage. If this plan be not adopted the passage must oblique considerably which would spoil the dressing closets & have I think an awkward effect. This is the only thing I omitted to mention to Mr. Atkinson. Indeed it cannot be done till the roof of the old house is raised, & if it is to be pull'd down it must not be done at all. I have requested Mr. Atkinson to distinguish what he thinks should be done in London, what here, that I may set the folks to work : we have some good seasoned oak for wainscotting. I suspended writing about all these matters till I should see Mr. Bullock for it is so difficult for a person unacquainted with the technical expressions of Architecture & altogether ignorant of drawing to express himself distinctly that I feared giving Mr. A. double trouble by my blunders & want of distinctness. If you will look at my long letter to him of yesterdays date & compare it with this you will perhaps be able to guess my meaning by my mumping. I do not know whether I should thank you or scold you for the heads : they form positively too valuable a present for they are scarce & in the finest order & must have cost you both expence & trouble. I know you mind neither to gratify a friend & to tell you the truth I never grudge you the trouble which you take on my account though I know it to be considerable. But you must not put yourself to actual

¹ i.e. Mother Redford's,

expenche because starting in life with a family to look up to you even minor expences mount up to something at the years end & which . . .

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

26th September, 1817

. . . her out on this occasion. At any rate it is too bad to see the memory of a man of genius plundered of all poor MacDonald ever got by his writings which was the credit of having written them. I am delighted with your family news & hope little Walter will soon recover the delicate state of health attending the teething. Mr. Bullock tells me Mrs. Terry's health is quite restored which must make your mind much more easy. I do not know when I shall see your *Ménage* but am much pleased you are established to your mind : "home is home" says the proverb be it never so homely but there is no occasion for its being more homely than needs must & I think you like me prefer a snug & convenient cabin to read & write in to many other enjoyments. The distance from the theatre is a draw back however : half the time in London is wasted by running between the scene of our duties & that of our enjoyments : to bring them as near each other as possible is good economy : but good legs make distances short : only beware of walking by night : I love not the London humours of footpads : but the roads I suppose are guarded. My own family grows up & gives me great satisfaction : Walter will be your companion the next time you shoot over our braes : he is very successful especially among the black cocks of which I have a good lot in my back settlements around the Lake : they will increase wonderfully as my woods begin to afford them shelter. I wish much to send some game to Atkinson : the moor fowl & black

cocks are now flocking together & hard to come at but I trust we could get a couple of brace or a leash : a black cock would perhaps be a rarity in London. My affairs (literary you are aware) have been so prosperous that I am in treaty for a considerable addition to my estate stretching towards Eildon hills which will make Abbotsford a valuable property, bearing a [*blank in copy*] proportion to the house : the last I think should be called *Chateau Thierry* for I am sure you have the greater share in the erection of it. Mrs. Scott & the girls are very well & join me in kindest remembrances to Mrs. Terry : you may be sure I shall be most anxious to hear that “ my fathers arms old Hardens crest ” have escaped as safe from the furnace as Shadrach Meshach & Abednego of yore : the windows in which they are to be inserted will I presume fall to be placed in the armoury. By the bye it must not be forgotten that the window in the west side of the conservatory being to be used occasionally as a door must be so form’d as not to suffer in the discharge of this double debt. Here ends my letter selfishness predominating in the conclusion as in the beginning. There is none however in the feeling with which I am dear Terry Always yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

Mr. Freeling or Mr. Croker will forward any packets for me. Hamlet ci-devant Marmion promises most capitally : he is a bold fine dog more healthy than I ever saw any of the Newmarket breed & runs most capitally : he has kill’d several hares already : he is moreover a very funny & amiable fellow & is at this moment gnawing my shoe latches, so you see he is in full possession of the fire side. Mr. Bullock saw him run a course at Newark.

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, HANOVER STREET

DEAR JOHN,—You slipd away like a knotless thread the other morning and I had one or two things to mention. One respects a long bill I owe to Baillie Trotter (the last outstanding debt of the kind). I wish you to call & *bill him off* in two or three bills (without my name you know) for about £300, the amot. of the accot. Take three or four months he has been very patient. You know how to manage it.

I should wish one or two things settled before Constable comes here or at least put in train. The one is the terms on which he proposes to settle with Longman—we *must* have London Bills and what else he can want I am at a loss to guess. The other is your share which may be fixd at 1/4th of the affair. It should also be mentiond that this matter must be kept *quite secret* till Rob Roy is out. Any neglect of prudence on this score will hurt both works that all parties may be assured of.—
Yours truly,

W. SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, 27 *Sept.* [1817]

[*Kilpatrick*]

TO JOHN RICHARDSON ¹

MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—Many thanks for your kind attention to the bill without which I should have been in a dilemma & perhaps minus £100. I have no authority or advice from my brother to act in this matter &

¹ A note of Richardson's attached to the copy of this letter runs : "The business matter of this letter is that a Dr. Tobin having a Bill of T. Scotts upon his army agents here—which was dishonoured—*squeezed* the amount out of Sir Walter by representing the disadvantageous consequences of its going back. I dont recollect what guarantee was given but I know Sir Walter paid the money (£100)." Richardson's letter is in the *Walpole Collection*. He reports that there were two bills and that the first has already gone back to Canada protested. A letter from Dr, Tobin explains what happened, and adds that Messrs. Greenwood had used Tom hard, as his account showed he was *not* in their debt.

my interference merely proceeds on Dr. Tobins information that if this bill went back to Canada protested it would be of disservice to my brother & I must suppose of inconvenience to Dr. Tobin himself. I am quite willing to prevent both by paying the money but I am entitled to be assured in some way or other that my object shall be accomplished and I do not see how that can be done unless Dr. Tobin or Mr. Clemitson should give what you may think fair security of some sort or other that the first of Exchange shall not be made effectual in America or if it has been made effectual that the money advanced for retiring the second shall be replaced. This is imposing a very trifling difficulty on Dr. Tobin who must have many friends to whom he is known though we have not that honour & I the rather adhere to this proposal because I think it should be mentioned at the beginning that this was the second of exchange and that the first had been protested. If this proposal is declined I think I cannot with safety or prudence interfere in the matter. I would not chicanery with them upon absolute security but take any sort of warrant which seemed to secure against absolute and ultimate loss. The form & so forth I must trust entirely to you but I should suppose a letter of guarantee might be sufficient . . . Certain affairs which you know of have turned out so amazingly profitable as to have enabled me to make considerable additions to this little property & to undertake a still further extension of my wings which will probably soon flap the Eildon Hills. This has given me many delightful walks and much important and active employment which is no small object at a period of life when country business suits one better than country sports. Yet think not but what I still course and burn the water¹: the gun I have resigned to Walter who is a very successful sportsman & comes home loaded with grouse, black cock & partridges. If I thought it would come safe by the

¹ "Burning the water"—i.e. spearing salmon by night.

Carlisle Coach I would try Mrs. R's kind acceptance of some game. A black cock from the Rhymers' Glen would shine in the second course in Fludyer St. You mention nothing of what would give us sincere pleasure, the prospect of seeing you here. But I fear we are not to expect it this season & can only hope the next will be more propitious. Mrs. Scott joins in kind remembrances to Mrs. R & love to all your little folks Ever dear Richardson most truly yours

ABBOTSFORD 22 *Sept.* 1817

WALTER SCOTT

When you see Tom Campbell tell him with my best love that I have to thank him for making me known to Mr. Washington Irving who is one of the best & pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day. He stayed two or three days with me and I hope to see him again—Ever dear R most truly yours

W. SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JAMES BALLANTYNE

[*PM. 30th Sept. 1817*]

DEAR JAMES,—I return the Sheets.

I cannot allow Mr Rees to suppose any faith has been broken with him or his partners. The memoranda which John drew up were for the consideration of the author as well as for theirs & I presume they will allow that he as well as they had some title to consider & to reject them. This I did by return of post for I totally disapproved of their proposal of referring the price to arbitration & I cannot conceive how I should be bound by a proposal of John neither authorized nor approved of by me but on the contrary pointedly disapproved & declined & not even accepted by them. If they are displeased with what has been done for them or rather if

they do not accept it as an actual boon & favour they shall not have any part of the work. They managed G. M. worse than any of the other novels & I am at least £800 out of pocket by their doing so. They have ceased to do the only good deed they ever did & they must not think to trepan me into an engagement which I have no mind for. Blackwood did not find his interest in this & no more will they. They must take a smoother course & as the song says

They must do a little more
And produce a little ore
And send a little print
To the house house house.

Constable & they now they are together should settle the terms on which he proposes to give them their share. I think the whole should be regulated as Rob Roy & shall not easily be convinced of the contrary.

We will come to description by & bye—But that which pleased once will not therefore please again but the contrary.

I am sorry for your bad health. If you do wisely you will renounce your full feeding at once and in earnest otherwise you will lose your health. Yours truly

W. S.

I am finishing an article for Constable's Encyclopaedia which stops the way. By first opportunity pray send me Sheet A vol 2d. I would also like to have a running copy Volume I. You can send both by Mr. Constable.

[*Signet Library*]

TO MRS. SCOTT, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I was at Saint Catherines on thursday to meet Lord Mellville and only recd your

favour last night. I have written to Mr. Donaldson who has some money of mine to supply you with whatever sum you want and I will consider it as the greatest possible favour that you will call for whatever is necessary to make you quite easy and comfortable. I am sure my dear Mother that you to whom I owe everything ought not to deny yourself a single wish that money can gratify when I have enough and to spare. Mr. Donaldson will call on you to receive your commands.

The return of good times and of capital has at length affected the mart of literature. About a fortnight since I disposed of several editions of my various works and other literary property which I had retained in my possession with some inconvenience rather than sell them to disadvantage. The event has justified my policy for I have cleared the astonishing sum of *ten thousand pounds* by this single transaction.¹ I have bought a good farm adjacent to Abbotsford and beautifully situated so I am now a considerable Laird and Walter may be a rich one if he is prudent and regulated. I trust this will be the case as he has a very sweet and affectionate temper which leads him to attend to my advice. The great painter Wilkie is with me just now and is doing a sketch for a painting which he intends to engrave. The portraits of most of our family are introduced Sophia as a milkmaid with her leglen in her hand Captain Ferguson as a game-keeper &c. &c. This will remind you of the Vicar of

¹ This unpublished letter to his mother is clearly dated, and the allusion to the visit of Wilkie confirms this date. Otherwise one would be inclined to refer it to 1818, when the bargain for the copyrights was concluded and Constable paid £12,000 for the copyrights of all Scott's works then existing with the exception of Murray's share in *Marmion*. Apparently Constable had begun the purchase earlier than has been supposed. See *Lockhart*, 1839, vi. pp. 20-1; *Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, iii. pp. 121-2. In the closing months, then, of 1817 Constable not only agreed for a new series of *Tales of my Landlord*, taking as part of the price £5270 worth of the Ballantynes' unsaleable stock, but was bargaining for the purchase of all the outstanding copyrights. It is not altogether surprising that Scott regarded Constable as an inexhaustible mine. Each was gambling on the other.

Wakefield but I assure you the price when finished will be worth several hundred pounds.¹

I have no letters from Tom but conclude he is well as I heard of him from a Dr. Tobin. Mrs. Scott and all the weans are well and desire to be kindly and dutifully remembered to Grandmamma. The 12 will bring us all together. Meanwhile I am Dear Mother Your dutiful and affectionate son

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Saturday October 1817*

Mrs. Scott George Street Edinburgh

[*Abbotsford—Original*]

TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, DRUMLANRIGG CASTLE

[*2nd October 1817*]

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I am just honord with your Graces of the 27th. The posts which are as cross as pye-crust have occasiond some delay. Depend on our attending at Bowhill on the 20 and staying over the Show. I have written to Adam Fergusson who will come with a whoop and a hollo. So will the Ballantynes flageolet² and all for the festival and they shall be housed at Abbotsford. I have an inimitably good songster in the person of Terence Magrath³ who teaches my girls. He beats almost all whom I have ever heard

¹ Mr., afterwards Sir David, Wilkie at this time “executed for Captain Fergusson that pleasing little picture, in which Scott and his family are represented as a group of peasants, while the gallant soldier himself figures by them in the character of a gamekeeper, or perhaps poacher.” Wilkie had delicate scruples “about soliciting Scott to devote a morning to the requisite sitting, until, after lingering for several days, he at length became satisfied that, by whatever magic his host might contrive to keep Ballantyne’s presses in full play, he had always abundance of leisure for matters less important than Fergusson’s destined heirloom.”—LOCKHART.

² The *flageolet* was played by Mr. Alexander Ballantyne, the third of the brothers. He was modest and amiable, a good musician, and a favourite with Scott.

³ Mr. Magrath was a native of Dublin. “His musical excellence was by no means the only merit that attached Scott to his society while he remained in Edinburgh.”—LOCKHART.

attempt Moores songs and I can easily cajole him out to Abbotsford for a day or two. In jest or earnest I never heard a better singer in a room though his voice is not quite full enough for a concert and for an *after-supper* song he almost equals Irish Johnstone.

I am sorry for Willie Scott—but what can be done. I see nothing for it but his living very quietly in some cheap corner till Daddie dies who I rather hope is not absolutely immortal. He has bought a new hunting nag however which looks like taking out a new lease.

I think it far the best way that Donaldson should keep his vote. I will answer for it that his vigilance will repay any expence his attendance may cost.

Trade of every kind is recovering and not a loom idle in Glasgow. The most faithful respects of this family attend the Ladies and all at Drumlanrigg. I ever am your Graces truly obliged and grateful

WALTER SCOTT

Given from My Castle of Grawacky
This Second day of the month calld
October One thousand Eight hundred
and seventeen years

There is a date nearly as long as the letter.

I hope we shall attack the foxes at Bowhill. I will hazard Maida.

[*Buccleuch*]

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON

ABBOTSFORD 2 Oct 1817

MY DEAR SIR,—I take the opportunity of Mr. Constables leaving me to acknowledge your kind letter. One of my artists will be in town in two or three days to consult on the practicability of getting out the niche¹ as

¹ From the Tolbooth, Edinburgh. At the beginning of this month Sharpe writes to Surtees: "I am going today to weep over the ruins of the Tolbooth. . . . Walter Scott has received the door-way, and a niche—oh! if the ruins would but fall on the heads of my Lord Provost and his brutes, who stand near admiring their own absurdity." (Mrs. Clephan's Collection.)

soon as it can be safely managed as the want of it now rather delays the finishing of the grand north front.

I am much interested in the token left by the poor Jacobite in these dreary walls, when perhaps he might have been removed from them & the world on the same day. I think it quite right to preserve it sacred from the claws of collectors which are rather of a tenacious nature. I wish you heartily joy of the spirited success of the public works in which you have taken so active a share & am &c

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO MACVEY NAPIER¹

DEAR SIR,—I send you about one half of the article on Chivalry that you may set it up and see how it runs out. I find it almost impossible to get on here for want of books without which I cannot make the pointed references for authorities which the article really requires. I brought a chest of volumes here on purpose but so it is that the book I want is eternally amissing. In the circumstances I think you had better *skip* and go on leaving a blank for completing the article equally to about a half of the copy now sent. Thus the press will not be stopped and I will finish my task early in November with credit to the work and much more ease to myself. I have not even read over the sheets sent but will correct them accurately in proof. I will add considerably to the illustrations which will give a *richer* effect to the

¹ Macvey Napier (1776-1847) studied law at Edinburgh University and became a Writer to the Signet. In 1805 he was appointed librarian of the Signet Library. In 1814 he undertook to edit for Constable a Supplement to the sixth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which was ultimately completed in six volumes in 1824. He became the first Professor of Conveyancing at Edinburgh University in 1824. On Jeffrey's resignation of the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1829, Napier succeeded him. He was a Whig in politics. Scott had little personal acquaintance with him. In 1837 he was appointed one of the principal Clerks of Session in Edinburgh and he thereupon resigned his librarianship.

article which looks at present rather meagre. I take the opportunity of sending this by our Arch-Bibliopolist Constable and am with regard Dear Sir Your obedt. Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD, 2d October 1817.

[*British Museum*]

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON

ABBOTSFORD 11 Octr 1817

DEAR SIR,—I trouble you with these few lines just to say that the stones have arrived safe & are of the greatest consequence to me. The downfall of the *crescent* was unlucky but the emblem only regards the Ottoman Empire whereas the Scottish Thistle has arrived uninjured which is a happy omen. It crowns one gable end of my building the other being surmounted by a beautiful carved crop from the Auld Kirk of Lindean hence transferred to Galashiels & finally to Abbotsford, so you see I stand betwixt the Kirk & the country. Your account of the front of the crop is very interesting. I hope to see it when I come to town.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

MY DEAR SHARPE,—I hope Ballantyne has not faild to inform you that we held a solemn consultation over *Law*¹ with the assistance of the mighty Constable who though a Whig and a Self-Seeker is the prince of booksellers for pushing & liberality as well as for knowledge of his mystery. The result was an unanimous recommendation

¹ Sharpe is editing from the MS. *Robert Law's Memorials*; or the memorable things that fell out within this island of Brittain from 1638 to 1684, etc., which was eventually published in 1818.

that the work should be in quarto & the size of the impression the same as Kirkton. I think Law has even fully more attractions than the ci-devant minister of Mertoun though doubtless he is less interesting in a historical point of view. Constable gave me an admirable description of your visit to Daintie Davie¹: pray never part with that precious relique, the Bishoprick so irregularly secured by a Devotee of your acquaintance is not more valuable. If the presbyterian rod of Aaron which made the heart of the widow to sing for joy could now be recoverd, there would I suppose be a famous scramble for it among the godly.

Might it not be worth while to speak to the Duke of Buccleuch about your Queensberry papers. I am sure you might have access to those in his possession and I anticipate no difficulty in getting them sent to Dalkeith where you might consult them at leisure.

Here is cold weather which makes me less regret your perseverance in staying at home. Next summer if we both live to see it and I am not gone abroad I am determined to have you here if I should carry you off like Christies Will & Lord Durie.² I have persuaded myself that you will find [yourself] quite at home in my new Flibbertigibbet of a house because it will suit none but an antiquary. One gable end is surmounted by a cross from the old Church at Lindean, another by the Scottish thistle which frownd over one of the windows of the tolbooth—so I stand pro aris et focis between the emblems of the Kirk and the country. Then I have got a cleugh (which I call a glen) & which I am persuaded is the very same where Thomas the Rhymer lay VII times by the Queen of fairy which was a feat equal to those of dainty Davie himself—item butt-end of a Roman camp coverd with broom—the rest untraceable—item three Roman roads—two of them in bad order—item a cascade only

¹ See note, p. 510.

² See the ballad of "Christie's Will" in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

to be rivald by that which Lord Hermand¹ threatend (before the peacock & the ladies) to make from his own person in emulation of a waterfall at Meadowbank—item a pair of Roman forceps by the vulgar calld tongs sorely damaged with rust—Item Rob Roy's *sporrán* or purse which no one can find the means of opening—cum plurimis aliis as will be expressed in the bills of the day.

Adieu my dear Sharpe whenever I come to town you may rely on my setting to my review in good earnest.
Yours ever

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 11 October [1817]

Having with better reason (for surely my epistles are less worth postage) waited for an opportunity to send this sans postage has occasiond some delay.

[*Hornel*]

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

DEAR SIR,—I have to return you my best thanks for the curious letters—one by my fathers grandfather the Laird of Newmains one respecting Harden who appears to have been like some of his descendants occasionally short of cash. They are however a thriving generation in their way & taking them on the whole. I have bought Toftfield which will clear the *sporrán* which you have so lately filld. I fancy by the very curious purse you have so obligingly given me you had a mind to give me a hint how to keep my cash for if I once could put it into

¹ George Fergusson of Hermand, son of Sir James Fergusson of Kilkeran, Baronet, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, was admitted advocate on 17th December 1765. He was appointed a judge in the room of Robert Macqueen of Braxfield and took his seat by the title of Lord Hermand, 11th July 1799. On the resignation of Lord Dunsinnan he was also constituted a Commissioner of Justiciary, 4th August 1808. He resigned both of these offices in 1826 and died at Hermand, 9th August 1827. See Cockburn's *Memorials*, pp. 114-24, 177.

Rob Roys leathern convenience I defy any one to find the means of getting it out again. Hitherto our united ingenuity has not been able to find the mode of opening it. However if I can put no money into the highlandmans sporran I can contrive to make them put some into mine which is as much to the purpose.

Our womankind request to be particularly remembered to Miss Constable & are very happy she found Teviotdale agreeable. I send this by a packet to John B. and am in haste Yours truly

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD 11 *October* 1817.¹

The stone from Li[n]lithgow is very curious.

[*Kilpatrick*]

TO CHARLES ERSKINE

DEAR SIR,—I enclose my missive with Mr. Usher. The description of the lands should include as well those purchased by Mr. Usher from Mr. Milne & Mr. Wilson call'd the White hill park as his hereditary possession of Toftfield which is the only thing occurs to me that is not explicitly express'd in the Minutes. I am in no particular hurry about the extending the missives but it is an important transaction & had better be closed without unnecessary delay

I am much obliged by your kindness and attention & remain Your obedient Servant

WALTER SCOTT

ABBOTSFORD *Saturday* [11th *October* 1817]

[*Curle*]

TO DANIEL TERRY

ABBOTSFORD, *October* 24, 1817

DEAR TERRY,—Bullock has not gone to Skye, and I am very glad he has not, for to me who knew the Hebrides

¹ See letter to John Ballantyne of same date, Vol. I, Appendix, p. 522.

well, the attempt seemed very perilous at this season. I have considerably enlarged my domains since I wrote to you, by the purchase of a beautiful farm adjacent. The farm house, which is new and excellent, I have let to Adam Fergusson and his sisters. We will be within a pleasant walk of each other, and hope to end our lives, as they began, in each other's society. There is a beautiful brook, with remnants of natural wood, which would make Toftfield rival Abbotsford, but for the majestic Tweed. I am in treaty for a field or two more ; one of which contains the only specimen of a Peel-house, or defensive residence of a small proprietor, which remains in this neighbourhood. It is an orchard, in the hamlet of Darnick,¹ to which it gives a most picturesque effect. Blore admires it very much. We are all well here, but crowded with company. I have been junketting this week past at Bowhill. Mr. Magrath has been with us these two or three days, and has seen his ward, Hamlet, behave most *princelike* on Newark Hill and elsewhere. He promises to be a real treasure.² Notwithstanding, Mr. Magrath went to Bowhill with me one day, where his vocal talents gave great pleasure, and I hope will procure him the notice and protection of the Buccleuch family. The Duke says my building engrosses, as a common centre, the thoughts of Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Bullock, and wishes he could make them equally anxious in his own behalf. You may believe this flatters me not a little.

P.S.—I agree with you that the tower will look rather rich for the rest of the building ; yet you may be assured, that with diagonal chimneys and notched gables, it will have a very fine effect, and is in Scotch architecture by no means incompatible. My house has been like a *cried*

¹ Scott failed to persuade the proprietor of Darnick to sell.

² "This fine greyhound, a gift from Terry, had been sent to Scotland under the care of Mr. Magrath. Terry had called the dog *Marmion*, but Scott rechristened him *Hamlet*, in honour of his 'inky coat.'"—LOCKHART.

fair, and extreme the inconvenience of having no corner sacred to my own use, and free from intrusion. Ever truly yours,

W. S.

[*Lockhart*]

TO ROBERT JOHNSTON

ABBOTSFORD 27 Oct 1817

MY DEAR SIR,—I take the opportunity of my friend Capt. Fergusson leaving this place to express my sincere gratitude for your generosity in sending me the fountain—a venerable relique connected with so many ancient & interesting recollections— I can only say that I will set the highest value upon it & as I expect to command a sufficient supply of water I hope I shall be able to make it *play* on extraordinary occasions. I intend to have it fitted up with Antique Masques at the places where the water should run out & with a corresponding basin below which shall bear an inscription stating what purposes the fount served in the days of old. I am sensible it is the best acknowledgement I can make for your kindness to place the fragments of ancient splendour with which you have favoured me in a situation which may shew the value I put upon them. The Tolbooth Niche is placed in the north front of my new building & looks admirably well. I have had it slightly deepened to receive a small statue & I think the headless lady which forms one among your curious reliques may be placed there to great advantage.

WALTER SCOTT

[*Abbotsford Copies*]

TO JOHN MURRAY¹

[1817]

DEAR SIR,—You will be alarmed at the intimation that there is a good deal more of the article on the Novels for I have taken it up in a historical point of view. But as all the quotations (almost) are from manuscripts and may be printed in the small type I trust the length will be no objection. Yet ten or twelve pages more of my hand will hardly complete it. Meantime I send what is ready.

I also send an article on our friend Hogg. It is too long and rather too dogmatical, but if you have room for it it may do our poor friend some good who really requires to have the public attention called to him now and then. Please to correspond on this subject with Mr. Greive North Bridge to whom the article may be returned if it does not suit, or the consideration transmitted if it shall find favour in Gifford's eyes. Remember me kindly to him. I have given up the gipsies and given my materials to some adventurers here who are trying a new magazine.² I could not get some information that I wanted.

We are here covered with snow. Yours truly

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD *Friday*. I go to Edinr. tomorrow.

[*Sir Alfred J. Law*]

¹ This letter to Murray was dated 1818 by my copyist, but I think it must belong to 1815 and refers to the article on Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, which appeared in the July number of the *Quarterly Review* for 1815. No review of Hogg was published till his *Poetic Mirror* was reviewed in the July number of 1816. The actual appearance of the early *Quarterlies* was seldom that of the date the number bore.

² *Blackwood's*.